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THE

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Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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PEASANT WOMEN OF MACON.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

January, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

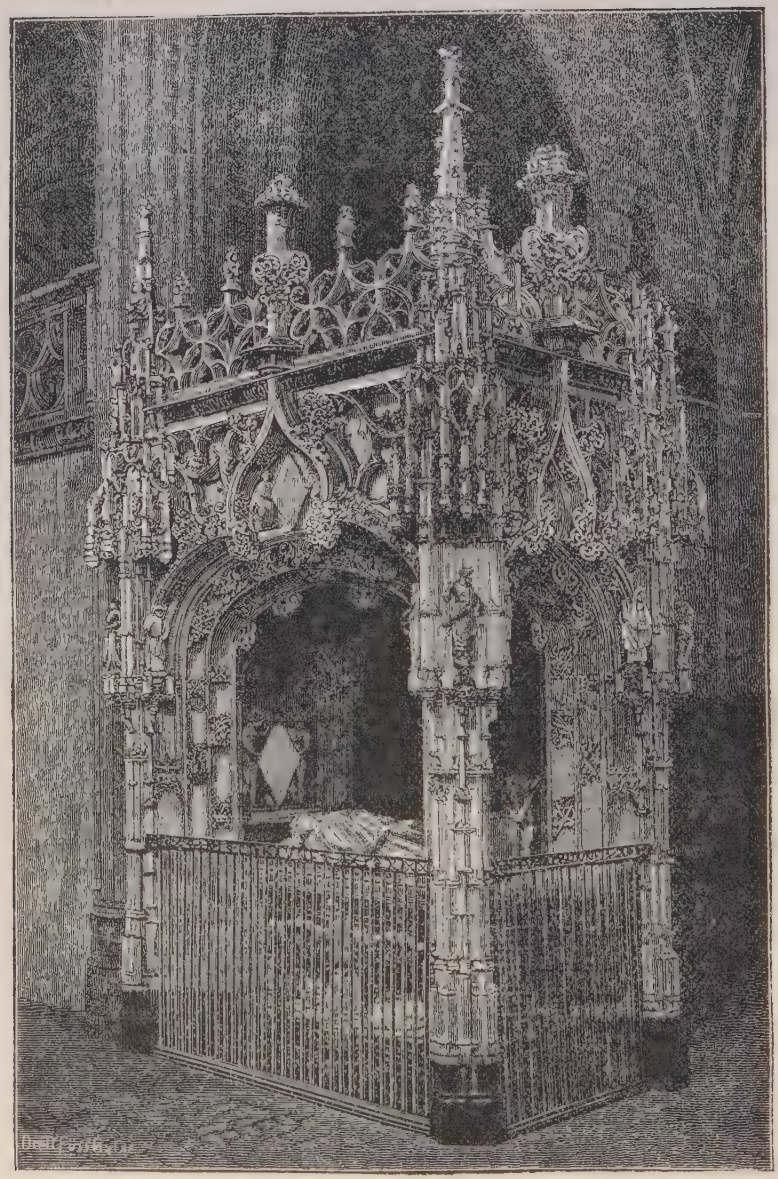
PARIS TO GENEVA.

TOWER OF THE DUCAL PALACE, DIJON.

It is a ride of four hundred miles from Paris to Geneva. In order to break the journey a number of the party decided to stop overnight at the old Burgundian capital of Dijon. The others preferred to spend a day longer at the Paris Exposition.

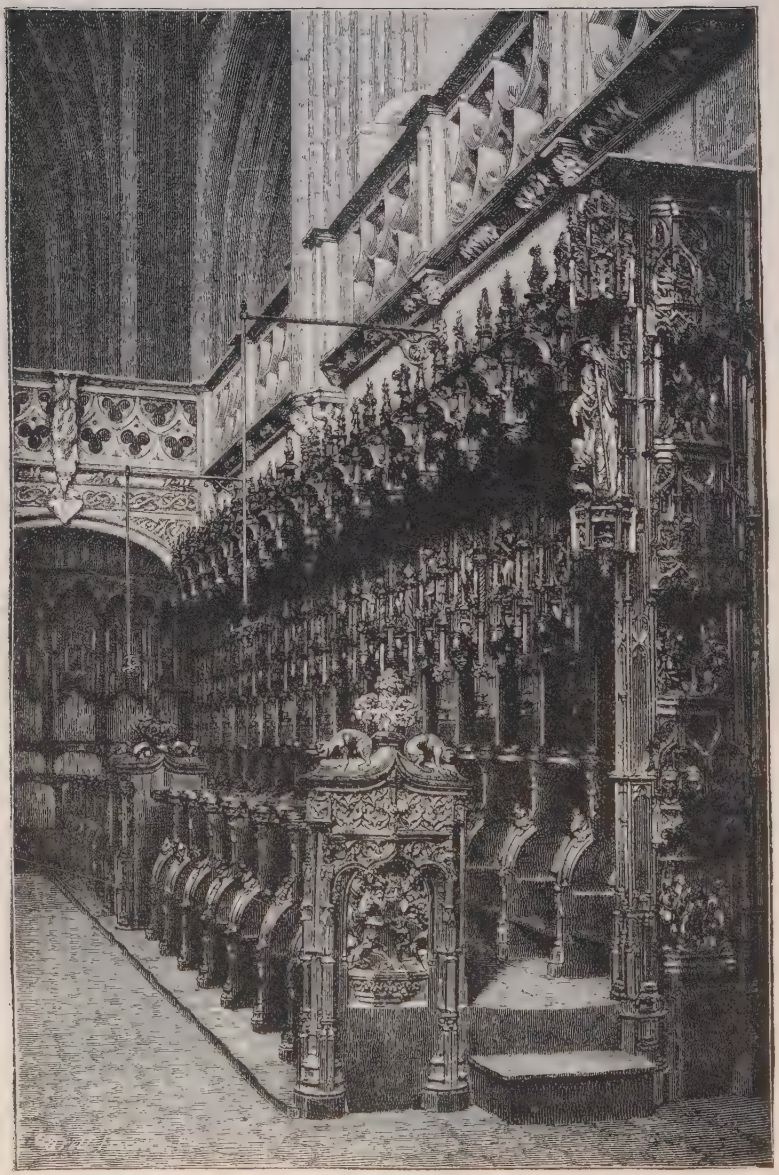
The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway is the principal French line, not only on account of its length, but more especially with regard to its very extensive passenger and goods traffic. It follows one of those great highways indicated by nature, well termed by a contemporary writer, "the historic roads" of France, upon which have taken place, in the course of history, the grand movements of migration, of war, and of commerce, and along which are stationed the principal towns of the provinces. Long processions of tall Lombardy poplars march in close files, like plumed grenadiers, on either side of the road, and picturesque villages nestle amid their orchards and their vines. Many a city of old renown also lifts its embattled towers above the far-extending plain—Melun, Fontainebleau, Sens, Dijon, Chalons, and others of lesser note.

We are traversing, in fact, the old historic soil of France, the



TOMB OF MARGARET OF AUSTRIA, CATHEDRAL OF BROU.

French provinces *par excellence*, which since the remotest period have been witnesses to the great deeds of the national history. It might almost be said that every name on the banks of the Seine



STALLS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BROU.

and its tributaries recalls some souvenir, awakes some memory of the past. The style of the châteaux and country-seats reveals the provinces, and the difference becomes more marked the farther we recede from the capital.

Dijon is situated just half-way between Paris and Geneva, and is a pleasant place to break the long railway ride, besides giving one a glimpse of life in one of the most picturesque cities of France. The old Burgundian castle, now used as a town hall, dates back to the tenth century; the most ancient part is the superb tower, shown in our initial cut, completed by Philip the Good. In the beautiful *Salle des Gardes* are the famous tombs of Philip the Bold, and of John the Fearless, with that of the consort of the latter, the fair Margaret. Nothing in Dijon is more impressive than these ducal effigies, watched over through the centuries by angel figures with outstretched wings. The six-century-old churches of Notre Dame and St. Benigne, speak of the past unto the present in solemn and impressive tones. Some of the party drove into the country and visited several farm-houses, getting a glimpse of the primitive simplicity and rudeness of peasant life amid one of the oldest civilizations of Europe.

Upon leaving Dijon we enter the rich vintage region which gave to the whole department the title of the *Côte d'Or*—a country sung by many a bard and instinct with many stirring memories. The scenery is everywhere beautiful—a fertile plain covered with vineyards, and studded with picturesque villages and quaint farm-houses. At Chalon we strike the winding Saône, which we follow for nearly forty miles to Macon, a beautiful town by the river-side, whose women are noted for the picturesque character of their head-dress. Soon after we reach the ancient city of Bourg, with its exquisite church of Brou, in the florid Gothic style, erected nearly four centuries ago by Margaret of Austria. It is the gem of the Gothic monuments of France.

At first sight it may, perhaps, strike us as being overladen with ornament, but this impression soon gives place to admiration when we note the exquisite skill with which the decorations have been executed. The stalls of the choir, and above all the tombs of Philibert the Beautiful, Margaret of Austria, and Margaret of Bourbon attract the attention of the visitor by their beautiful proportions and by sculptural details of which the most minute description would give but a very inadequate idea.

It was a never-ending delight to study the quaint details of the carved stalls of those old continental churches. Frequently there was manifested a grotesque humour, as shown in the carved monkeys in the engraving opposite. The whole Bible story was

often told with a strangely naïve simplicity, as Adam and Eve rocking Cain in a cradle, pathetic scenes of the deluge, the realistic agony of bereaved mothers in the slaughter of the innocents, and the like.

We soon reached the pleasant little town of Ambérieu among the foot-hills of the Jura range. Here, on my first visit to Europe, I stopped overnight at a quaint little inn, where they slew, if not the fatted calf, at least the fatted fowl for our refection, and prepared a dainty meal to which we did ample justice. After dinner I sauntered through the town with my companion in travel, apparently as much objects of curiosity to the peasants, sitting in their doorways, as they were to us.

Here the railway enters the wild gorges of the Albarine and the Durand, through which it winds in many a sinuous curve, now beneath threatening cliffs which gleamed crimson-tinted in

VIEW OF AMBERIEU AND ITS ENVIRONS.

the ruddy afternoon light, now plunged into deep-shadowed ravines, where there was only room for the brawling stream, the dusty road, and the shining lines of rails. Foaming waterfalls and ruined castles heightened the strange charm of the weird scene. It was with a sense of relief that we escaped from the sombre gorges, almost overpowering in their grandeur, into the broader valleys with their sweet pastoral landscapes.

At Culoz we strike the swift and turbid Rhone, whose valley we follow to Geneva. Here, on my first visit, I diverged to the route crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis tunnel into Italy —a ride of most romantic grandeur, to be hereafter described. Proceeding up the Rhone valley, we pass the pretty village of Seyssel, where the river is spanned by a graceful suspension bridge, and in the deepening twilight reach the wild gorge of the Valsarine, which we cross by the bold viaduct, shown in the cut, on page 7. This viaduct is one of the most daring and beauti-

ful structures to be found to this day on French railroads. It is composed of eleven arches, the principal of which has a span of 105 feet and a height of 170 feet. After issuing from the cutting which follows the Credo tunnel, we traverse the defile of Ecluse, mentioned by Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries, and described by Saussure as being from a geological point of view one of the most remarkable of ravines. On the left the Rhone is dominated by the steep escarpments on which rise the fort of Ecluse, shown in our cut.

Not far from the fort of Ecluse we see on our left a blackened acclivity. This part of the mountain was formerly subject to landslips, which carried down enormous quantities of earth and rocks. Examination proved that these occurrences were due to an enormous natural reservoir of water which existed not far off, and which was silently eating away the surrounding soil. This reservoir has now been completely emptied, and measures have been taken to prevent its refilling. The entire slope has been covered with tar in such a manner that the water runs off the impermeable surface without being able to penetrate into the soil.

Soon we reach Geneva and are driven to our hotel, the *Métropole*, where rooms, secured in advance, have been already assigned to our party, and a savoury supper soon awaits our keen appetites. We could not imagine whence came the strange, sweet fragrance that permeated the air and found entrance to our rooms, till we looked out in the morning on the garden, in front of our hotel, shown in the foreground of the engraving, on page 8, and found that exquisite magnolias perfumed the air.

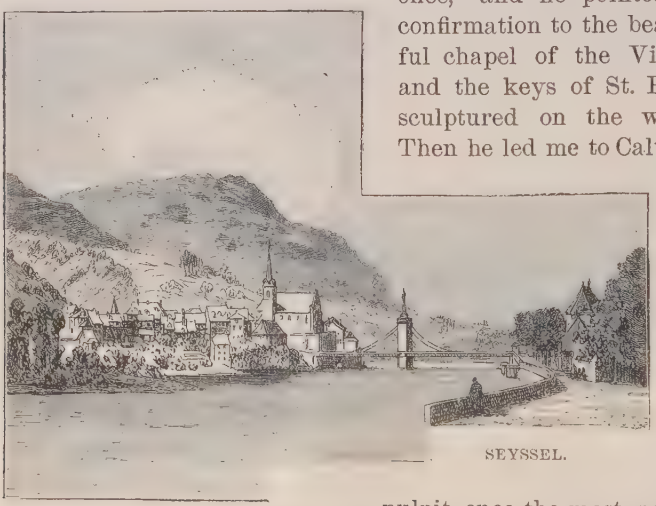
As we went to church on Sunday morning we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc, like a great white throne set in the heavens, distinctly visible at the distance of sixty miles.

Few places in Europe possess greater historical interest than Geneva. For centuries it has been the sanctuary of civil and religious liberty, and its history is that of the Reformation and of free thought. The names of Calvin, Knox, Beza, Farel, the Puritan exiles, and later, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame de Staël, and many other refugees from tyranny, are forever associated with this little republic, so small that Voltaire used to say that when he shook his wig he powdered the whole of it. Here, too, are the graves of Merle D'Aubigné, Sir Humphrey Davy, and many other world-famous men.

Geneva is the handsomest city for its size I have ever seen. It has less than 50,000 inhabitants, yet it abounds in splendid streets, squares, and gardens; public and private buildings and monuments; and its hotels are sumptuous. It lies on either side

of the rapid Rhone, where it issues from the lake. The waters are of the deepest blue, and rush by with arrowy swiftness. It has many interesting historic buildings.

On the occasion of my first visit—I blend the impressions of different visits—as I was looking for the sexton of the cathedral, a Roman Catholic priest whom I accosted went for the key, and himself conducted me through the building and explained its features of historic interest. It seemed to me very strange to have that adherent of the ancient faith exhibit the memorials of him who was its greatest and most deadly foe. With something of the old feeling of proprietorship, he looked around the memory-haunted pile and said proudly, yet regretfully, "This was all ours once," and he pointed in confirmation to the beautiful chapel of the Virgin and the keys of St. Peter sculptured on the walls. Then he led me to Calvin's



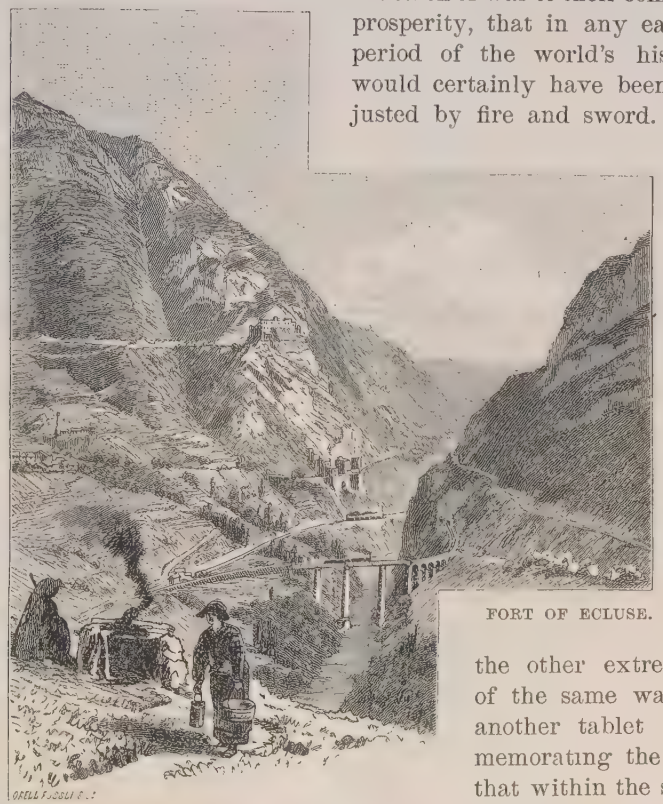
SEYSSEL.

pulpit, once the most potent intellectual throne in Europe, and to Calvin's chair—in which I sat, without feeling my Arminian orthodoxy affected thereby—and pointed out other memorials of the great Reformer.

Near by, I visited Calvin's house in a narrow street, but his grave is unknown, as he expressly forbade the erection of any memorial. I found, too, the house of the "self-torturing sophist," Rousseau. It bore his bust and the inscription, "Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau." On a shady island in the river is his monument—a fine bronze figure, sitting pen in hand.

In the old Gothic Hôtel de Ville is a singular inclined plane leading to the upper floor, up which the councillors used to ride. Here, in a small and unpretentious room, sat the international commission which conducted the Geneva arbitration between Great Britain and America.

"It is very possible," says a recent writer, "that when two or three more centuries set the events in a new and larger perspective, it will be seen that the most potential influence that ever came out of Geneva came from the room in the Hôtel de Ville in which the Alabama Commission held its sessions. At one extremity of the wall is a marble tablet commemorating the fact that within those walls, by the method of peaceful arbitration, two great nations settled differences that might easily have set the torch of war to their common prosperity, that in any earlier period of the world's history would certainly have been adjusted by fire and sword. At



FORT OF ECLUSE.

the other extremity of the same wall is another tablet commemorating the fact that within the same walls met more recently the representatives of the Great Powers, and agreed upon certain terms for the amelioration of the condition of the wounded on the field of battle. So much for the history written on the walls of this room—a history infinitely nobler and more significant than that written in the dismantled Schloss at Heidelberg, or in the ruins that crown the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. There is also a bit of prophecy in this room—a prophecy which springs like an inspiration out of its history.

There is in another part of the room a large and finely constructed plow made of sabres and spears that have been borne on

GENEVA.

battlefields and flashed in the lurid light of that Inferno which men bring on earth when they settle their disputes by resorting to war. Amid the countless relics of combats in the past, and amid the endless tramp of increasing armies which one sees and

hears all over Europe, the sight of this little room and the hope it inspires are like visions of paradise."

The arsenal hard by contains the ladders by which, in 1602, the Spaniards tried to scale the walls, their flags, and the armour of hundreds who fell into the fosse; weapons from Sempach; the lance of Winkelried, the martyr-patriot; captured Austrian trophies, and many other objects of intense interest. A garrulous old pensioner took infinite pains to explain everything. He asked me to try on one helmet, and I attempted to do so, but could hardly lift it from the floor.

A reminiscence of Voltaire is the Rue des Philosophes. Near by, at Ferney, is his villa and the chapel which, with cynical ostentation—"sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"—he built, bearing still the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The splendid monument of the Duke of Brunswick, who left his immense fortune to the town, is one of the finest in Europe. The university, museums, art galleries, and a splendid school of art, are proof of the high culture of the little republic. In the latter institution, professors in blouses were instructing students in sculpture, modelling, repoussé work, bronze casting, wood-carving, designing; and were exceedingly courteous in their explanations of their methods. This great Dominion might learn a lesson in art culture from this little city.

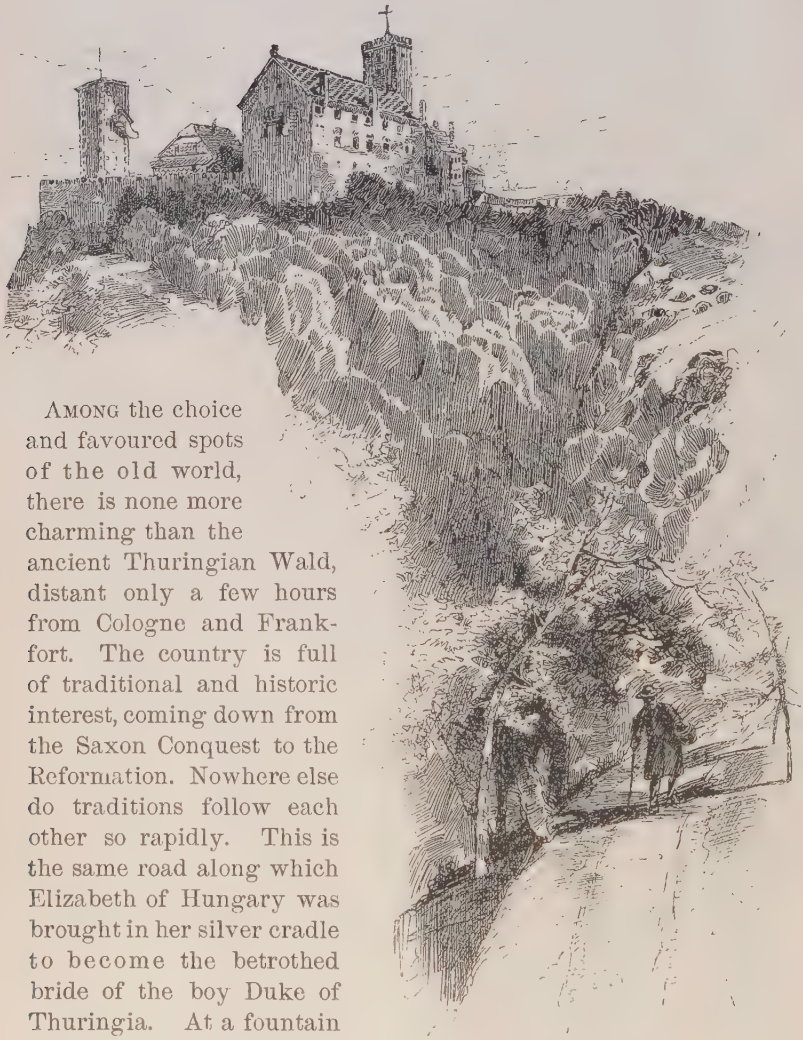
In the evening twilight I walked down the Rhone to its junction with the Arve. The former flows clear as crystal from the pellucid lake; the latter rushes turbid with mud from the grinding glaciers. For a long distance the sharp contrast between the two may be traced—"like the tresses," says the poetic Cheever, "of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian; the Rhone, the daughter of Day and Sunshine; the Arve, the child of Night and Frost."

I called, on my first visit, to see Dr. Abel Stevens, the well-known historian of Methodism. To my regret he was in London; but I met Dr. Butler, the founder of American Methodist Missions in India and Mexico. I had met him before in Canada, and we had a pleasant talk, looking out upon the lovely lake, whose beauty recalls the lines of Byron:

> "Fair Leman woos me with its crystal face,
> The mirror where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect in each trace
> Its clear depths yield of their fair light and hue.
> There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
> Of flowers yet fresh with childhood. . . Here the Rhone
> Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne."

LUTHER'S COUNTRY—CHOICE BITS OF THURINGIA.

BY E. C. WALTON.



THE WARTBURG.

Among the choice and favoured spots of the old world, there is none more charming than the ancient Thuringian Wald, distant only a few hours from Cologne and Frankfort. The country is full of traditional and historic interest, coming down from the Saxon Conquest to the Reformation. Nowhere else do traditions follow each other so rapidly. This is the same road along which Elizabeth of Hungary was brought in her silver cradle to become the betrothed bride of the boy Duke of Thuringia. At a fountain in the woods she fed the poor; at a bridge near by the bread was changed to flowers, and the time was when crosses and shrines commemorated other marvellous events; but after Martin Luther went down the same road, carrying with him the

THE HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER DIED.

newly-translated Testament, the crosses and shrines disappeared, and the good deeds of the real woman have outlived a mere belief in the supernatural traditions of the mediæval Church, leaving after them, however, a delightful fragrance of poetry and romance.

Few places cradle more poetic memories. Every old burg is a storehouse of romance, and not a mountain stream or wild glen but has a tale to tell of the crusading days, when minstrels held tournaments of song in the great halls, and Walter von der Vogelwied sang his quaint, sweet lays in "peasant's hut and baron's hall."

Feudalism and the mediæval Church struck their roots deep into the soil, and traces of their strength still remain in the walls

BIRTHPLACE OF SEBASTIAN BACH, EISENACH.

of the old monasteries and gigantic castles. No other place is so deeply identified with Luther. Nearly the whole of his life was passed within walking distance of Eisenach. At Erfurt he put on the cowl; across the fields he travelled, a monk, from one religious house to another; in the Augustinian Convent are the cell and silent confessional that witnessed his fiercest spiritual struggles; in the Altenstein woods he was captured, and in the Wartburg he translated the New Testament.

Eisenach, the once flourishing capital of the Thuringian Wald, is one of the most picturesque of mediæval towns, nestled down within the shadow of the three hills, and watched over by the square towers of an old castle. In one of its quaint streets is the house in which Luther lived, and in the Wartburg castle near by

he found refuge from persecution. It has memories that cannot be destroyed so long as its old towers last. It was the birthplace of the greatest of Minnesingers, and the home of Sebastian Bach, the mighty master of fugues.

THE LUTHER HOUSE, EISENACH.

If only one of two can ride, it is certain, in Germany, to be the man who mounts the cart, and the woman carries the biggest bundle of wood and ploughs the toughest acre. Her strength and

hardihood seem wonderful, and the toil that would kill our countrywomen apparently makes no impression upon their hardy Saxon organization, inured through many generations to the work of the field. What struck me most was their toil-worn faces and heavy tread, like the oxen they drive; and what must be rather a mournful reflection to all who have lived among them, they are rarely, by any chance, lifted above the toilsome sphere in which they were born. "We are always at work," said an old peasant of the hills, "and our children will be as poor as we are, unless we go to America, where there is no conscription and no taxes." The tears rolled down her weather-beaten cheeks, and the young girl by her side had a face to haunt one for days.

"My mother is very tired," she said, in her pretty German, trying to be cheerful. "We work so hard every day, and now my brother has just been drawn and taken to the Rhine, and it will be hard getting on when the winter comes." It told the story of more than half the peasantry, and was a condition of things to make one profoundly sad.

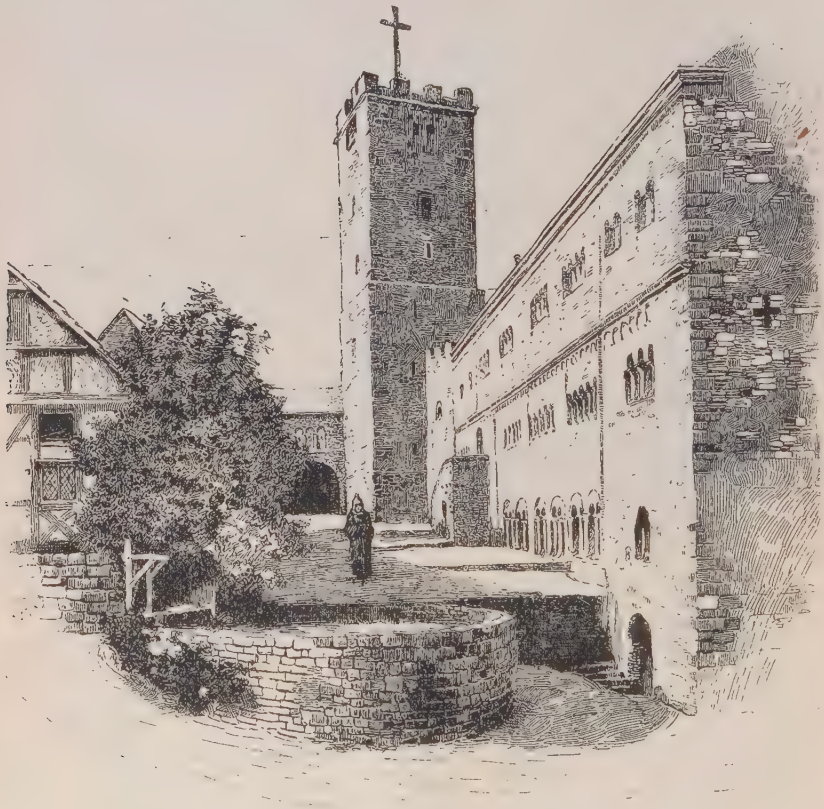
Educated to habits of industry, their leisure is only a change of work. Watching the cows or walking for pleasure, their knitting needles keep time to their steps; or, as we oftener saw in Germany, groups of gossips, young and old, sitting together at evening in front of their doors, their hands always busy as their tongues, and the long blue stockings lengthening out with a rapidity astonishing to our half-indolent way of doing what we consider very lazy work. Sometimes we lingered long enough to take in the group, and now and then would catch faces of simple, noble beauty, worthy of Jean Paul's ideal German Mädchen.

United with their simple beauty one often finds a certain charm and witchery of manners that seems to lie wholly in the entire absence of all affectation and pretence. They make no attempt to imitate the manners and dress of another sphere. The distinctions of rank are too marked to admit of social ambitions, and they are apparently too well contented with their peasant ways, pretty turbans and bright aprons, to envy those beyond them the elegance of their hats and feathers.

So dear has fuel become in Saxony, that were it not that the poor are allowed by law to go into the forests and break off such dead twigs and branches as they can, a great portion, if not the whole, of the labouring classes must perish from cold, owing to their inability to purchase so expensive a commodity. Nothing can give one a more doleful and depressing notion of the impoverished condition of these peasants than to see the poor

creatures coming down from the forests almost hidden under their huge bundles of wood.

The Thuringian peasant has implicit belief in his own ghost stories, and treasures the belief with that kind of reverence which forbids all interference with his credulity. The snow-white stag with golden horns, that wanders in the forest, he may never have seen, for children to whom the sight is vouchsafed die young;

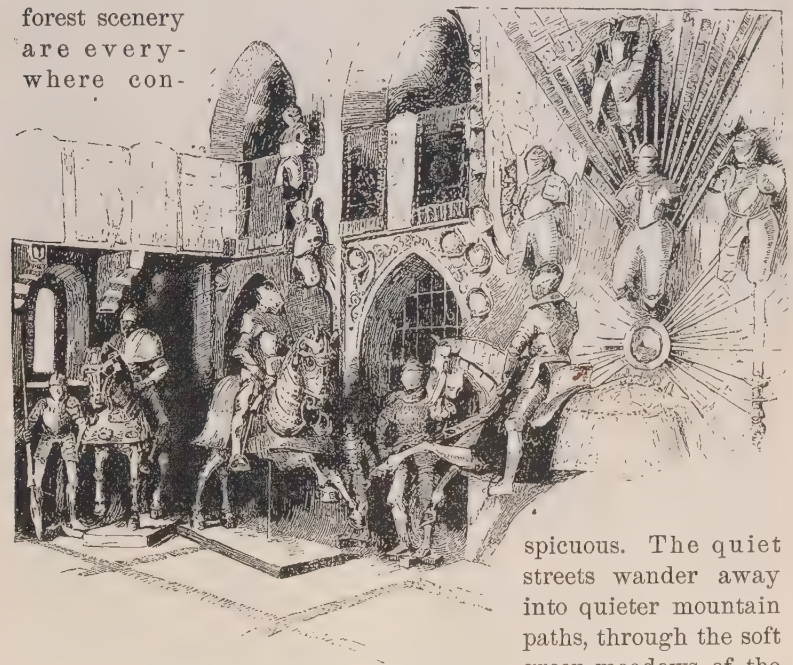


THE INNER COURT, WARTBURG.

but he has heard the hoofs of the black horse of the Knight of Rittersberg, going to the Wittgenstein at midnight, and has listened to the sneezing of the beautiful princess, imprisoned for years in the great rock of the Marienthal. Very few of the most rigid unbelievers of legends but listen with wonder to the kingly stories of the famous old Kyphauser, where Friederich Barbarossa and his courtiers still doze away their lives in the vaults of the ruined castle. "We love our ghosts as we do our forests," said a

Saxon of the higher class, when I laughed at him for some lingering superstitions; and if one chance to look a little incredulous at the elfin stories of Thuringia, any peasant will tell you that Martin Luther believed in demons, and always said prayers for protection from bad spirits.

The poetry of romantic history added to the most fascinating charms of mountain scenery makes Thuringia an ideal spot of Germany, and there is no place where one starts out to see sights with greater enthusiasm than the immediate neighbourhood of Eisenach. There are charming walks in all directions, and the beauties of forest scenery are everywhere conspicuous. The quiet streets wander away into quieter mountain paths, through the soft green meadows of the Marienthal far off into the secrets of the forest or high up among the rocks to the Wartburg, whose dark square towers, just visible above the trees, lead on with an irresistible fascination, when we remember that the castle over which they keep watch and ward is associated with all that is most romantic in the life of the Middle Ages. Leaving the Marienthal, a road runs spirally about the hill, and at each turn gives inspiring views of an ideal landscape, made up of waving woodland and emerald pasture fields, enclosed by an amphitheatre



IN THE ARMOURY.

of pine-covered hills, and sleeping quietly at their feet the red-roofed houses and dark square of a quaint old mediæval town.

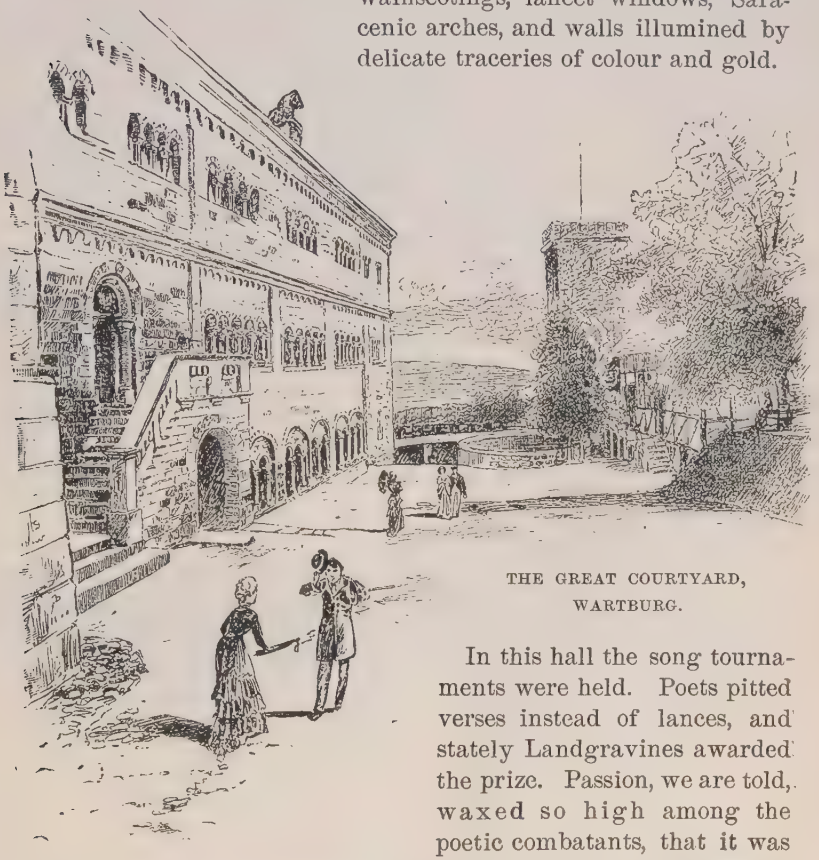
The castle, to which, after much leisurely walking and many lingerings by the way, one comes at last, is entered over a small drawbridge. A sentry paces to and fro upon the ramparts, and if the ducal master precedes the party, a cannon, said to have been used in the Thirty Years' War, is discharged to announce his arrival. The sound of its mouth recalls the great Gustavus Adolphus and a host of mighty events; and just a little dazed with the centuries of memories that had followed us from the city gates, we entered the old portal.

The building dates back to the twelfth century. The story goes that the Landgrave, following a stag one day to the top of the hill, stopped suddenly, as a magnificent view burst upon him, and exclaimed: "Watch Hill, thou shalt be Watch City!" (Wartburg) and soon after he built this curious piece of Middle Age architecture and called it the Wartburg. It was the home of song and literary development long before Luther, a prisoner in its walls, translated the Bible. The building is a very complete specimen of Romanesque architecture, with round arches, rectangular faces and square-edged projections, massive and heavy, but with classic proportions, in pillars and cornices, and just enough of Saracenic form and ornament to show how architecture, as well as poetry, was enriched by the influence of Spain and the East at the time of the Crusades. The main building, with adjoining knights' houses, incloses courts of singular beauty. On one side are walls trailing with vines, and nestling among them an oriel, its sculptured cross reaching to the small double window of the gable. In the centre of the court is an old well, and in the walls nooks and corners leading by low doors and narrow stairs into various parts of the castle, and giving the imagination room for any amount of fanciful conjecture. The other court is a spacious quadrangle, showing the majestic proportions of the castle walls, giving charming outlooks upon the hills beyond, and suggesting much of the poetry of feudal times.

Into it has come many a powerful war-horse, bearing his master from holy wars; and out from it passed that wonderful cavalcade of minstrels, peasants and knights, bearing the banners of the Cross, led by the young Landgrave Louis and accompanied on their way by his beautiful wife, Elizabeth of Hungary.

A flight of broad stone stairs leads from this court, through a heavy Romanesque doorway, to the interior of the castle, where one walks, as in a dream, through rambling galleries, pictorial corridors, minstrels' hall, banqueting room, armoury and chapel.

In these brilliant apartments, Hermann of Thuringia, surrounded by all the luxury of the East, held a kind of semi-regal state, and gathered about him the many elements that made the Middle Age life of Germany unique and picturesque. How charming! one involuntarily exclaims, at the first sight of the old minstrels' hall—a spacious apartment with dark wainscotings, lancet windows, Saracenic arches, and walls illumined by delicate traceries of colour and gold.



THE GREAT COURTYARD, WARTBURG.

In this hall the song tournaments were held. Poets pitted verses instead of lances, and stately Landgravines awarded the prize. Passion, we are told, waxed so high among the poetic combatants, that it was decided that the least skilful should die. Walter von der Vogelwied was in the end the victor, but although measures were taken to erect a scaffold in the castle, the most unfortunate of the minstrels, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, through the intercession of the Landgravine, was spared his life.

Long years after, at the revival of music and poetry in Germany, the same hall became a gathering-place for musicians; and as far down as the end of the seventeenth century the family of Bachs, one hundred and twenty in number, driven from Hungary,

assembled in the Wartburg to give their remarkable performances, in which we think the modern German opera music had its origin. Among them came, no doubt, the great Sebastian, who had taught the whole of Germany the beauty and majesty of his wonderful art, and who lived his simple life in the quiet town, and improvised daily wonderful strains on the rude organ in the old monastery chapel.

How the centuries shake hands in this ancient hall! for, between Walter von der Vogelwied singing his quaint, sweet songs to the sunny silence of the woods, and the grave, solemn grandeur of the chorals and symphonies of Sebastian Bach, rising amid the arches and pillars of great cathedrals, what miracles of art had been accomplished! The space is not greater between the saints and Madonnas of Giotto in the wayside chapels of Italy, and the sybils of Michael Angelo on the walls of the Vatican.

In the pictorial decoration of the castle the charm of historic association unites the early song tournament with the life of Elizabeth of Hungary. On a corridor that leads to the chapel Moritz von Schwind has painted a series of medallions to commemorate some of the most touching incidents in Elizabeth's history, from her arrival in the castle to her death in the convent of Marburg. The artist has thrown around his heroine the tender, ideal tone that hovers about all genuine mediæval forms, but which in him never deteriorates into the merely sentimental character of many ascetic and monastic painters. Nothing can be lovelier in feeling than the beautiful child standing in her silver cradle, her delicate face shaded by the soft fur hood, and her slight form bent forward toward the outstretched arms of old Landgrave. Not less full of touching tenderness is the parting of Elizabeth and her husband, on his departure for the Holy Land, or the old story of the bread and roses so carefully preserved and still half believed by the Thuringian peasants.

Leaving this interesting corridor, we wandered on to the banqueting-room and armoury, the latter a miniature tower hung with mail and weapons that had shattered the brains of many a turbaned Turk, and been worn by men whose existence seems, in these days, as mythic as the heroes of the Heldenbuch and Niebelungen Lied. Judging from the size of the armour, there must have been giants in Thuringia scarcely less mighty than those of Eastern fable, and having seen the dimensions of the mail, we no longer wonder that Friederick of the Bitten Cheek was held in wholesome awe by all the neighbouring Saxons.

Up meandering stairs and along intricate passages to the very

top of the castle, we come to the banqueting hall, where, in old convivial days, the owners of the ancient mail, after skirmishes with their Saxon neighbours, dined on boar's head and home-brewed ale. It is a magnificent room and has no equal anywhere in Germany! The polished floor reflects a roof of marvellous brillancy, while ranged around the walls are richly carved Gothic

THE FIRST COURT, WARTBURG.

stalls, surmounted by shields of strange device, which give to the apartment the character of an eastern hall, where Teutonic knights might practise mystic rites, or bishops of the ancient church hold their sacred conclaves. Feasting and revelry seem very little in character with these ecclesiastical decorations, and yet here the ancient Landgraves held the remarkable banquets that welcomed warriors from Palestine, when kings danced with

stately, high-browed Landgravines, and minstrels sang, and lords and ladies feasted and made love, in days when chivalry was in full bloom. Could the old walls speak, they might divulge many a state secret as well, for these banquets played their parts in the affairs of State. Often important alliances and friendships were formed, kings' crowns disposed of, and a love for startling adventure and chivalrous deeds encouraged by songs of minstrels and tales of warriors. Songs from the Niebelungen Lied are still sung in the castle with many a note, no doubt, that has reverberated from the far-off olden times, and links forever the beautiful home-life of the present Duke of Saxe-Weimar with the old romantic days of Hermann of Thuringia.

Going out of the castle and crossing the court by way of a lovely, vine-covered arbour, where in true German fashion the ducal family sometimes take their coffee, we enter, through a rude doorway, an ancient knight's house, in which, during the stormy days of the Reformation, Martin Luther was held in "friendly bondage" by the brave-hearted Elector of Saxony.

More than three hundred years have passed since Luther went up and down the rickety stairs, but the small square room is just the same, save, perhaps, more time-worn and nearer decay. A deep recessed window looks out upon the Thuringian forest, where we can imagine he often sat gazing out over the barriers that separated him from his friends at Wittenburg, until, impatient with his bondage, he broke forth to Melancthon in those turbulent letters that contain all the fire and restlessness of his rebellious spirit. On the floor is the large vertebra of a whale which Luther used as a footstool.

On the wall is the ink-spot that Coleridge says "every traveller, unless he is incurious or supercilious, informs himself by means of his penknife whether or not it is proof against destruction." We, however, made no such searching investigation, quite satisfied that the solitary student suffering from an overwrought brain might, either in his waking or sleeping hours, have imagined himself in deadly conflict with Satan, and, tired of his companionship, hurled at him his only weapon of defence—being the leaden inkstand that he had used in Biblical translation.

Coleridge is, perhaps, the only pilgrim to the Wartburg who has gone into a philosophic explanation of what at best seems mythic; but being himself a seer of visions, anything that touched upon the supernatural had for him the fascination of a dream.

The room, we are glad to say, is not "filled up," and contains only a few quaint pieces of furniture, with portraits of Hans and Gretha Luther done with Cranach's masterly power. The miner's

LUTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.

lamp hangs on the wall, and near it a corundum box carried by the little charity boy when he sang for pennies in the streets of Eisenach. Near the window is the chair on which he sat and the table where he wrote the extraordinary "Expositions" and still more extraordinary translation of the Scriptures. In no other place are we brought so visibly face to face with Luther. Here, single-handed and alone, without the aid of grammars or commentaries, he accomplished the greatest work of the sixteenth century.

One cannot witness the scene of his work without the deepest emotion. The solitary figure rises almost startlingly before us, as if it were but yesterday that he sat there and wrote, and, going away, left after him an indescribable sense of his ghostly presence. Certain it is that when he closed the door upon his solitude, he shut within so much of his immortal part as three hundred years have not been able to expel.

This ancient knight's house, with its memories of Luther, completes the stranger's tour of the Wartburg. It is a place in which to see visions and dream dreams, and which no amount of familiarity will ever unidealize, for the secret of its power "is not in its gold or its stories, but in the deep sense of voicefulness and mysterious sympathy, as of walls that had long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

WINTER IN CANADA.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THE raging storm blows o'er the plain,
Sharp winter visits us again;
The snow sounds crisp beneath the feet,
We shrink to meet the driving sleet.

The sleigh-bells ring their merry sound,
The panting horses onward bound;
With wraps and furs around us tight,
We joy when home's at last in sight.

Canadian skies! we love them well,
E'en winter's cold, with mystic spell,
Replete with pleasures bright and free,
Endears our land of liberty.

Blest land! thy sons and daughters fair
A grand and hardy climate share;
May they, all good, forever know,
Be pure and free, as winter's snow.

THE LAST VOYAGE.*

BY LADY BRASSEY.

I.

EVENING PRAYER.

INTRODUCTORY.

When the arrangements for a contemplated cruise to the East were being considered, toward the end of 1886, it was thought best for Lady Brassey and her daughters to make the voyage to Bombay in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The *Sunbeam* herself was to sail from Portsmouth by the middle of November. Lord Brassey, in the first paragraph of his "*Sunbeam* Papers," thus acknowledges the help he derived at starting, in what may be called the domestic department of the yacht, from Lady Brassey's presence on board for even a few hours.

*Through the great kindness of Lord Brassey we are permitted to reprint the substance of Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," one of the most fascinating and sumptuous books ever published. It possesses also the pathetic interest of being the record of the last months of her life; indeed, her

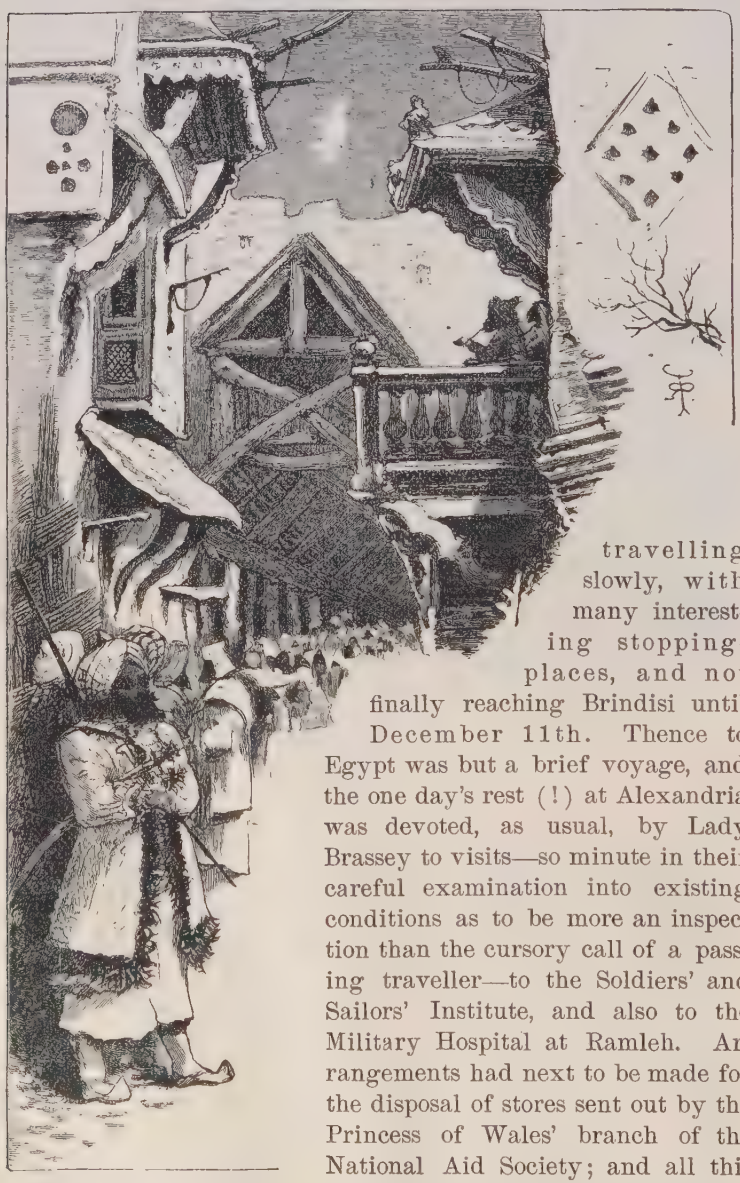
"We embarked at Portsmouth on Monday, November 16th. The *Sunbeam* was in hopeless confusion, and it required no ordinary effort of determination and organization to clear out of harbour on the following day. A few hours at Southampton did wonders in evolving order out of chaos. On the afternoon of November 18th, my wife and eldest daughter, who had come down to help in preparing for sea, returned to the shore, and the *Sunbeam* proceeded immediately down channel."

OUR HOME ON WHEELS.

At Plymouth Lord Brassey was joined by the late Lord Dalhousie and by Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P. The former landed at Gibraltar, and the latter at Algiers. Through the long voyage to Bombay the gallant little yacht held stoutly on her course, meeting first a mistral in the Mediterranean, then strong head-winds in the Red Sea, and having the N.E. monsoon in her teeth after leaving Aden.

busy pen, which has been the source of so much pleasure and profit to multitudes of readers, fell from her hands during her transcription of these pages. Lord Brassey also generously places at the service of this MAGAZINE one hundred and sixteen of the fine cuts of this remarkable volume. There are a large number of exquisite coloured lithographs in the volume which could not be transferred to these pages. The original volume, a large 8vo, of 490 pages, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London, may be ordered through the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto. Price $7.35.

In the meantime Lady Brassey, her three daughters, and some friends left England a few days after the yacht had sailed,

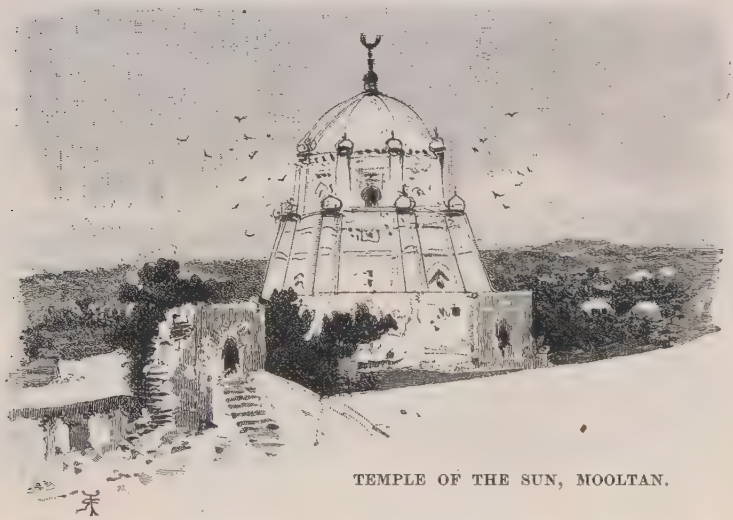


SHIKARPUR BAZAAR.

travelling slowly, with many interesting stopping-places, and not finally reaching Brindisi until December 11th. Thence to Egypt was but a brief voyage, and the one day's rest (!) at Alexandria was devoted, as usual, by Lady Brassey to visits—so minute in their careful examination into existing conditions as to be more an inspection than the cursory call of a passing traveller—to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, and also to the Military Hospital at Ramleh. Arrangements had next to be made for the disposal of stores sent out by the Princess of Wales' branch of the National Aid Society; and all this constituted what may fairly be considered a hard day's work. Then came a well-occupied week in Cairo, where much hospital-visiting was again got through, and many interviews respecting the site

for the new hospital at Port Said were held with the Egyptian authorities. This pleasant but by no means idle dawdling brought the party to Suez on December 23rd, where they embarked at once on board the P. & O. steamer *Thames*, Captain Seaton, and started at midnight for Bombay.

Carefully and well had the plans for both voyages been laid, and successfully—by grace of wind and weather—had they been carried out. On January 3rd, 1877, Lord Brassey in the *Sunbeam* and Lady Brassey in the *Thames* exchanged cordial signals of greeting off the harbour of Bombay. The incident must be briefly described from the earlier "*Sunbeam* Papers." "As we



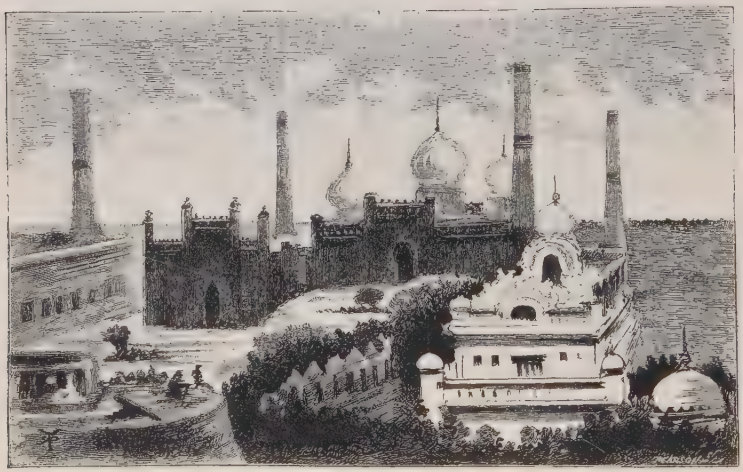
TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

were becalmed off Bombay, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Thames*, with my wife and children on board, passed ahead of us into the harbour. We had a delightful meeting in the afternoon at Government House, Malabar Point, where we were greeted with a most cordial welcome from our dear friends Lord and Lady Reay."

We are so accustomed nowadays to the punctual keeping of appointments made months before, with half the width of the world between the meeting-places, that this happy and fortunate coincidence will scarcely excite remark, even when the home journal dwells on the added joy of the arrival, that very same evening, as planned beforehand, of Lord Brassey's son, who had started earliest, and had been spending some weeks of travel, sight-seeing and sport, pleasantly combined, in Ceylon and Southern India.

The stay in Bombay was cut short by the desire of the travellers to join Lord and Lady Reay, and journey with them for the first few days of an official tour in Sindh, on which the Governor of Bombay was about to start. There are exceptional opportunities in such an excursion for seeing great concourses of natives, and gaining knowledge of the condition of the country from the officials engaged in its administration.

From the brief notes of this earlier part of the journey, which follow, it is evident that the travellers had semi-official receptions of their own at nearly every large station. Addresses of cordial welcome were presented; replies had to be made; and it is



RUNJEET SINGH'S TOMB, LAHORE.

perhaps from these causes of added fatigue and excitement that Lady Brassey was unable to do more than jot down the events of each day.

Lord and Lady Brassey and their family travelled together through Sindh, along the north-west frontier of India to Lahore and the Khyber Pass; and Lord Brassey gratefully notes in the first number of "*Sunbeam* Papers" that his wife's health in Northern India was better than it had been for years.

A fresh start on the return journey to Bombay was made from Lahore on January 21st, *via* Patiala, whose Maharajah, young as he is, carries on the practice of sumptuous welcome and entertainment of English travellers which forms part of the historic traditions of the loyal rulers of the State. Agra was reached on January 30th, and at this point, after a brief delay, the party

AFGHANS AT JAMRUD.

separated, Lord Brassey retracing his steps to Kurrachee to take the yacht back to Bombay. The rest came round by Cawnpore and Lucknow, Benares, and so on to Hyderabad, their farthest inland point, where Lady Brassey's more elaborate diary commences.

The whole of this long journey of 4,500 miles was made in thirty-six days, and with the exception of the two nights at the Maharajah's palace at Patiala, the railway train was the only sleeping-place of the travellers, who were eleven in number. Halts and stoppages were made in the daytime, to admit of local sight-seeing and excursions. Lady Brassey, in a private letter, declared this plan of travel to be delightful and thoroughly comfortable; and it will be seen that Hyderabad was reached not only with comfort but with renovated health, and with the full enthusiasm of travel and ardour of enjoyment strong in the breast of the well-known diarist, whose last journals, faithfully kept when once commenced, are now before us.

JOURNAL.

Thursday, January, 6th, 1887.—Left Bombay harbour at 2 a.m., and proceeded to sea under steam. Rather rolly. Very busy all day unpacking and arranging things. As nearly everybody was more or less overcome, I felt that I must make an effort. Small party at meals. State of things improved toward evening.

Friday, January 7th.—On deck at 5 a.m. Shifty breeze. Tacking all day. Busy unpacking and repacking, and trying to get things straight. Toward evening the invalids began to pick up a little and to appear on deck.

LAHORE.

Saturday, January 8th.—On deck at 5 a.m. Pleasant breeze, but not favourable. Several dhows in sight near the land. At eight o'clock a dead calm and very hot. At noon a sea-breeze, fair; at five o'clock a land breeze, foul. Steam up at 11 p.m.

Sunday, January 9th.—A flat calm at 4.30 a.m. The "Southern Cross" and "Great Bear" bright in the heavens. The moon set with curious "horse-tail" effects.

Monday, January 10th.—Made Kurrachee Light soon after midnight. Entered the harbour at daybreak. Very cold on deck. Soon after we had anchored, Mr. Dashtar, one of the Parsee cricketers, came on board with bouquets of flowers for all of us. After much settling, and packing, and engaging new servants, we breakfasted; and then, having landed, proceeded to see something of Kurrachee city, the alligator-tank, and the cantonment. Engaged additional horses for a longer expedition, in the course of which our carriage stuck in the sand as we tried to cross one of the many shallow mouths of the Indus. Muriel and I refused to quit the carriage, and managed to get over. The rest of the party waded across. In the evening, started on our long inland journey in the special

train which had been provided for us. Excellent dinner in train. Comfortable night.

Tuesday, January 11th.—Blue glass in carriage windows made the landscape look as if covered with snow. Stopped for baths and refreshments at one of the stations *en route*. Passed through a dreary country, a saltpetre desert, relieved by occasional scrubby trees. Interesting people at wayside stations—Sindhis, Beloochees, Afghans, Persians, and others. Reached Shikarpur at two o'clock. Colonel Mayhew took us to the fair, then to the bazaars. Wonderful concourse of people. Bought carpets and silks. Entertained dear friends at tea "on board" train.

Thursday, January 13th.—Amir sent seven camels, beautifully caparisoned, to take us to his camp. Drove through bazaars. Most graciously received at camp, but luckily escaped refreshment. Proceeded in steamer up the Indus past Rohri. Town

CAMEL-CARRIAGES.

gaily decorated. Saw canal and irrigation works. Strolled through town of Sukhur. Picturesque illuminations in the evening. Returned to our yacht on wheels at ten o'clock, thoroughly tired.

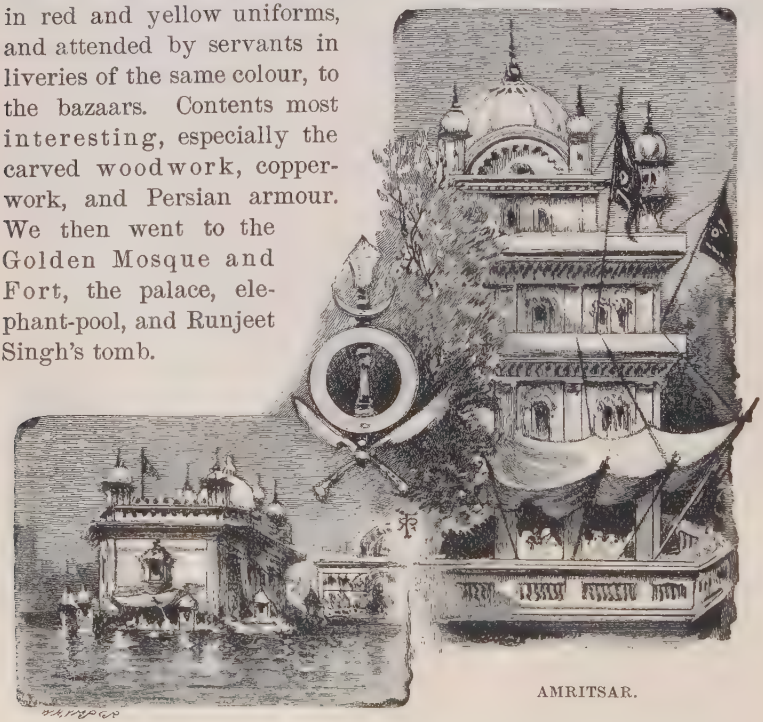
Friday, January 14th.—Very cold. We proceeded by water to Rohri. Train crosses the river in boats; picturesque scenes—camels, boats, train, volunteers, and natives. Much plagued by flies. Very cold night indeed. Could not sleep after two o'clock. Water froze in bottles.

Saturday, January 15th.—Crossed Empress Bridge over Sutlej. Reached Mooltan at 6 a.m. Mohamed Hyat Khan, district judge, very kindly offered us his services as guide. He had been much with Lord Lawrence, carried Nicholson from the field of battle when the latter was wounded, and killed the man who slew him. Called on Colonel Barnes. Old fort, dark blue and light green tiles.

Sunday, January 16th.—Shortly before eight o'clock we passed

a large cantonment, and soon afterwards caught sight of the tombs and temples of Lahore. Train shunted into siding. Went to Mr. K.'s church, and afterwards in camel-carriage to Sultan Serai.

Monday, January 17th.—Called early. Breakfast at eight. In gharries and camel-carriage to Government House. Thence to the jail, where we saw the process of carpet-making; and afterwards to the School of Art. In the afternoon we rode on elephants, guided by mahouts in red and yellow uniforms, and attended by servants in liveries of the same colour, to the bazaars. Contents most interesting, especially the carved woodwork, copperwork, and Persian armour. We then went to the Golden Mosque and Fort, the palace, elephant-pool, and Runjeet Singh's tomb.



AMRITSAR.

Tuesday, January 18th.—The views of the Indus are fine in places, but the railway on the whole passes through a barren desolate country until Peshawur is approached, when the soil becomes more cultivated. Fine view of the Khyber Pass and the Himalayas from top of police office. Drove to the King's Garden, which is well laid out and contains many fine trees. The Christian church at Peshawur contains many memorial tablets to missionaries.

Wednesday, January 19th.—Proceeded in gharries and char-à-banc to the Jamrud Fort and entrance to Khyber Pass. Saw 1st

Bengal Cavalry and Skinner's Horse exercising under Colonel Chapman.

Thursday, January 20th.—Woke very early and wrote letters. Drove out to the parade-ground. Passed troops on way to be reviewed. Thukkar quoit-throwing extraordinary, the quoits looking like flying-fish darting hither and thither. Also tent-pegging, with and without saddles—shaking rupee off without touching peg, digging peg out of the ground, changing horses at full gallop, and hanging on in every conceivable attitude. Lunched at the residence of the General. Inspected native and British hospitals, huts, tents, and recreation-rooms. Then back to station, where we entertained friends to tea. Resumed journey at 8.20 p.m. All very tired.

Friday, January 21st.—Saw minarets of the Shah Dura. Drove to Shah Dura in camel-carriage, over Ravee River by bridge of boats. Stream nearly dry. Inlaid marble tomb very beautiful, but surroundings disappointing and much damaged. Saw the elephants being washed in the river. It was most amusing to see how wonderfully they were managed by quite tiny boys.

Saturday, January 22nd.—Left Lahore at 5 a.m., and reached Amritsar at seven. Noticed encampment and caravan of camels just before arriving. Drove with Mr. Mitchell through the picturesque city to the Golden Temple, with its gilded domes, minarets, and lamps, its marble terraces, and its fine garden. This temple is the headquarters of the Sikh religion. Beautiful views of the Himalayas from roof.

RONDEAU.

BY THE REV. M. K. KNIGHT.

THE New Year brings what men most need,
A space unstained by evil deed,
A chance to leave the blotted past,
Before which Conscience shrinks aghast;
New vows to vow, new prayers to plead,
New faith to nerve us, hopes to lead,
New interests for hearts that bleed,
New peace that shames the soul's forecast,
The New Year brings.

New light that shows a better creed,
Success that came from failure's seed,
A haven for the broken mast,
For all the blessing sought at last
And joys that all our hopes exceed,
The New Year brings.

BENTON, N.B.

A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.*

THOMAS BRASSEY.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

THE vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey, a life of whom has been published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy. Its author is Mr. (since Sir Arthur) Helps, whose name is a guarantee for the worthy execution of the work. The materials were collected in an unusual way—by examining the persons who had acted under Mr. Brassey, or knew him well, and taking down their evidence in shorthand. The examination was conducted by Mr. Brassey, jun. (now Lord Brassey), who prudently declined to write the biography himself, feeling that a son could not speak impartially of his father. The result is that we have materials for a portrait, which not only is very interesting in itself, but, by presenting the image of beneficence in an employer, may help to mediate between capital and labour in a time of industrial war.

Mr. Helps had been acquainted with Mr. Brassey, and had once received a visit from him on official business of difficulty and importance. He expected, he says, to see a hard, stern, soldierly sort of person, accustomed to sway armies of working-men in an imperious fashion. Instead of this he saw an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance and singularly graceful manners—"a gentleman of the old school." "He stated his case, no, I express myself wrongly; he did *not* state his case, he *understated* it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than overstate his own case."

Mr. Helps commences his work with a general portrait. According to this portrait, the most striking feature in Mr. Brassey's character was trustfulness, which he carried to what might appear an extreme. He chose his agents with care, but, having chosen them, placed implicit confidence in them, trusting them for all details, and judging by results. He was very liberal in the con-

* Abridged by kind permission of the Author from a volume of Essays, printed for private circulation.

duct of business. His temperament was singularly calm and equable, not to be discomposed by success or failure, easily throwing off the burden of care, and, when all had been done that could be done, awaiting the result with perfect equanimity. He was very delicate in blaming, his censure being always of the gentlest kind, evidently reluctant, and on that account going more to the heart. His generosity made him exceedingly popular with his subordinates and workmen, who looked forward to his coming among them as a festive event; and, when any disaster occurred in the works, the usual parts of employer and employed were reversed—the employer it was who framed the excuses and comforted the employed. He was singularly courteous, and listened to everybody with respect; so that it was a marked thing when he went so far as to say of a voluble and empty chatterer, that "the peas were overgrowing the stick." He had a perfect hatred of contention, and would not only refuse to take any questionable advantage, but would rather even submit to be taken advantage of—a generosity which turned to his account. In the execution of any undertaking, his anxiety was that the work should be done quickly and done well. Minor questions unprovided for by specific contract, he left to be settled afterwards. In his life he had only one regular law-suit. It was in Spain, about the Mataro line, and into this he was drawn by his partner against his will. He declared that he would never have another, "for in nineteen cases out of twenty you either gain nothing at all, or what you do gain does not compensate you for the worry and anxiety the lawsuit occasioned you."

In order to find the key to Mr. Brassey's character, his biographer took care to ascertain what was his "ruling passion." He had none of the ordinary ambitions for rank, title, or social position.

> "His great ambition—his ruling passion—was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries; and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world."

In the military age he might have been a great soldier, a Turenne or a Marlborough, if he could have broken through the aristocratic barrier which confined high command to the privileged few; in the industrial age he found a more beneficent road to distinction, and one not limited to the members of a caste.

Mr. Brassey's family is stated by his biographer to have come over with the Conqueror. If Mr. Brassey attached any importance

to his pedigree (of which there is no appearance), it is to be hoped that he was able to make it out more clearly than most of those who claim descent from companions of the Conqueror. Long after the Conquest—so long, indeed, as England and Normandy remained united under one crown—there was a constant flow of Norman immigration into England, and England swarms with people bearing Norman or French names, whose ancestors were perfectly guiltless of the bloodshed of Hastings, and made their entrance into the country as peaceful traders, and, perhaps, in even humbler capacities. What is certain is that the great contractor sprang from a line of those small landed proprietors, once the pillar of England's strength, virtue and freedom, who, in the Old Country, have been "improved off the face of the earth" by the great landowners, while they live again on the happier side of the Atlantic. A sound morality, freedom from luxury, and a moderate degree of culture, are the heritage of the scion of such a stock.

Mr. Brassey was brought up at home till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to school at Chester. At sixteen he was articled to a surveyor, and as an initiation into great works, he helped, as a pupil, to make the surveys for the then famous Holyhead road. His master, Mr. Lawton, saw his worth, and ultimately took him into partnership. The firm set up at Birkenhead. Here he did well, of course; and, after a time, he was brought into contact with George Stephenson, and by him at once appreciated and induced to engage in railways. Railway-making was at that time a new business, and a contractor was required to meet great demands upon his organizing power; the system of sub-contracts, which so much facilitates the work, being then only in its infancy. From George Stephenson Mr. Brassey passed to Mr. Locke, whose great coadjutor he speedily became. And now the question arose whether he should venture to leave his moorings at Birkenhead and launch upon the wide sea of railroad enterprise. His wife is said, by a happy inspiration, to have decided him in favour of the more important and ambitious sphere. She did so at the sacrifice of her domestic comfort; for in the prosecution of her husband's multifarious enterprises they changed their residence eleven times in the next thirteen years, several times to places abroad; and little during those years did his wife and family see of Mr. Brassey.

A high place in his calling had now been won, and it had been won not by going into rings or making corners, but by treading steadily the steep path of honour. It was found that when Mr. Brassey had undertaken a contract, the engineer-in-

chief had little to do in the way of supervision. After the fall of a great viaduct it was suggested to him that, by representing his case, he might obtain a reduction of his loss. "No," was his reply, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

As a contractor on a large scale, and especially as a contractor for foreign railroads, Mr. Brassey was led rapidly to develop the system of sub-contracting. His mode of dealing with his sub-contractors, however, was peculiar. They did not regularly contract with him, but he appointed them their work, telling them what price he should give for it. They were ready to take his word, knowing that they would not suffer by so doing.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names.

He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success, and he favoured the butty-gang system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-tried and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labour market that he would never give a man up if he could help it.

Those social philosophers who delight in imagining that there is no engineering skill, or skill of any kind, in England, have to account for the fact that a large proportion of the foreign railways are of British construction. The lines built by Mr. Brassey form an imposing figure not only on the map of England, but on those of Europe, North and South America and Australia. The Paris and Rouen Railway was the first of the series. In passing to the foreign scene of action new difficulties had to be encountered, including that of carrying over, managing and housing large bodies of British navvies; and Mr. Brassey's administrative powers were further tried and more conspicuously developed. The railway army, under its commander-in-chief, was now fully organized.

There is a striking passage in one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, depicting the French army going into action, with its vast bodies of troops of all arms moving over the whole field, marshalled by perfect discipline, and wielded by the single will of

Napoleon. The army of industry when in action also presented a striking appearance in its way. It was composed of elements as motley as ever met under any commander. On the Paris and Rouen Railway eleven languages were spoken—English, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, French, German, Belgian (Flemish), Dutch, Piedmontese, Spanish, and Polish. A common lingo naturally sprang up, like the Pigeon English of China. But in the end it seems many of the navvies learnt to speak French pretty well.

The English navvy was found to be the first workman in the world. Some navvies utterly distanced in working power the labourers of all other countries. The French at first earned only two francs a day to the Englishman's four and a-half; but with better living, more instruction, and improved tools (for the French tools were very poor at first), the Frenchman came to earn four francs. In the severe and dangerous work of mining, however, the Englishman maintained his superiority in nerve and steadiness.

The multiplicity of schemes now submitted to Mr. Brassey brought out his powers of calculation and mental arithmetic, which appear to have been very great. After listening to a multitude of complicated details, he would arrive mentally in a few seconds at the approximate cost of a line. He made little use of notes, trusting to his memory, which, naturally strong, was strengthened by habit. Dealing with hundreds of people, he kept their affairs in his head, and at every halt in his journeys, even for a quarter of an hour at a railway station, he would sit down and write letters of the clearest kind. His biographer says that he was one of the greatest letter-writers ever known.

It was only in Spain, "the land where two and two make five," that Mr. Brassey's power of calculation failed him. He and his partners lost largely upon the Bilbao railway. It seems that there was a mistake as to the nature of the soil, and that the climate proved wetter than was expected. But the firm also forgot to allow for the ecclesiastical calendar, and the stoppage of work on the numberless fête days. There were, however, other difficulties peculiarly Spanish—antediluvian finance, antediluvian currency, the necessity of sending pay under a guard of clerks armed with revolvers, and the strange nature of the people whom it was requisite to employ—one of them, a Carlist chief, living in defiance of the Government with a tail of ruffians like himself, who, when you would not transact business as he wished, "bivouacked" with his tail round your office and threatened to "kill you as he would a fly." Mr. Brassey managed notwithstanding

to illustrate the civilizing power of railways by teaching the Basques the use of paper money.

Mr. Brassey's business rapidly developed to an immense extent, and, instead of being contractor for one or two lines, he became a sort of contractor-in-chief, and a man to be consulted by all railway proprietors. In thirty-six years he executed no less than one hundred and seventy railway and other contracts. In his residence, as in his enterprises, he now became cosmopolitan, and lived a good deal on the rail. He had the physical power to bear this life. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles.

The Italian Railway enterprises of Mr. Brassey owed their origin to the economical genius of Count Cavour, and their execution drew from the Count the declaration that Mr. Brassey was "one of the most remarkable men he knew; clear-headed, cautious, yet very enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully." "We never," said the Count, "had a difficulty with him." And he added that "Mr. Brassey would make a splendid minister of public works." Mr. Brassey took shares gallantly, and, when their value had risen, most generously resigned them, with a view to enabling the Government to interest Piedmontese investors in the undertaking—so far was he from being a maker of "corners." It is justly remarked that these Piedmontese railroads, constructed by English enterprise, were a most important link in the chain of events which brought about the emancipation and unification of Italy.

Mr. Brassey has left on record the notable remark that the railway from Turin to Novara was completed for about the same money as was spent in obtaining the Bill for the railway from London to York.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings not one was superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to recount the tragic annals of the loss brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble, and disaster." The agents of the contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighbourhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country

involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there were the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collisions between floating rafts 250 feet long and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were experienced in consequence of the Crimean war. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in December, 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science, and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead, but so well prepared that, in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong.

Labour being scarce, a number of French-Canadians were, at Mr. Brassey's suggestion, brought up in organized gangs, each having an Englishman or an American as their leader. We are told, however, that they proved useless except for very light work. "They could ballast, but they could not excavate. They could not even ballast as the English navvy does, continuously working at filling for the whole day. They would work fast for ten minutes and then they were 'done.' This was not through idleness, but physical weakness. They are small men, and they are a class who are not well fed. They live entirely on vegetable food, and they scarcely ever taste meat." It is natural to suppose that the want of meat is the cause of their inefficiency. Yet the common farm labourer in England, who does a very hard and long day's work, hardly tastes meat in many counties the year round.

In the case of the Crimean railway, private enterprise came, in a memorable manner, to the assistance of a government overwhelmed by administrative difficulties. A forty years' peace had rusted the machinery of the war department, while the machinery of railway construction was in the highest working order. Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the engineering staff, testified that it

was impossible to overrate the services rendered by the railway, or its effects in shortening the time of the siege, and alleviating the fatigues and sufferings of the troops.

The Australian railways brought out two facts, one gratifying, the other the reverse. The gratifying fact was, that the unlimited confidence which Mr. Brassey reposed in his agents was repaid by the zeal and fidelity in his service. The fact which was the reverse of gratifying was, that the great advantage which the English labourer gains in Australia, from the higher wages and comparative cheapness of living, is counteracted by his love of drink.

The Argentine Railway had special importance and interest, in opening up a vast and most fruitful and salubrious region to European emigration. Those territories offer room and food for myriads.

The Indian Railways are also likely to be a landmark in the history of civilization. They unite that vast country and its people, both materially and morally, break down caste, bring the natives from all parts to the centres of instruction, and distribute the produce of the soil evenly and rapidly, so as to mitigate famines. The Orissa famine would never have occurred, had Mr. Brassey's works been there. What effect the railways will ultimately have on British rule is another question. They multiply the army by increasing the rapidity of transport, but, on the other hand, they are likely to diminish that division among the native powers on which the empire is partly based. Rebellion may run along the railway line as well as command.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfactory to know, that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working class, as well as in affording to the *élite* of that class opportunities for rising to higher positions.

His remuneration for all this, though in the aggregate very large, was by no means excessive. Upon seventy-eight millions of money laid out in the enterprises which he conducted, he retained two millions and a half, that is, as nearly as possible, three per cent. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations. Three per cent. was not more than a fair payment for the brain-work, the anxiety and the risk. The risk, it must be recollected, was constant, and there were moments at which, if Mr. Brassey had died, he would have been found comparatively poor. His

fortune was made, not by immoderate gains upon any one transaction, but by reasonable profits in a business which was of vast extent, and owed its vast extent to a reputation fairly earned by probity, energy, and skill. We do not learn that he figured in any lobby, or formed a member of any ring. Whether he was a Norman or not, he was too much a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, to crawl to opulence by low and petty ways. He left no stain on the escutcheon of a captain of industry.

Nor when riches increased did he set his heart upon them. His heart was set on the work rather than on the pay. The monuments and enterprise of his skill were more to him than the millions. He seems to have been rather careless in keeping his accounts. He gave away freely—as much as £200,000, it is believed—in the course of his life. His accumulations arose not from parsimony, but from the smallness of his personal expenses. He hated show and luxury, and kept a moderate establishment, which the increase of his wealth never induced him to extend. He seems to have felt a singular diffidence as to his capacity for aristocratic expenditure. The conversation turning one day on the immense fortunes of some noblemen, he said, "I understand it is easy and natural enough for those who are born and brought up to it, to spend £50,000 or even £150,000 a year; but I should be very sorry to have to undergo the fatigue of even spending £30,000 a year. I believe such a job as that would drive me mad." He felt an equally strange misgiving as to his capacity for aristocratic idleness. "It requires a special education," he said, "to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours in a rational way without any calling or occupation."

Of tinsel, which is as corrupting to vulgar souls as money, this man seems to have been as regardless as he was of pelf. He received the Cross of the Iron Crown from the Emperor of Austria. He accepted what was graciously offered, but he said that, as an Englishman, he did not know what good Crosses were to him. The circumstance reminded him that he had received other Crosses, but he had to ask his agent what they were, and where they were. He was told that they were the Legion of Honour of France, and the Chevaliership of Italy; but the Crosses could not be found.

Such millionaires would do unmixed good in the world; but unfortunately they are apt to die and leave their millions, and the social influence which the millions confer, to "that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son." This is by no means said with a personal reference. On the contrary, it is evident that Mr. Brassey was especially fortunate in his heir. We find some indi-

cation of this in a chapter toward the close of Mr. Helps' volume, in which are thrown together the son's miscellaneous recollections of the father. The chapter affords further proof that the great contractor was not made of the same clay as the Fisks and Vanderbilts—that he was not a mere market-rigger and money-grubber —but a really great man, devoted to a special calling. He is represented by his son as having taken a lively interest in a wide and varied range of subjects—engineering subjects especially, as a matter of course, but not engineering subjects alone. He studied countries and their people, evincing the utmost interest in Chicago, speculating on the future industrial prosperity of Canada, and imparting the results of his observations admirably when he got home. Like all great men, he had a poetic element in his character. He loved the beauties of nature, and delighted in mountain scenery. He was a great sightseer, and when he visited a city on business, went through its churches, public buildings, and picture-galleries, as assiduously as a tourist. For half an hour he stood gazing with delight on the Maison Carrée, at Nismes. For sculpture and painting he had a strong taste, and the Venus of Milo "was a joy to him." He had a keen eye for beauty, shapeliness and comeliness everywhere—in porcelain, in furniture, in dress, in a well built yacht, in a well appointed regiment of horse. Society, too, he liked, in spite of his simplicity of habits; loved to gather his friends around his board, and was always a genial host. For literature he had no time, but he always enjoyed oratory, and liked to hear good reading. He used to test his son's progress in reading, at the close of each half-year, by making him read aloud a chapter of the Bible. His good sense confined his ambition to his proper sphere, and prevented him from giving ear to any solicitations to go into politics, which he had not leisure to study, and which he knew ought not to be handled by ignorance. His own leanings were Conservative; but his son, who is a Liberal, testifies that his father never offered him advice on political matters, or remonstrated with him on a single vote which he gave in the House of Commons.

"My father," says Mr. Brassey, junior, "ever mindful of his own struggles and efforts in early life, evinced at all times the most anxious disposition to assist young men to enter upon a career. The small loans which he advanced for this purpose, and the innumerable letters which he wrote in the hope of obtaining for his young clients help or employment in other quarters, constitute a bright and most honourable feature in his life." His powers of letter-writing were enormous, and, it seems to us, were exercised even to excess. So much writing would,

at least in the case of any ordinary man, have consumed too much of the energy which should be devoted to thought. His correspondence was brought with his luncheon basket when he was shooting on the moors. After a long day's journey he sat down in the coffee room of the hotel, and wrote thirty-two letters before he went to bed. He never allowed a letter, even a begging letter, to remain unanswered; and, says his son, "the same benignity and courtesy which marked his conduct in every relation of life, pervaded his whole correspondence." "In the many volumes of his letters which are preserved, I venture to affirm that there is not the faintest indication of an ungenerous or unkindly sentiment—not a sentence which is not inspired by the spirit of equity and justice, and by universal charity to mankind. In all he said or did, he showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which must truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman."

His delicacy in giving was equal to his generosity; of his numberless benefactions, very few were published in subscription lists, and his right hand seldom knew what his left hand did. His refinement was of the truly moral kind, and of the kind that tells on others. Not only was coarse and indecent language checked in his presence, but the pain he evinced at all outbreaks of unkind feeling, and at manifestation of petty jealousies, operated strongly in preventing any such displays from taking place before him. As one who was the most intimate with him observed, "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence, conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious."

Mr. Helps tells us that the tender-heartedness which pervaded Mr. Brassey's character was never more manifested than on the occasion of any illness of his friends. At the busiest period of his life he would travel hundreds of miles to be at the bedside of a sick or dying friend. In his turn, he experienced, in his own last illness, similar manifestations of affectionate solicitude. Many of the persons, we are told, who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes, humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would wait for hours in the hall, in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage, and getting a shake of the hand or a sign of friendly recognition. "The world," remarks Mr. Helps, "is after all not so

ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving which exists to a great extent in all of us."

"Mr. Brassey," we are told, "had ever been a very religious man. His religion was of that kind which many of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hopefulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship, in which he had been brought up as a child." The religious element in his character was no doubt strong, and lay at the root of his tenderheartedness and his charity, as well as of the calm resignation with which he met disaster, and his indifference to gain At the time of a great panic, when things were at the worst, he only said: "Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all." This was when he supposed himself to have lost a million.

Mr. Brassey's wife said of him that "he was a most unworldly man." This may seem a strange thing to say of a great contractor and a millionaire. Yet, in the highest sense, it was true. Mr. Brassey was not a monk; his life was passed in the world, and in the world's most engrossing, and as it proves in too many cases, most contaminating business. Yet, if the picture of him presented to us be true, he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

WATCH-NIGHT.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Watch, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Praise, brethren, praise!
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise!
The fight is ending.
Behold, the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon be here.
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Look, brethren, look!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand;
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh,
Eternity, eternity!

MODERN DEACONESSES.

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

"Thirty years hence," said Southey, in 1830, "another reproach may be effaced, and England may have her Sisters of Charity." In that day such a sentiment was startling, very startling, for Kaiserswerth was not yet, Florence Nightingale was but a little girl of seven, and to unaccustomed ears there was something suspiciously suggestive of a Romanistic bias in the words. But the prediction, born of a wide observation, and a large heart's sense of our need in English Protestantism, has been more than fulfilled. To-day it needs no special illumination, no prophetic eye, to discern that the time is fast approaching when the organized benevolent work of woman must have a recognized place in the economy of the Christian Church, and one of the most pressing questions of the present is: What form shall this work take, and what relation shall it hold to the Church?

The answer to this question had been in part worked out in other countries before the Protestantism of North America undertook to deal with it, but in the opinion of many the fulness of time has come for its practical consideration, and an advanced and significant step has recently been taken by the legislation of the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, whereby the office of deaconess was made a part of the ecclesiastical organism.

There is still a very general vagueness and confusedness in the popular idea regarding the nature of the office and the peculiar functions of the deaconess. In an average company of intelligent persons, a reference to deaconesses will ordinarily meet with no response, unless there chance to be present some courageous person who will frankly ask, "What is a deaconess?"

The office of deaconess is not a recent development, although an impression that it is so seems to be prevalent. For those who wish to become acquanted with its history, which contains more of interest and import than the uninformed suspect, there is no lack of literature on the subject. Several books and pamphlets have been published in German and French which treat of it, while in English we have "An Account of the Institution of Deaconesses," by Florence Nightingale; "Woman's Work in the Church," by John Malcolm Ludlow; "Praying and Working," by Dr. Stevenson, an Irish Presbyterian divine; "Deaconesses and

the Diaconate of Women," by Dean Howson; "Deaconesses in the Church of England," published anonymously; "Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern." by the Rev. Henry Wheeler; and, most recent, as well as most valuable in affording practical and concise information regarding the whole movement, the exceedingly interesting volume lately issued by Miss Jane M. Bancroft, Ph.D., who has gleaned in all fields and published the results in her "Deaconesses in Europe and their Lessons for America."

There is an element of surprise mingled with the interest with which one traces the history of the deaconess' office in the Church. Whether or not, as maintained by some, it was an apostolic order, there is complete certainty of its existence in very early periods of the Church's history, and, were there time, a study of its development in the Primitive Church, its decline and extinction in the Dark Ages, and the various attempts to restore it, would be found full of charm. But though the mind would fain linger among the beautiful stories which have come down to us from the former days, there is more of direct and practical significance for us in the account of the restoration of the office in the present century.

To-day, a stranger passing through the poorest quarters of any of the great German cities could hardly fail to observe a few calm-eyed, gentle-faced women, moving quietly, but with a certain business-like air, hither and thither along the streets. His attention would, perhaps, first be arrested by the apparent incongruity between them and their miserable surroundings. By their dress, a simple uniform of plain blue gowns with white caps and collars, he would know them to be members of some organization, and their gentle ministrations would prove the benevolence of their errands. Should the curiosity of the stranger be sufficiently aroused to lead him to inquire who they were, he would receive the prompt reply, whether from man, woman, or street gamin, "They are the Kaiserswerth Sisters." These are the deaconesses the new sisters of charity.

The most complete and extensive reorganization of the work of deaconesses in modern times is this of Kaiserswerth. Yet its beginning was small, and, like all beginnings, difficult. Its source was the divine love glowing in the heart of one Theodore Fliedner, a village pastor, poor, obscure, but full of devout faith and unwearying energy, and possessed of an indomitable spirit which could not be daunted by difficulties. A little summer-house, twelve-feet square, in a parsonage garden, opened in 1833 as a refuge for a poor female convict discharged from prison, was the first Kaiserswerth Deaconess Home. From this germ grew the infirmary, with its call for Christian women to aid in the work of

caring for the sick and poor, resulting in the establishment, in 1836, of the Rhenish-Westphalian Deaconess Society.

Fliedner was at the head of the institution. He required of the deaconesses that they should be unmarried women or childless widows, "willing to be servants of Christ alone, to devote their time and faculties entirely and exclusively to Him, and not to look forward for pecuniary emoluments or honours of the world, nor yet to merit salvation by their works, but to do the work of charity and self-denial out of gratitude to Him who hath redeemed their souls and merited their salvation." These requirements are the same to-day, though the sphere of the Kaiserswerth Institutions has greatly enlarged, and one after another new departments have been added, until they include, beside the Mother-House—the name is in itself a benediction—hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, normal and training-schools, and even a publishing house.

Into these institutions are admitted Christian women without pressing family ties, who wish to prepare for and devote themselves to lives of usefulness and benevolence. Before she becomes a deaconess, each sister must serve a period of probation, varying from a few months to two or three years, during which time she receives free instruction and board, and the caps, collars, and aprons, which are the badges of the order. At the close of her probation the candidate is consecrated to the office of deaconess by a simple and impressive service, the order of which, as given by Miss Bancroft, is as follows:

"Singing. Address commending the deaconesses for acceptance. Address to the deaconesses, recalling the ever-repeated thought, 'You are servants in a threefold sense: servants of the Lord Jesus; servants of the needy for Jesus' sake; servants one of another.' Then, having answered the question—'Are you determined to fulfil these duties truly in the fear of the Lord, and according to His holy will?' the candidate kneels and receives the benediction: 'May the Triune God, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you; may He give you fidelity unto death, and then the crown of life.' After this is repeated the beautiful prayer from the 'Apostolical Constitutions' of the third century: 'Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of man and woman, who didst fill Miriam, and Deborah, and Hannah, and Huldah with Thy spirit, and didst not disdain to suffer Thy only-begotten Son to be born of a woman; who, also, in the tabernacle and temple didst appoint women keepers of Thine holy gates; look down now upon this Thine handmaid, who is designated to the office of deaconess, and cleanse her from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, that she may worthily execute the work intrusted to her, to Thine honour, and to the praise of Thine Anointed, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honour and adoration forever. Amen.' The service ends with the communion."

The deaconesses take no vows, thus differing radically from

the sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. When consecrated they engage to serve five years, after which they may renew the engagement or not; but if during this time they are called by nearer personal duties, or if they wish to marry, they are allowed to leave, being expected, however, to give three months' notice of their desire. They also retain entire control of their personal property, if they have such.

The duties of the deaconesses are manifold. In the performance of their threefold service they are led to the school-room, to the hospital, to the filthy tenement, sometimes to the plague-stricken district, and to the field of battle—everywhere by their deeds of womanly charity helping to lift the burden of sorrow that oppresses the world. And it is a fact full of deep meaning that never has the most painful and perilous service, in connection with loathsome and deadly disease, been refused, although no deaconess is ever appointed to such work without her permission being asked. Many a thrilling tale of Christlike heroism might be told of the labours of love performed by these true-hearted women "for Jesus' sake."

The systematic arrangement of the Kaiserswerth Institutions is complete, though so elastic that individual adaptabilities may always be carefully considered and the greatest possible amount of work accomplished with the least friction and waste. Two classes of deaconesses are formally recognized at Kaiserswerth—teacher-deaconesses and nurse-deaconesses. The whole manner of life is simple and regular, each deaconess being under the direction of those placed over her. One feature in the life at the Deaconess Home in all countries, which is greatly prized by the sisters, is the daily "silent half-hour," by which is secured to each a brief period of uninterrupted quiet for thought and private devotion. All duties are performed gratuitously, the deaconess not even being at liberty to accept presents; on the other hand, all her wants are supplied, so that her whole time and care can be devoted to her special work. The expenses of the Institution are met by the income of the publishing house, supplemented by the voluntary contributions of friends.

So greatly has pastor Fliedner's work grown, that there are now more than sixty mother-houses, and over eight thousand deaconesses connected with them, yet still the cry comes from all over the world to Kaiserswerth, "Send us more deaconesses to nurse in our hospitals, to help our needy, to teach our orphans." In the East, at Jerusalem, Alexandria, Cairo, Beirut and Smyrna, and in most of the countries of Europe, are homes, schools, and hospitals under the management of Kaiserswerth sisters, and yet there are not enough to meet the demand.

Two buildings, dear to the heart of Fliedner, as to hundreds of deaconesses, should receive a word of mention in passing. These are the "Salem," a cottage among the hills where weary and overwrought sisters may from time to time enjoy a few weeks of rest among the mountain breezes, and the "House of Evening Rest," where a pleasant home is awaiting those of the deaconesses who may need it, when their strength shall have been spent and they shall have reached life's evening time.

Although the Kaiserswerth Institutions figure most largely among the deaconess establishments in Germany, there are several other deaconess houses doing similar work, and more or less closely affiliated with them, most of which are represented at the Kaiserswerth General Conference. Of these, some are connected with the State Church, others are composed of Christian women of all Churches, while still others, by no means the least in importance, are under the direct cognizance of the German Methodist Episcopal Church. At present there are ninety Methodist deaconesses, with Homes in five of the principal cities, from which as centres they are doing faithful and effective work among the sick, the poor, the fallen, and the forsaken, "for Jesus' sake." The regulations for the life of the Methodist sisters closely resemble those in force at Kaiserswerth. After two years of probationary training the deaconesses are admitted to full connexion; they have the same liberty in control of their personal property, are equally free from vows, are under much the same rules for daily life, observing the same silent half-hour and wearing a similar uniform, except that the colour of the gowns is black.

So thoroughly is the work of the deaconesses appreciated in Germany, that they are all allowed free use of all government railways, steamboats, and street-cars.

"Coming to England," says Miss Bancroft, "the study of the deaconess movement becomes more complex, not alone that there are so many orders at work under so many auspices, but also that the radical division of the Anglican Church reflects itself in all Christian work." It is here first that there is a distinction in the meaning between the terms "sister" and "deaconess," the former being applied to members of those organizations, fostered by the High Church party, which differ but slightly from the sisterhoods of the Romish Church, inculcating nearly the same vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. In "Deaconesses in the Church of England," the essential difference between the "sisters" and deaconesses is thus stated: "The sisterhood exists primarily for the sake of forming a religious community, but the deaconesses live together for the sake of the work itself, attracted to the

deaconess work by the want which, in most populous towns, is calling loudly for assistance, and with a view of being trained, therefore, for spiritual and temporal usefulness among the poor."

The Church of England has seven deaconess establishments, but these have not met with the favour and success which have attended some of the independent institutions, among which the most important is that of the Mildmay deaconesses.

This institution is the fruit of the labours and prayers of the Rev. William Pennefather, a large-hearted and liberal-minded Church of England clergyman, who inaugurated the work at Mildmay Park, in the north of London, in 1864. New buildings have been added, until around the Central Deaconess House are clustered an Orphanage, where nearly forty little girls are cared for; the Cottage Hospital, a Nursing House, Training School, and Probation Home. Connected with the Central House is the Conference Hall, with a seating capacity of 2,500, which is opened for all kinds of religious and philanthropic gatherings. In the Central Deaconess House about fifty deaconesses reside, while in different parts of the building are situated an Invalid Kitchen, where nourishing food and dainties are prepared by skilful fingers, and whence they are dispensed to the sick; a Flower Mission; a Dorcas Room, where aged and lonely women may earn small sums of money, sewing in a warm, comfortable room, while a deaconess reads aloud; and a Servants' Registry, by means of which, we are told, about four hundred servants are annually provided with places.

Besides all these, the Mildmay deaconesses are in charge of the Convalescent Homes at Barnet and Brighton, the Bethnal Green Hospital, the Doncaster General Infirmary, the Nurses' Institute at Malta, and the Medical Mission Hospital at Jaffa.

It will be seen that the sphere of the Mildmay deaconesses is wider and their work more varied than that of the Kaiserswerth sisters. On three evenings in the week, during the winter, a men's night-school is held in the basement rooms, in which the average number of members is more than twelve hundred. Nearly all the forty-nine classes are taught by deaconesses, and the subjects include, not only the elementary branches, but also the higher mathematics, drawing and short-hand. A loan library is connected with the school, and an arrangement is made by which the men may purchase bread and butter and coffee before leaving if they wish, as many of them do. Regular Bible-classes are held on two days of the week and on Sunday. Many deaconesses are employed in parish work by clergymen, though still under the superintendency of the Deaconess Home. "They

visit from house to house among the sick and poor, hold mothers' meetings, teach night-schools, hold Bible-classes separately for men, women, and children; hold special classes for working-women, and girls who are kept busily employed during the day, and during the winter months have a weekly average of more than nine thousand attendants on their services. They are solving the problem of 'how to save the masses,' by resolving the masses into individuals, and then influencing those individuals by the power of personal effort and love."

Although the Mildmay Institutions are unsectarian, in attendance on the Training School are not only those who wish to become deaconesses, but also candidates from two Church Missionary Societies, and a special course of medical training is provided for those who are preparing for medical work among the women in India.

So flexible are the methods employed, and so wide is the room allowed for the exercise of special and diverse talents, that a great variety of benevolent work can be successfully and simultaneously carried on. In the Home is present every refining and ennobling influence. The æsthetic tastes of the sisters are not repressed, but on the contrary, everything is done to cultivate their sense of what is harmonious and beautiful. The exquisite Mildmay Christmas and Easter cards are the product of their artistic tastes. All who have seen the deaconesses, either when engaged in their work, or when enjoying the quiet of the Home, agree that there is nothing to suggest asceticism or austerity in connection with their life. In their very faces can be read the truth that they are earnest, loyal, steadfast-souled women, doing a labour of love, and doing it cheerfully, gladly, "for Jesus' sake."

The Mildmay deaconesses are of all classes of society; some of them are high-born ladies, many are daughters of clergymen, while others come from the ranks of the people. Some are self-supporting and others are maintained by the Institution, but how large a proportion of each is never known. Every probationer pays four guineas for her first month, but all subsequent financial arrangements are regarded as strictly private. All wear the simple garb of black, with white caps and collars.

In America the deaconess movement has been tardy; in Canada it is still to be begun. A few attempts to institute the office have been made in the United States, by the German Lutheran, German Reformed, Presbyterian, and Protestant Episcopal Churches. The principal establishment is the Mother-House of Deaconesses in connection with the Mary J. Drexel Home in Philadelphia, under the management of German Lutherans. Yet the Methodist

Episcopal Church, though last to deal with the question of the diaconate of women, has taken a more advanced step than any other, except the Church of Scotland, in constituting the office a distinct, recognized part of its polity.

The General Conference of 1888 provided for the complete recognition of deaconesses. It may not be out of place to transcribe the paragraphs in the Discipline relating to the office:

"1. The duties of the deaconesses are to minister to the poor, visit the sick, pray with the dying, care for the orphan, seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning, and, relinquishing wholly all other pursuits, devote themselves in a general way to such forms of Christian labour as may be suited to their abilities.

"2. No vow shall be exacted of any deaconess, and any one of their number shall be at liberty to relinquish her position as a deaconess at any time.

"3. In every annual Conference within which deaconesses may be employed, a Conference board of nine members, at least three of whom shall be women, shall be appointed by the Conference to exercise a general control of the interests of this form of work.

"4. This board shall be empowered to issue certificates to duly qualified persons, authorizing them to perform the duties of deaconesses in connection with the Church, provided that no person shall receive such certificate until she shall have served a probation of two years of continuous service, and shall be over twenty-five years of age.

"5. No person shall be licensed by the board of deaconesses, except on the recommendation of a Quarterly Conference, and said board of deaconesses shall be appointed by the Annual Conference for such term of service as the Annual Conference shall decide, and said board shall report both the names and work of such deaconesses annually, and the approval of the Annual Conference shall be necessary for the continuance of any deaconess in her work.

"6. When working singly, each deaconess shall be under the direction of the pastor of the church with which she is connected. When associated together in a Home, all the members of the Home shall be subordinate to and directed by the superintendent placed in charge."

This law leaves many details still to be settled, and experiment only can show what are the best methods to be employed in connection with the work. A Conference was held in Chicago, in December of 1888, for the purpose of considering the matters of probationary training, dress, etc., and the results of these deliberations were published in the "Plan for Securing Uniformity in the Deaconess Movement," which has been very generally adopted, although its provisions are not authoritative. Deaconess Homes are now in operation in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati and Detroit, others are projected in Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, while individual deaconesses are employed in several cities both east and west.

What is the word of this great and ever-enlarging work of the deaconesses beyond the sea and nearer home for us? Perhaps the simple facts are more eloquent than any deductions we might make.

In the great cities of the United States and Canada, as in the Old World, are districts teeming with suffering and degraded poor. We have our prisons, workhouses and hospitals, calling for the loving ministries which only Christian women can render. Yet to whom are these intrusted? In the hospital wards and prisons the work of relieving the misery of the sinful and suffering is left very largely, in many places almost exclusively, to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; while the privilege of bearing the good news to the poor and illiterate classes, whose need is greatest, though they know not how to name it, is given over chiefly to the Salvation Army.

In the case of the ministrations to the sick and the prisoners some truly noble, but intermittent, efforts have been made to alleviate the painful and mortifying circumstances which we all deprecate; how much more might be effected if the organized and systematic service of Christian women might supplement the work of our Prison Associations, if gentle, well-trained, womanly hands might come to the assistance of our hospital doctors.

Of the un-Christianized poor we are wont to say, "If the Salvation Army has a mission, it is to these; the Army takes hold of a class of people that the Churches cannot reach." It is a hackneyed saying, but largely true; there are thousands of men, women, and children, who never enter the doors of a church, however wide open they stand, whom neither the most faithful and hard-working pastor nor the most zealous mission band can hope to reach. Yet experience has proved that often among just these the deaconesses are able to accomplish the most good. Not even the hardened "masses" continue long to shut their doors against these pure, unobtrusive women, who come with kindness and sympathy to them as individuals. That is the secret; there is no force in the world so strong as this of personal, heart-to-heart effort. Perhaps if the Churches opened this channel of usefulness there would be fewer eager, energetic women, aglow with zeal to tell the glad tidings, going out from us to the Army with its often objectionable features. The Salvation Army is largely composed of women; better for them and better for the Church if their minds and hands could be thoroughly trained for efficient service and set to work under the wise and proper direction of an organized Church.

After it has been admitted that there is a peculiar sphere for

consecrated women in the line of benevolent work, there are many things to be considered in regard to it. Most will grant that in the western world, at least, such work should be under the authority and protection of the Church. Then what shall be its plan and scope? From the great deaconess establishments in England and Germany we can learn much. In some particulars modern deaconesses must of necessity differ from those of the early Church. Under the present conditions of society it has been demonstrated that the best results are to be obtained by means of organization and systematized work. Hence, while the parish-deaconess, or her American counterpart, is needed to assist the pastor in many a field, there is urgent need of the Deaconess Home and Training School to prepare her for her work. The advantages of these are manifold. In them the deaconess is carefully educated in Church doctrines as well as in other departments of study, is trained to regular and systematic habits, and is kept constantly in mind of the threefold service of all true deaconesses: "Servants of the Lord Jesus; servants of the sick and poor for Jesus' sake; servants one of another."

To those who object to the institution life as abnormal and narrowing, we would say, "Consider if there are not many women, true and gifted women, to whom the home and family life is not appointed; if there are not many women, born in an environment where there is little to stimulate to larger growth and higher aims, to whom such association with noble and lofty souls would be both broadening and inspiring." Constant, earnest work, and the wants of the world around her, calling out her best sympathies and stimulating heart and mind and hands to help them who bring their need to her door, will be a safeguard to the deaconess against the self-centred life which alone is narrowing—"They dwell with the King for His work." Deaconess Homes are not instituted to be hot-houses for the cultivation of religious mysticism, but to be centres of outreaching ministry to God's wandering and suffering ones.

In regard to the objection sometimes raised, that the deaconesses are too similar to the Roman Catholic nuns, a little honest investigation and reflection will show that while the good features of the sisterhoods are present—and even the most aggressive anti-Jesuit must admit that they have some good features—the evil are eliminated. There is no vow, no renunciation of the dearest relations of life, nothing of the conventual system in the life of the Home. The distinctive garb, too, of the deaconess, objectionable to some, has in Europe proved be both a protection and a passport to its wearers, marking them as those set apart for a

peculiar and holy service. Many a time one of those simple robes appearing in the distance has been a herald of hope to a sick heart; by that alone it could be known beyond all doubt that a minister of peace and good-will was drawing near with sympathy and help.

The life of the deaconess is not one to attract the romantic dreamer. It is a simple, intensely practical life, in which much that is common-place, much that is unpleasant and even painful, must be encountered, and about which there is very little of the glamour of poetry. Yet it is a noble life, illuminated and made beautiful by the pure purpose and unselfish love which inspire it. The day may not be far distant when Canadian Protestantism, too, shall have its sisters of charity, large-hearted, strong-souled women, who are not held otherwhere by God-given human ties, and are glad to consecrate themselves to the work of ministering to the needy "for Jesus' sake."

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

NOTE.—A future number will contain an account of the "Sisters of the People," the Wesleyan Sisterhood Mission, whose work has been so successful in connection with the West London Mission under the direction of Hugh Price Hughes and Mark Guy Pearse.—ED.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BE still! tread slowly, softly, and speak low,
The old year lieth on his frosty bed,
And wrapped about him is his shroud of snow;
While visions, memories, phantoms crowd the bier.
With awe and sorrow reverently draw near—
A last farewell—for the old year is dead.

The forest winds a requiem recite,
The ocean sobs and moans along the shore,
The year, with its account of wrong and right,
Of kindness and unkindness, love and hate,
Of duty done or left until too late,
To-night has passed away for evermore.

While thus we stand lamenting, the new year
Comes in with haste; and lo, with hands outspread,
With clang of bells and laughter and good cheer,
And hearts as merry as the gladsome bells,
Whose music on the solemn midnight swells,
We give her welcome o'er the silent dead.

TORONTO, Ont. —*Hans Goebel.*

THE HEROINE OF MORLEYVILLE.

A TRUE STORY OF NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.

BY M. W. E.

THE little story I am about to relate is a true one. I knew the heroine of it very well. I spent a year in the great North-West with my brother, and while there I lived amongst the Indians, and became greatly interested in some of them. The incident I am about to tell is a true one, and I have not exaggerated.

The last rays of the setting sun touched the lofty mountain peaks and lingered, as if loath to leave such a scene of beauty and grandeur, lighting up with rosy tints the lovely valley of the Bow River. In the distance rise the grand old Rocky Mountains, with their snow-crowned summits reaching to the very skies. On every side, far as the eye can reach, stretch the green, undulating slopes of grazing land, and just at the foot of the mountains lies the pretty and peaceful little village of Morleyville, named after the Rev. Morley Punshon, one of the most distinguished ministers Canada ever knew. Years ago there was fighting and bloodshed amongst the wild and barbarous Indians, and here, on this present site of Morley, lying now so tranquilly in the valley, surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies, was a savage battle fought between the Cree and Blackfeet tribes. Now all is changed, the tribes are at peace with one another; and instead of fighting and shedding blood, they are cultivating their farms and working at various industries. Why the change?

Some sixty or seventy years ago there lived in this valley a tribe of Cree Indians. They were wild, revengeful and barbarous, making war on the neighbouring tribes, and indulging in every species of vice and crime. Poor creatures! They knew no better, they were heathen; some worshipped idols of wood, some worshipped trees, stars or rocks, but most of them were utterly ignorant of anything higher than their own desires and passions Physically they were a fine tribe; the men large and well developed, brave and generous; the women beautiful and faithful, loving and true. The handsomest of all the tribe, the lovely, dark-eyed Miatus, the pet of the whole camp, was taken by Sonsonation, the brave young chief of the Crees, for his wife. She was a tender, soft-eyed, affectionate squaw, she loved her husband and waited upon him, obeyed his every beck and nod, and was truly happy in his tepee or skin tent, as his wife. Three children

she bore him; two sons, handsome, brave and passionate like their father, and one daughter, a sad-eyed, faithful girl, like her mother. Miatus ministered to their wants, and brought them up as best she knew; her whole heart was bound up in her husband and children.

But the time came when they, like their civilized white brother, went forth from the shelter of the parental roof-tree and sought homes of their own. Miatus was then left sad and lonely in the deserted tepee. She breathed no moan, she said no word of complaint, but went about her daily tasks as usual, but sadder-eyed and quieter. One day the chief brings home, as is the custom amongst the heathen tribes when the wife gets old and wrinkled, a younger and prettier squaw; she is what poor Miatus, now broken down by the heavy burdens she has had to bear and worn out by her weary life of exposure and neglect, was some twenty-five years ago, when Sonsonation proudly chose her from amongst all the maidens of the camp to be his wife. Now time has ploughed deep furrows in those sunburned cheeks, has dimmed the lustre of those soft and tender brown eyes, and streaked with silver those once glossy and abundant locks.

Poor Miatus! Even at this second trial she did not murmur or complain, but her spirit was crushed and broken. She did not blame her husband; indeed she felt grateful to him for giving her her place of honour as his sole wife for so many years. Most chiefs had five or six wives at the same time, while she had been his only wife for over twenty years, but all the brightness and pleasure had gone out of her life. She, of course, was put aside, the young and pretty squaw deposed her. It was her duty, as the cast-off wife, to do the heaviest and most menial of the work, carry the heavy loads, sleep in the coldest part of the tepee and wettest when it rained, eat the coarsest of the fare, and, in fact, give up every privilege and comfort to the new-comer. All this Miatus did uncomplainingly, thankful, and even happy in a kind of way, to be allowed to live under the same tepee with her husband, and have him now and then throw her a word or a glance as one would throw a bone to a starving dog. For she loved him with all the depth of her poor, ignorant, passionate nature! Who can fathom the dumb, patient faithfulness of these Indian women? We often say, "Oh, he is like an Indian, he never forgets." What pathos is expressed in those words. No, they *never forget*. God pity them that they have not kinder treatment and more even justice to think upon, for if ever a kindness is shown them they will remember that, as well as a wrong, as long as they live.

Well, time went on, and a rumour reached this little, remote

Indian village that a strange "pale face" was coming to live amongst them, to teach them and to preach to them. They did not even know the meaning of those words. They were the most ignorant of all the tribes of Indians. The stranger came to dwell among them. He was handsome and clever, and had spent years in his college pursuits, for what? That he might go far from his native land and home and friends, that he might give up all the bright dreams of his boyish ambition, that he might bid farewell to the world with all its pleasures, its riches and honour and fame, and bury himself in a strange, wild country, to preach the Gospel to a handful of barbarous, ignorant Indians. Say now, after hearing this, "There are no heroes worth the name nowadays." You cannot. John McDougall, who labours to-day in Morley, is one of the grandest, most self-sacrificing heroes the world has ever seen. How the people crowd to hear him; he speaks to them in their own native tongue. (How many weary months he took to learn the Cree language.) He stands before them erect, a man in the flower of his manhood, his blue eyes flashing, his soul filled with enthusiasm and zeal, and tells them "the old, old story;" tells them of the Babe born in a manger, tells them of the Prince and Ruler who left all the brightness of a throne and came to this earth; who was despised, rejected, persecuted and crucified for their sakes; died that they might live. All this he tells them and more, till the listening crowds, carried away by his burning eloquence, hang upon his every word.

Poor, old Miatus! sitting there, almost blind, nearly deaf, all doubled up and crippled with rheumatism, heard and believed. This Saviour was hers; He died for her, even for poor, old, crippled Miatus. Oh, what could she do for Him? Ah, Miatus, the test of your love for and faith in your Master is coming; it is nearer than you dream of. The tidings came to her when she most needed them. Bereft of her children, her husband's love gone, poor, old, helpless and infirm, she had need of the Saviour's love if ever mortal had. With simple faith she accepted the truth. She went every Sunday to hear the missionary, invited her husband and the wife who filled her place in his heart to go with her, but they laughed and jeered at her, so she went alone. At last the missionary taught the doctrine, "A man shall have one wife and cleave unto her. He who has more than one sins, and the gentle Saviour loves him not." Now was to come the severest struggle in the life of old Miatus. Her darkened intellect could only faintly grasp the reasoning at first, but finally she saw what the preacher meant. She went away very sad, and thought over his words. She was silent, and pondered this out in her heart for

days. She was only a poor, ignorant, crippled squaw, but she had faith such as the mightiest in the land might envy. Her reasoning was clear and simple as a child's. Her Master, the one she had taken for her guide, did not love those who had two wives. Her husband had two wives, therefore he sinned, and she made him sin, for if she left him he would have but one wife and all would be right.

Now came the struggle. Could she leave him? She had lived with him ever since she was eighteen years of age. She had no one to go to. She knew not where her children were. She was eighty years old. She was nearly blind and a cripple. What could she do? But clear and bright above all these perplexities shone out the truth. She was doing it for her Saviour. He had done as much and more for her. He had left his home and friends, she would do the same. He had no place to lay His head, neither would she. He wandered alone in a strange country, she would be all alone, too. One evening, just as the shadows were already creeping over the earth, old Miatus arose and took one, long, fond, lingering look about the tepee, her home for over sixty years. Her husband lay there sleeping. She walked up and looked upon him, all the love and tenderness she felt for him shining in those soft, sad eyes. She dared not touch him for fear of waking him. Could she do it? "Yes," she said to herself, "Jesus did more for me, I can do this for Him." Then without once looking back, softly and silently left the tent, and was never seen in it again while her husband lived.

Several years after, Miatus heard in her far-away home that her husband was dead, and the young wife and her children starving. There was a famine throughout the whole of the great North-West that year. Her work for the Master was not yet done. She travelled over miles of country, passed through inconceivable hardships, and stood at last at the door of her old tepee. She entered, told who she was and why she came, ministered to the dying woman, attended to the children's wants, and after the young wife's death lived on there; and at the time I knew her she supported the children of that rival wife by picking and selling berries and doing all kinds of light work she could get to do.

This is no fable. I knew this woman, and have heard her talk and sing and pray many a time. After this will we ever say again, "Oh, it is no use sending missionaries to the Indians; they will never amount to anything; a miserable, lazy set of thieving vagabonds." Dare we say this? Do we our part. The rest is in God's hands.

KATHLEEN CLARE,

*AN IRISH STORY.**

I.—A DOMESTIC DILEMMA.

"Miss Kathleen, darlint!"

"There!" muttered the owner of the name, peering cautiously forth from the leafy nest where she had ensconced herself. "There! I thought it would be strange if I could have five minutes' peace. Well, you may call, but the more you calls, the more I won't come, as the naughty little boy said." And again sixteen-year-old Kathleen settled herself comfortably to enjoy the nice "read" she had promised herself that fair June morning, high up in the gnarled boughs of the twisted old apple-tree.

But again the voice rose high over the birds' songs, this time much nearer, and with a piteous wail in it that Kathleen found hard to resist.

"Miss Kathleen, darlint, and won't you answer now for your own Biddy?"

"Something's happened, of course," again muttered the occupant of the tree. "Jack's fallen in the pond, or Jill has knocked another tooth out, or Peter's torn the remainder of his coat off his back."

"Oh, Miss Kathleen, honey, and where can you be? it's something dreadful this time! and didn't I know something would happen when me looking-glass fell off the wall for a token!"

By this time stout, rosy-faced Biddy stood right under where Kathleen was hidden, quite unconscious of the pair of bright eyes that were peering down at her.

"What can it be?" thought Kathleen, curiosity getting the better of prudence. "I suppose I'll have to go and see, so here goes," and with an adroit movement she swung herself down from bough to bough, and then suddenly dropped at Biddy's feet, who started with a scream.

"There, there, Biddy, don't make such a noise! you'll frighten the crows to death."

"Frighten the crows to death, indade, and it's meself that'll be kilt ere long, with the frights ye give me; who'd have expected to see you leaping down from the clouds like that, alana! But there," she went on, "why am I wasting me time talking instead of telling you the throuble that's fallen on this house the day?"

"What do you mean, Biddy?" said Kathleen, wonderingly.

"I mean this," said Biddy, raising her finger, and speaking in awe-inspiring tones. 'The master's gone and asked a gentleman to dinner, and there's never a bite of meat in the house, only the mutton, and that's all bone!"

It was now Kathleen's turn to look horrified.

"Oh, Biddy, it isn't true?"

*Abridged from "The Clares of Cloverly" by Fannie Eden, Author of "Dudley Carlton's Wife."

"That's what I says to meself, Miss, when the master called me into his study, and says he to me, in his grand tone, 'Biddy,' says he, 'a friend will dine with us at two,' and then he just went on studying them big maps that he's always a-looking at, as aisy like as if nothing had happened at all. 'What might you be afther saying, sir?' says I, as soon as me speech came back to me, which wasn't for a minute or so. He looked up quite angry like, and says again, 'I thought I spoke plainly, Biddy. A son of an old friend of mine will dine with us to-day.'"

"But didn't you tell him, Biddy," gasped Kathleen, "that we've nothing in the house—absolutely nothing to put before a visitor?"

"Me tell the master that? I couldn't do it, darlint, not if me life depended on it. What has a gentleman like him to do with such things?"

"Oh, Biddy, what shall we do?"

"That's what I wants to know; it isn't as if there was a hen left on the roost, or even the egg of a hen," sighed Biddy, "and the pig went long since."

"And the butcher said on Saturday we could have no more meat?"

"Ne'er a bit, Miss Kathleen, bad cess to him! 'You dirty spalpeen,' said I to him, when he gives his impertinent message, 'and don't you know it's an honour to ye to serve a gentleman like the master?'

"'Gentleman, indade,' says he, 'it's gentleman is as gentleman does, and ne'er another bit of our meat will he have till he pays for it!'"

A hot flush of shame rose to the girl's cheek.

"Oh, Biddy," she cried, passionately, "to think of him daring to speak of father like that! what are we coming to? Father ought to be told how they're speaking of him."

"Sure and wouldn't the master give 'em their dirty money twice over in a minute if he'd got it? Just hold on a bit, darlint, and you'll snap your finger at the lot of them yet; wait till the master's fortune comes to him."

"It's so long in coming," cried the girl, wearily. "I've heard the same story for years, but things get worse instead of better. I don't know how we've lived the last two years; and now father seems to have no money left at all, and he never seems to think we want anything, he just goes on day after day brooding over those plans of the railway till he seems too dazed to think of anything else."

"Sure and what could he brood over better, when it's the railway that's going to bring you all your fortunes? Oh, never fear, honey, the master's a born genius, and he knows what he's about!"

"Oh, well, well, it's no use talking," cried the girl, impatiently, with a sigh of misery; "the question before us now is, What must we do for dinner?"

Just at this moment, with a rush and a whirr and a flutter, down came half a dozen sapphire-necked pigeons, some strutting

with proud confidence at Kathleen's feet, others nestling on her shoulders.

"Oh, you darlings, you pretty darlings!" cried Kathleen, just for a moment forgetting her troubles in the caresses of her feathered pets. "Just see, Biddy, how tame they are getting," and she looked up laughingly, as one tamer than the rest laid its bill upon her lips.

But she was startled at the absorbed look in Biddy's eyes as she gazed at the birds, and yet seemed to gaze beyond them; they were lit up with a new thought, a flash, an inspiration.

"Throuble your head no more, darlint, about the dinner," she cried, triumphantly, "Purty creatures, and me never to think of them before. What could be nicer or more ilegant than a pigeon poi? Sure, I'll make it in me best style, with all their little feet sticking through the centre. Ah, alana, it was a splendid thought."

"You wicked, cruel old woman!" cried Kathleen, stamping her foot angrily. "Do you think I'd let you kill my beautiful pigeons for your horrid pie? How could you have the heart to do it?"

"Sure, Miss, and wouldn't I do a deal more than that for the honour of the old house! To think I'd live to see the day when I'd have to set a lump of cheese and a piece of bread before a guest of my master's—me that's seen the big table creaking and groaning wid all the good things set out on it in the good old days that's gone! Sure and it's an honour for the birds to die in such a cause—it's a death of glory, and they'd tell you so if they could speak. Don't say another word, darlint," she went on, "but go and get the dining-room rid up—its just filled now wid the children's rubbish—and put fresh flowers in the vases; you can leave the rest to me. It's the first stranger that has set foot under this roof since your ma died, Miss, heaven be her rest! but we'll let 'em see the old house isn't quite on its last legs yet," and the faithful old woman, the last of the numerous servants who used to bustle about the old gray house, went off with some revival of the old importance of manner which of late had seemed all but crushed out of her.

"Oh, it's dreadful to be poor! dreadful! dreadful!" moaned poor Kathleen from the depths of the shabby old couch in the dining-room, on which she had flung herself, with a despairing burst of agonized tears. "To think my pigeons must be sacrificed, now, my pretty, trusting pets! Oh, it's too cruel, it's too cruel. I could not do it for any one in the world but father, but how can I see him disgraced?"

"Miss Kathleen, mavourneen, there isn't a minute to spare for crying," said Biddy's voice from the door again, "and I'm all in a heap of trouble again, for what'll we be afther doing wid all them hungry children? They mustn't be at the table, at all, at all; me ilegant poi would look mighty mean wid all them to be served out of it."

"Well, what can I do, Biddy?" cried Kathleen, impatiently. "You know father always will have them at the table with him."

"Sure, Miss, and couldn't you arrange a nice little picnic, or something, and just get them all out of the way till the geentleman's gone."

Kathleen wiped her tears away. Yes, indeed, Biddy was right, this was not the time for tears but for action; for a vision had suddenly risen up before her of a disreputable looking flock of children, in the perfection of health and spirits, filing in and seating themselves with gleeful, but hungry and expectant, eyes cast upon the solitary dish.

Well, it was all managed at last. By dint of bribing them with a huge parcel of bread-and-jam, Kathleen at last succeeded in exhorting a solemn promise from them all to remain out till five o'clock; and it was with a sigh of relief that she saw the procession file off down the lane, each carrying a bundle of provisions.

"They're settled for a few hours at any rate, thank goodness," she murmured; and then, and not till then, she thought of her own toilet, and as she did so her heart sank down with a thump of despair.

"I haven't a thing to put on—not a single decent thing. I shall have to make some excuse and stay from lunch too (for lunch, and not dinner, they had decided to call the meal, it would sound so much better, Biddy had declared). To say she was not disappointed would have been untrue; she was bitterly, grievously disappointed. It was such a long, long time since a visitor had entered their door, and it would have been a strange and wonderful break in the monotony of her existence to see a fresh face, to listen to new thoughts expressed, to hear even the sound of another voice. But it was not to be; how could she possibly go into lunch in her old merino?

"I never cared before," she said, wistfully, "what I had on, for what did it matter? there's nobody here to care how I look. I don't think father would notice if I sat down to dinner in a blanket; and I never go anywhere;" with a sigh, "nobody ever asks me. I wonder why they don't; I'm sure it isn't the same with other young people; everybody in the village seems to have friends but us."

"Biddy," she said, going into the kitchen, "you'll have to serve the coffee yourself, I am not going in to lunch, I'm just going to bed instead; so you can say I'm ill, I'm sure it's true enough, my head is splitting with misery. Besides, you know, I couldn't go in this dress," looking down contemptuously at it; "it wouldn't conduce much to the honour of the house if I did, I'm thinking." There was a mysterious smile hovering round the corners of Biddy's mouth which she strove in vain to hide, as she turned to the oven to inspect its contents.

"Never you fear, darlint; just go to your room, and Biddy will put you all to rights in no time; I can leave my cooking now for a few minutes, it's just getting on lovely;" and taking off her large cooking apron and wiping the flour from her hands, Biddy prepared to follow her young mistress upstairs.

"Now, Biddy, that's all nonsense, you know; you can't make me look decent, I'm past the power of all human aid."

"Don't speak a single word, Miss Kathleen, but go up to your room, and we'll see what we do see," said Biddy, oracularly, the mysterious smile still hovering round the corners of her mouth.

"I wonder what's come over Biddy, now," pouted Kathleen, following her slowly up the wide old stairs. "I hope the excitement of the sudden arrival of our visitor hasn't brought on softening of her dear old brain!"

But she thought her own senses must be going, when a moment later, as she entered her own room, she saw lying on her bed an exquisitely soft and fine Indian muslin, fresh and crisp and cool, just the very thing she would have chosen had it been in her power to do so for such a hot June day.

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy, how lovely, where, where did it come from? Never, never in my life, only in my dreams, have I ever seen anything so beautiful! Is it really mine, really and truly?" and Kathleen clasped her hands and drew in her breath in all the ecstasy of a young girl over her first pretty new dress.

"It's your own, darlint, sure enough, I got it up meself last week, all unbeknown to you, for didn't I dream of a coach and six; and by that token didn't I know something sudden was going to happen? 'So,' says I, 'I don't know what it'll be, but I'll have a dress ready for Miss Kathleen, anyhow.'"

"But where did it come from, Biddy?"

"Out of the big thrunk that's all your own, left to you by your own mother, and it's time you looked into it, Kathleen mavourneen, for sure, it's no child you are now; and here's the key. But never mind that now, let me dress you, darlint. And it's meself that'll be proud to see you in a dress worthy of the master's daughter."

II.—THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

"Biddy," exclaimed Kathleen, suddenly turning round and looking into Biddy's face with a sad, wistful expression that went to the old woman's heart, "why do we seem so different from all the people who live round about us? What have we done that we are cut off by all our kind as much as though we were lepers?"

"Why is it, Biddy?" the girl went on. "You know every house in the village is shut against us, and none ever enter our door no more than if it were a plague-spot."

"Sure, Miss, and you're talking nonsense."

"No, I'm not, Biddy, and you know I'm not; you can't put me off now as you did when I was a child. I know, I feel that people shun us. Why, even when I was quite a little thing, I used to go away and cry bitterly because the mothers would come out of

their cottages and pull their children away if they were seen playing or speaking to us."

"More shame to them, then," muttered Biddy, between her teeth.

"Only yesterday," the girl went on, "when I was walking with the children down the road, a carriage passed us slowly, and the two ladies who were inside put up their eye-glasses and surveyed us curiously, as though we were some strange phenomena. 'The Clares of Cloverly?' I heard one say to the other, in a tone of contemptuous pity. 'Are they really, now? Well, it's a disgrace to have such a family in the community.' Ah, Biddy, tell me, why do people speak of us and treat us like this? Was it always so?"

"Always so, indeed? I reckon it wasn't," cried faithful Biddy, with proud indignation. "There wasn't a more honoured name in all the country-side than the Clares of Cloverly. For a hundred years and more the old house has stood here in the midst of the red clover fields, and the old water-mill there in all that time never ceased to grind the corn for half the country round. Ah, Miss, those were the good old days, and peace and plenty were within these walls! Ah, alana, it was a sorry day when the master turned his back on the faithful old mill."

"Why did he do it, Biddy?"

"Ah, Miss, ye see he never took to it as all the other Clares did, an' ye see he was cleverer than all the others put together. He never rested till his father, my old master—oh, but wasn't he proud of his clever son!—sent him off to London to be a great scholard. It must have been there, Miss, that he learned all about the wonderful scheme for bringing a railway right through the lands of Cloverly, and when that's done, you see, Miss, you'll be richer by far than the squire himself. Ah, he's a mighty clever man is the master, too clever by far to bother his head with the old mill that's brought the money in steady and sure."

Kathleen looked up quickly into the old woman's face. Was she speaking in good faith, or were the words ironical? But Biddy's face was inscrutable.

"But, Biddy, all this doesn't answer my question; surely it isn't because we're poor that people treat us so. Why do people," the girl went on, "whisper and point after us, and call us unbaptized heathen?"

"Sure, and who dares to say such a thing?" said old Biddy, her cheeks all aflame and her eyes blazing.

"Why the neighbours, Biddy; and they say worse than all this," and the girl's voice dropped to a whisper, as she looked round and shuddered with a superstitious terror.

"They say father had mother buried down in the bluebell wood because he's a wicked atheist, and wouldn't have her buried in consecrated grounds, and they say her soul can't rest because of it, and that corpse-lights burn on her grave, and that her spirit haunts the wood all night."

Biddy sank into a chair with a white face, crossing herself

and muttering devoutly, "Holy Mother, save us and keep us, and rest her soul in peace, if it isn't a sin to pray for her lying there."

At this moment a loud ring at the bell sounded through the lonely house, and Biddy started to her feet, crying out, "Bless and save us, Miss Kathleen, here's the gentleman himself, and me listening to your nonsense, and me lovely poi, for all I know, burnt to a cinder!" and she bustled from the room, thankful for the interruption.

Kathleen slowly completed her toilet, but all her pleasure in seeing the expected visitor was gone; her heart was heavy with the thoughts which had long weighed there, but which she had never given expression to before.

She thought with a sigh of her mother's grave in the lonely wood that was now all a haze with bluebells—that wood which the villagers would go miles round to avoid at night because of her mother lying there.

What had come over the old house once so loved and respected?

So she sat thinking, with her head resting on her hand, when her eye caught sight of the key which Biddy had left on the dressing-table.

She started up with sudden curiosity. "The key of the box left to me by my mother! What can be in it?"

With youthful impetuosity, she went to the great box which had always stood at the foot of the bed, and unlocked it.

She gave a cry of pleasure as she inspected its contents. It was filled with clothing of fine and beautiful texture.

"Why, I shan't want dresses and things for long enough. What lovely soft merino, and just see this lace! But what is this?" as her hand struck against something hard. "Why, a jewel box! oh, how exquisite!" as the light flashed and gleamed on the precious stones. "And are these really all my own?" Yes, there was no doubt of it, for on a bit of paper, written evidently by a weak and trembling hand, she read, "To Kathleen, to be disposed of as she likes." "I wonder why it says 'to be disposed of,'" she said, thoughtfully; "didn't mother mean me to wear them?"

She laid them carefully away and searched farther. At the very bottom of the box she came upon a parcel carefully tied up, and with it a letter also, carefully sealed. On it was written in the same faint, trembling handwriting, "To my darling child, Kathleen. With her dying mother's love." The girl burst into a flood of tears as she pressed it to her lips and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, mother, mother that I never knew! Are you going to speak a little to your child at last?"

But she had not time to break the seal, for she was startled by the booming of the big gong, which had been mute for years, announcing that lunch was served. Biddy was determined that everything should be done in style.

In great haste, Kathleen pushed the precious letter into the bosom of her dress, and rushed down stairs, so that she might be

in the dining-room before her father and the visitor. It was a long, low, old-fashioned room that Kathleen entered, and she sighed deeply as she gazed round at the old furniture, shabby with age, and at the carpet once so handsome, but now, alas! trodden all over by innumerable footsteps into numberless threadbare pathways. "It looks like everything else in the house," thought Kathleen, "poverty-stricken!" But the dingy old room, with its oak panelling almost black with age, only seemed to serve as an artistic back-ground to the fair young girl, fresh and sweet as that bright June morning, who stood waiting half-shyly, half-curiously for the advent of the unexpected guest, and only threw into greater relief the pretty, white-robed figure, whose only ornament was a cluster of roses, pushed carelessly into the belt—or, at least, so it seemed to the said guest, who at that moment entered with the master of the house. With his usual absent-mindedness, Mr. Clare made his way to the head of the table, quite forgetful of Kathleen, who stood waiting, wondering what she must do next.

"Now, my dear, now, my dear, what are you waiting for?" Then suddenly waking to the fact that his guest also stood waiting in an expectant attitude, Mr. Clare moved his hand carelessly toward Kathleen, saying, "Oh, ah, yes, to be sure! this is Kathleen, one of the children. My dear, this is Dr. Arundale, the son of an old college friend of mine. What have you got there? Coffee? Oh, ah, and this is the pigeon-pie, is it?"

"One of the children, indeed!" thought Kathleen, flushing indignantly, "and I've got a long dress on, and my hair done up. What is father thinking of?" and in the maintenance of the rights that these two facts conferred upon her, she felt it necessary to make Dr. Arundale a very stately little curtesy, and then to raise her brown eyes to his with a look of protesting and offended dignity. But it was no use; the merry, laughing blue ones which were gazing down at her were so frank, ingenuous, and kindly, and withal were evidently yielding even more homage than the child-maiden felt to be her due, that Kathleen relented at once, her grave little face broke into smiles, and she gave him her hand with a pretty, artless welcome.

"He's actually not old, at least not very!" This was Kathleen's first thought, as she gazed demurely into the coffee-pot (nobody over twenty-eight was young in Kathleen's estimation). "To think of anybody not old coming to see father! and he's got eyes just like blue lakes when the sun shines upon them!"

"No pie, thank you, father," she said, hurriedly, as she saw a plateful approaching her, and the blue eyes noticed how she suddenly went white about the lips, as she pushed it from her; and he noticed, too, with inward wonder, the tear which would fall in memory of her poor lost pets, and which she tried to wipe stealthily away.

But even this sorrow was soon forgotten in the charm of listening to the bright conversation of their guest; and Mr. Clare evidently enjoyed it too. For once he left the endless theme of the

railway scheme, and followed with a newly-awakened delight old pathways of thought once delighted in; with his guest he revelled again in the best thoughts of the master-minds of the age; with him he wandered over the flowery fields of fancy, or trod with avidity the more tortuous and wonderful paths of modern science.

With a delicate attention Dr. Arundale drew Kathleen into the charmed circle of their conversation, for he noticed by her happy countenance how eagerly she was listening, and how hungrily she drank in much of what they were saying.

It made her very happy to see the cloud lifted, if only for a short time, from her father's brow.

"How nice he looks," she thought, gazing admiringly at his clear-cut, intellectual face, round which softly waved the prematurely gray hair, "and how well he can talk! any one can see how clever he is, and that he is a gentleman in spite of his threadbare coat. Oh dear, if he would only talk to us like this, what happy times we might have!" and she thought sadly of their silent meals, over which her father sternly presided, broken only by the half-suppressed giggles of the children and the sharp rebuke which followed. But now, led on by Mr. Clare, the conversation went far beyond the fringe of science understood by Kathleen, and she had perforce to let them go on where she could not follow.

"What a lot he knows," she thought—meaning the young doctor—"and, oh dear, what an awful little dunce I am!" and then she lost herself in a reverie of the delights that would be hers in learning all about these wonderful things, which she would so gladly do if she hadn't to spend all her time in teaching the children, mending the stockings, and darning Pete's and Bob's diurnal rents. She was startled in the midst of her musings by the mention of a name almost unknown under that roof. It dropped from the lips of the stranger in tones of tender reverence, and it was the name of God!

AT MIDNIGHT.

Beneath the deep and solemn midnight sky,
  At this last verge and boundary of time,
  I stand, and listen to the starry chime
  That sounds to the inward sense, and will not die.
Now do the thoughts that daily hidden lie
  Arise, and let in a celestial clime—
  Unutterable thoughts, most high, sublime,
  Crossed by one dread that frights mortality.
Thus, as I muse, I hear my little child
  Sob in its sleep within the cottage near—
  My own dear child! Gone is that mortal doubt!
The Power that drew our lives forth from the wild
  Our Father is; we shall to Him be dear,
  Nor from His universe be blotted out!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

I.—THE OWNER OF BEVIN MILL.

THE tree God plants no wind hurts. It is shaken by tempests and drenched with rains. The dew and the sunshine nourish it. It grows to fair proportions, and brings forth fruit in its season. So also is the man whom God makes. He is chastened by sorrow. He has the discipline of patience and of disappointment. He has comforts of love and the sweet surprises of godsends. All the capabilities of his nature are drawn out and perfected. He turns his face to the sunshine, and is gracious and blessed in all his ways.

The self-made man, as the word is generally understood, is different. He has built up a great business, but he has neglected himself. He has made beautiful his dwelling, but forgotten to ennoble the man who is to inhabit the splendid rooms. He is stunted in all his senses but those necessary for making money. His nature remains incomplete, and there is small hope of any grander development, because he is perfectly satisfied with his own work.

Sooner or later, however, if God be merciful to them, these architects of a special manhood find out the magnitude of their limitations. Reluctantly they are forced to admit that, though they control money, they cannot control things not to be bought with money—love, respect, and obedience. They discover that the honour of the market-place does not include that far more impartial judgment of their own households, where they are weighed in a truer balance, and found often to be grievously wanting.

Amos Braithwaite was a self-made man, and he asserted the circumstance whenever he could with a consequential satisfaction. Every one who knew him, and many who did not know him, had heard the little bluster of affected humility in which he was wont to complacently state his own case.

"I weren't born wi' silver spoon i' my mouth, not I! When I wer' a lad I sell'd papers i' Bradford market, and I'm proud of it to-day, I am that! I'd no father or mother to advise me, and I niver hed a day's schooling; but I were determined to git on, and I did git on. All I know I learn'd mysen. All the money I hev I made mysen. And look at me now! There's many a swell as thinks himsen summat extra wi' his fine schooling as I could buy out-and-out to-day. And thou knows it's so, eh, Martha?"

He was delivering his favourite oration to his sister-in-law, Miss Martha Thrale, a shrewd, handsome Yorkshire woman, who had managed his household affairs ever since the death of her sister,

nearly twenty years previous. She was quite familiar with it in all its variations, yet when he said, "And look at me now!" she lifted her eyes a moment from her knitting and looked at him.

What she saw was a tall, stout man with a head whose chief strength and mass was in the hinder part, a man strong, rough, elemental, with a firm will, a choleric temperament, and a great energy for self-service. His dexterity of mind and acuteness of judgment were indicated, not only by his keen gray eyes, but by the way in which their lids were drawn horizontally over them. Still, though the large corneas gave an animal expression to the face, the whole head indicated nobler possibilities of character, for the mid-region was well arched, and it was not unlikely that, under favourable circumstances, feeling would rule intellect, and the calculating selfish element vanish before an earnest and fervent affection.

He stood upon the handsome hearthrug with his legs planted well apart, as firm on the broad basis of his self-complacency as the pyramids on the desert; and his hands were clasped beneath his own coat-tails. This coat was of cloth of his own manufacture—good, substantial cloth, made in a manner as uncompromising and unfashionable as its wearer. A stolid, solid, upright, downright man, with plenty of sinew and bone to carry out whatever his mind planned or his will determined.

"And look at me now!"

So Martha Thrale looked at him for a moment ere she answered: "Some folks do think as thou hest done varry well to thysen, Amos."

"So I hev. Varry well, indeed! I hev niver wanted either friends or enemies; and I'll tell thee what, Martha, one sort hes happen helped me just as much as t'other sort. I've niver courted friends and I've niver feared enemies. And I sud like our Joe to do just as I hev done, and to be just such a man as his father is."

"I sud think thou would like to bring up a son as could show there could be somebody a bit better than thee."

Amos looked angrily at her. He had often said that "Martha Thrale wasn't like t' rest o' women folk, made o' wax, or some such stuff;" and he saw and understood the settled look upon her large, calm face.

"So our Joe hes been trying to get round thee, hes he? Sure-ly to goodness, thou isn't going to help t' lad in his folly! As ta never did such a thing before, I'm surprised as thou sud do it now; I am that, Martha!"

"Thou hesn't reckoned up our Joe correctly. There is a deal in Joe that niver was in thee, Amos."

"I sud hope not. Now, then, hear what I hev to say, I'll hev none o' his rubbishy, romancing books. He's a deal better among t' wool-bags than spoiling good paper wi' bad poetry. There's all t' poetry anybody need hev in that Wesleyan hymn-book o' thine. I know our Joe, and I know there is no more poetry in his head than there is in 'Bradshaw's Railway Guide.' I'll not hev it there

anyhow! Let him stick to t' mill. I reckon nowt o' a man that talks against what brings in good money. It's mean as mean can be. Thou knows that."

"I think our Joe sud hev a chance to follow out his own inclinations. Ivery bird flies best with its awn feathers."

"Joe hesn't got any feathers of his awn. He'll hev to come to me for t' ways and means to do his flying. But I tak' notice that young fellows in these days can allays read their title clear to whativer t' old man hes that takes their own fancy."

"Most fathers would be proud of a fine lad like our Joe. In t' way of study, nothing beats him. He is all for learning t' French language now, and he's found out somebody that can teach him how to talk it, and help him a bit with his violin beside. Joe tak's to music like a bird to its song. He does that, Amos."

"Whativer are we getting to, Martha? Thou fair caps me! I'll hev no French and fiddling in my house; mind that now! French indeed! I wonder to goodness who educates them foreign creatures? I could not mak' sense o' a word the man spoke when I met him wi' Joe."

"And he didn't understand thee, I'll be bound."

"I speak good Yorkshire, and that's the best o' good English going. Joe's mother wer' allays reading poetry. It's bad for a lad when he hes hed a mother given to poetry and nonsense. T' lad might hev done varry well but for her heving a bee in her bonnet."

"I think thou hed better say nothing at a' of Joe's mother, Amos. Thou knew varry little about her. That was thy loss, not hers."

"I sud think I know summat about my awn wife, Martha."

"Thou knew nothing of her. How could ta? Thou wert that throng making money that thy home was nobbut a place to eat and sleep in, while t' engine stopped. I'll say this for my sister Ann; if ta hed known her thou would hev thought more of her."

"We wer' speaking o' Joe, and not of thy sister Ann. And as for Joe Braithwaite, I'll hev no high-flown ideas put into his head by a lot o' women and schoolmasters. It is more than a bit thy fault, and thou knows it, Martha. Before t' lad hed his first breeches on, thou wert telling him all sorts o' lies about fairy folk: thet's so!" and Amos looked reproachfully into Martha's face.

The look upon that face was something new to him. It meant rebellion upon his own hearthstone. In twenty years he had seen nothing like it. If a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet it could scarcely have amazed him more. There was a spirit of revolt in Martha's very silence. The click of her knitting-needles seemed to be contradicting him, and he felt the necessity of instantly asserting himself.

Under such circumstances he naturally took his stand upon his success in business. That was a subject a woman ought naturally to feel snubbed by. She could not emulate him. And she could not criticise him, at least with any show of propriety or justice.

So he added with a fine tolerance, "Thou hes been too soft wi' Joe. Thet is a woman's way. But it's a' wrong. When Joe puts himsen rather too for'ard, I wonder thou didn't say a few words that would hev taken t' sharp edge off his fine talk. Nobody can do that better than thee. Thou sud hev said—"

"What sud I hev said?"

"'Look at thy father, Joe! See what a big fortune he hes made!'"

"One would think, Amos, that thou hed done some great and good action in making thy awn fortune. Laying up money for thysen! Does ta think that entitles thee to t' love and gratitude of thy fellow-creatures? I don't believe they think so, my lad."

"Don't thee try to be sarcastic wi' me, Martha. I don't mind thy words. I hev made nearly half a million o' pounds. What is a few words to figures like them, eh?"

"Half a million o' pounds!—they are nothing if thou puts them against real goodness and knowledge."

"Nothing!" gasped Amos; then, with the contempt such a statement, in his opinion, deserved, he answered: "Thou art talking for talking's sake. Women are a foolish lot. Is there aught i' this world better than honestly earned money?"

"Ay, there is; and what's more, t' Bible upholds me in saying so. For it makes out that wisdom is better than gold, and knowledge better than rubies and fine gold."

"I niver heard such things."

"How could ta hear them? Thou niver goes to church or to chapel, and thou niver reads aught but t' newspapers. If anybody sud quote t' New Testament to thee it would be so unlike any o' thy notions that thou would be sure to think t' words were written by some one as wanted to turn t' world upside down with their foolishness."

"Say no more, Martha; say no more! It's fair nonsense arguing wi' women. T' long and t' short of it is, I'll hev Joe think as I think, and do as I do. Tell him that."

"Tell him thysen."

"Ay, I will."

Then he left the room with an air of injury that for a few moments half imposed upon Martha. She had to have a conversation with her own conscience before she felt quite at ease again about her position. Siding with a son who inclined to set himself up against the wishes of his father was no light thing in her eyes, and only to be justified by circumstances indisputably warranting such opposition.

She thought such circumstances existed, and whether her judgment was right or wrong, she was, at least, actuated by the most sincere regard for the highest interests of her nephew. Her affection for him was almost maternal in character, for since the death of his mother, in his third year, she had been a mother to him. She loved him wisely and well, and beyond this tie there was a sisterly bond that neither the changes of life nor the great change

of death had been able to weaken. Joe was not only Joe, he was also "Sister Ann's dear bairn." And Sister Ann was a memory to Martha, holding all other memories of their short, happy youth together.

After Amos had left her in such high dudgeon she sat very still, remembering. Her knitting dropped from her hands, her eyes looked far beyond the dreary village, straggling up to the park-gates. She saw the old rectory among the low, curving hills. She was with her sister in its pleasant rooms and garden. She heard her voice filling the dim spaces of the ancient church with the joyful Sabbath psalms. She clasped her hand over their father's grave. She recalled all their struggles and privations together, until Ann married Amos Braithwaite. What for? She would not ask herself the question. She believed fully in the purity and kindness of Ann's motives; and if her good intentions did not turn out well, Ann was not to be blamed for the failure; for alas! mistakes are punished in this life quite irrespective of good intentions.

The marriage had not been a happy one; and after the birth of her child, Ann never rallied. She was ill for three years, and then she went quietly away one night, when all the household were asleep. Amos was relieved by her departure. He had outlived his fancy for the frail beauty, and the expense and trouble of her long sickness had been a great trial to him. Yet, after it was over, he forgave the poor woman fully, in consideration of "t' fine little lad she had left him."

On this child all his hopes settled themselves. It was his ambition to make money, and to buy land, and to call the land after his own name. Therefore, a son to carry on his name was of the first importance to his project. Martha thought of all these things, but she did not think of them as Amos did. She looked on Joe as an individual soul, and not as a link in a family chain. She did not believe his welfare ought to be sacrificed for the plans of his father or the good of a posterity as yet mythical and uncertain.

She had made some solemn promises to her sister regarding the boy, and she meant to fulfil them, if it were possible for her to do so. "But there are so many 'ifs' in all human calculations," she thought; "and we are ready enough to pick out t' very worst we can find. Deary me! Human hearts are just nests o' fear. They are that!"

Then she rose and put away her knitting, and going to the window, looked down at the great mill in the valley. Excepting for its water privileges, and its nearness to the chief wool markets, the situation of Market Bevin was not desirable. No scenery in England could be sadder or wilder than the bleak range of hills girdling it on two sides, bare hills partitioned into fields by leagues of stone walls, here and there a dreary village where quarrymen lived, here and there a desolate mansion standing forlornly in the midst of fields that were not green or pleasant looking.

Bevin Hall, the residence of Amos Braithwaite, was a much finer place than the situation warranted. It had been built centuries before mills had been dreamt of. Then the lonely mansions had been the homes of country squires, and the whole valley a secluded agricultural locality. When the spinners began to build mills on the banks of the stream, and the quarrymen to break up the hill sides, then the Bevins abandoned their old home, and Amos bought the place at what he considered "a varry low figure."

He did not dislike the sight of the smoking mill. He thought, when the hundreds of windows in its five stories were all alight, it was a really grand piece of architecture. It did not trouble him that the agricultural inhabitants, with their simple, old-fashioned manners and customs, were obliged to make way for the vivacious, alert, arrogant mill hands. He rather liked matching his own tongue and his own arrogance against theirs. He had been an operative, he knew all the resentment of labour, and he often told himself "that there wasn't varry much they could say, or do, he wasn't up to."

But the restless, disputatious life did not seem to Martha Thrale a good life. She knew how often Amos and his hands were in open and very vigorously expressed dissent. She knew that their good-will was merely a cessation of hostilities, and when Joe expressed his dislike to the mill work, and to the mill itself, with its stony yard, its black dust, its sulphury clouds of smoke, its inky water, its loathsome smells of heated oil, soap suds, and cesspools, Martha was in sympathy with him, and thought his reluctance a very reasonable one.

How Joe's own desires were to be gratified she hardly knew; and her thoughts at this time brought her no nearer the solving of the question than they had done many a time before. But there was at least no great hurry. Amos had talked in the same way for years. There was nothing special in his attitude. She did not reflect that as a rule the great events of life dawn with no more note of preparation than the sun rises.

II.—JOE.

Joe Braithwaite was a very handsome young fellow, one of those fresh, blonde Englishmen whose magnificent physique and perfect health are a promissory note for any amount of probable success. His figure was tall and spare, his aspect strikingly winning and manly, and a quick, undaunted spirit looked out of his clear blue eyes.

With a slightly poetic temperament, he inherited also from his mother a love of elegant surroundings and a disposition to take life pleasantly. But such tastes were not dominant; the gay, pleasure-loving young man had in him the stuff of which heroes

are made, indifference to pain, perfect self-reliance, indefatigable perseverance, and a simple resolution, which, when it was called into action, would march straightforward through fire and water to its goal.

He had been to various schools, and under various teachers learned many things whose very names suggested nothing to the unlettered Amos. Indeed, the father had rather tolerated than acquiesced in some of his son's studies; and, perhaps with good reason, he declared that, as regarded Joe's bringing up, "he had been bamboozled by a parcel o' women and school-masters." And yet, when Joe quoted Pliny or Aristotle with an air of "that settles the question," or rolled out a couplet of musical, though very likely imperfect Greek, as an illustration, the old man had a certain sense of pride in his clever son, although feeling himself to be in a dark and unknown territory, he answered only with a doubtful and contemptuous "Humph!"

In Joe's earliest childhood, the practical father had given strict orders regarding "fairy tales and giants, and such like nonsense." But to say that his aunt and nurse constantly and strictly disobeyed these orders, is only to say that they were women. And one Sunday night, when Joe was seven years old, he had been so completely dumbfounded and routed upon this very subject that it was not at all remarkable he should prefer avoiding, for the future, any allusion to personages so far out of his experience and knowledge.

It was a wet Sunday evening in spring; too wet to walk over his park and gardens, very much too wet to permit Martha Thrale and Joe the use of the fine carriage-horses to carry them to the Wesleyan chapel a mile away. He had slept all he could; his ledger was at the mill; another meal was out of the question for a couple of hours; so he bethought himself of little Joe as a means of passing the tedious time.

He found the boy at his aunt's side. She was reading to him, and Joe's bright, handsome face expressed nothing but delight and wonder. Amos listened also for a few minutes. It was a marvellous story of the killing of a giant by a little lad with a sling and a stone. In the father's opinion it was an altogether improbable affray; and he speedily interrupted it, saying, with an angry decision, "Hev done, Martha! Hev done wi' such nonsense! Of all t' lies that iver were invented, that one is a topper, I sud say."

"I'd know what I was talking about, if I was thee, Amos Braithwaite. I reckon to do my duty by t' little lad, and I'm only teaching him his Bible lesson."

Then she quietly opened the Holy Book and placed before the disconcerted father the objectionable history. He was troubled and annoyed by the circumstance. Before this untoward confirmation of his opinions, he had had an impression that the Bible was a book only suitable for chapels and churches and the Sabbath day; and after it, he was more than ever convinced that

there was radical incompatibility between it and the big book which lay upon the high desk in the counting-room of Bevin Mill.

When Joe began to go to school, Amos soon found out that a self-made man is not at all points a match for a self-willed boy. His positive instructions to the school-master had been, "Solid reading, writing, arithmetic and chemistry. None o' your rubbishy Latin and Greek and poetry." But the school was not in any measure dependent upon Amos Braithwaite. It had a noble foundation, and the master did not think it necessary to vary the prescribed routine to meet the taste of one patron. So Joe's inclinations toward poetry and literature were fully encouraged, and he took some prizes in the very studies which his father had forbidden.

But this was almost a venial offence compared with the audacity of Joe's latest proposition, to bring a Frenchman into the very parlours of Bevin Hall, in order that he might learn to speak a language which Amos declared "nobody could mak' a word o' sense of," and which he always associated with everything that was immoral, with foppery and atheism and anarchy.

And now that Martha Thrale had actually set herself against him, he felt that a crisis had come in the relationship between himself and his son. It was just as well, he thought; things long undecided would now be brought to a settlement. And Amos was glad of it; for, though he expected trouble and opposition, he was prepared to meet it with all the stubborn will of a strong but narrow mind.

He was very fond of Joe, and, in an unacknowledged way, very proud of him. Though he would not have admitted it, he was also vain of the young man's beauty and stylish air; and whenever Joe strolled into his presence with his thoroughly-at-ease, satisfied manner, Amos always looked at him with a curious mixture of admiration and disapproval.

Hitherto there had been no serious disagreement between them, for Joe had shown no very decided symptoms of rebellion. There had certainly been one prolonged dispute about his desire to go to Cambridge, and another equally positive when he requested permission to travel for two years; but Amos had put his foot firmly down on both requests, and that had been the end of them. Joe had given in before, and the self-confident father did not think he would make any firmer stand about any other disputed question.

Still, as he now meant to make his son a proposal which was to decide all the future between them, he was unusually nervous about it, especially as he perceived that he would have no support from Martha Thrale. He delayed it from day to day with a vacillation foreign to his character and humiliating to his self-esteem.

One fine spring evening, as they sat at dinner before the open windows, the moment of decision arrived. Neither had expected nor in any special way provided for it at that hour. It

arose out of a circumstance and from a remark which seemed irrelevant. Martha Thrale was called from the table by some unusual domestic event, and Joe's first remark related to a pleasure tour which a friend of his had in contemplation.

"For sure," answered Amos, "young Warps is varry rich, and he can afford to fling his brass and his time away among foreigners, if he has no more sense than to do so. If a man reckons to spend his life in pleasure and larking, he had best do it while he's young, for he won't get much out o' such ways when he's old. So I don't say Warps is wrong if that is what he is after. But there's better jobs for a man to do: there's good work, and makin' something of t' gifts one hes for getting hold o' a bit of money—"

"But you would make life a drama in two acts, father—working and sleeping."

"I don't know what ta means by makin' life a drama. I'd niver do it. I sud think it would lead one into all sorts o' bother. Young Warps, and owd Warps, too, look over us a bit, I fancy; but we can put as much brass down as any of them, I dare say; ay, Joe, as any of them."

"Young Warps is a very good sort, I think."

"T' owd man couldn't see me yesterday; no, not even with t' help o' his eye-glasses. He looked as if he owned both sides of t' street"

"They have had more than a little trouble with their hands lately."

"Serve them right, too. They hev allays got some fad on hand about 'liftin' them up,' and makin' gentlemen and ladies of born hands. When a cup is made o' common pottery you can't turn it into fine Darby china; and it'll tak' a cleverer man than owd Warps to mak' gentlemen o' his hands by persuading them to read t' poets."

"He subscribed £500 to the new reading-room."

"Does ta think, Joe, I hevn't heard tell o' that? Owd Warps likes to show himsen his better side out, and that is why he gave £500; but when all is reckoned up, he'll mebbe not hev given as much as other folk. I gave £100, but best givers are them as hev to pinch themsens a bit to spare aught; and what wi' buying wool, and paying wages, I hedn't a £500 to spare; I hedn't that. Keep your sitting, Joe." Then he pushed the wine across the table, and said, "Tak' a glass with me, my lad. I am going to mak' thee a fine offer, and we'll drink to it."

Joe looked steadily at his father, and then slowly filled his glass. There were a few moments of strained silence, then he asked,

"What is it, father?"

"I wer' thinking that thou must hev hed enough of learning by this time, and that happen thou would like to frame thysen to business."

"I am not likely ever to have enough of learning, father. But I do think that I ought to be doing something like work. Why! I am nearly twenty-two years old."

"To be sure thou art! Varry well, then, when will ta come o t'.mill? There's a deal for thee to get at thy finger-ends. I'd like thee to know t' business from A to Z."

"I was not thinking of the mill, father."

"Oh! Thou wasn't thinking of t' mill. What was ta thinking of, then?"

"I was thinking of the law."

"Thou was thinking of the law, was ta? Think away, my lad. But for a' thy thinking thou art bound to take thy part in Market Bevin Mill."

"I am not yet bound to any thing—or to any one, for that matter. I have made up my mind to be a lawyer. I hate the sight of the looms, and the men in their blue pinafores, and the slatternly, down-at-heel women. I must do some better work than that."

"I hope ta may!—I hope to goodness thou may! But I don't think thou will iver do as good work as I hev done. Come, Joe; come, my lad! Do thy duty by t' business, and we will varry soon hev t' biggest mill and the highest chimney i' Wharfdale."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, father."

"Why-a! I hev been thinking o' takin' thee into t' mill iver since I laid the first stone of it, Joe. I hev thought for thee and worked for thee iver since thou wert born. Thou must go to t' mill, or it will be t' worse for thee. Mind that, my lad; for I am in downright earnest."

"So am I, sir."

The threat had decided Joe. The proposal had found him in a contradictious, self-willed temper, and the half-menace was just the thing he would not stand. In the moment, without thought, without any real inclination, he had said he would be a lawyer, and now he was determined to stand to the statement, whatever the result might be.

Both men became steadily more and more positive and angry. Amos had risen and taken his favourite position on the hearth-rug. Joe, reclining in a large chair, looked quite away from his irate father One would have supposed that all his interests were connected with the lilacs and laburnums blowing at the open window.

"I sall make thee one more offer," said Amos, at length; "if thou refuses it I sall niver, niver more consider thee to hev part or lot in my mill. Next Monday come to t' mill. I'll give thee £500 a year, and if all is as it should be, at the end of three years I'll give thee a sixth interest. Then thou can marry and make a man o' thysen."

"You intend to be very good to me, father."

"I do that, Joe. Think well, my lad, afore thou speaks. Thou knows well that I'll niver go back on any word I say,"

"If I feel obliged to refuse your offer, father, then—"

"Then, I will give thee £5,000. Thou can mak' or mar with it, as suits thy fancy. That is a' I have to say."

"I will take the £5,000, father."

"Thou sall hev it to-morrow morning. Don't 'ee think that I sall iver ask thee again."

"Dear father!"

"Nay-a, nay-a! Thou needn't dear me now. 'Yes, father,' would have been more son-like, and more to the purpose. I hev been a bit soft about thee, but I can mend that—I can mend that."

"Every man has a right, father, to choose his own life-work."

"Nowt of t' sort! Them that does it mostly mak's a pretty mess o' their life-work. Thy work is ready at thy hands. It is flying in t' face of Providence to think that thou can lay any better for thysen."

"A man finds out things by experience—by trying."

"If ta likes that way tak' it. But remember this: if ta thinks of having thy awn way, until ivery thing is at sixes and sevens wi' thee, and then thinks thou can turn round and tak' my way, thou will find thysen a bit mistaken."

"I shall never ask you for any thing but what you choose to give me, father."

"I told thee I would give thee £5,000. Thou can do whativer ta likes with it."

"I shall enter myself to read with Perkins."

"Do as ta likes; do as ta likes. What ta does will be naught to me."

Then Amos threw his red bandanna handkerchief over his head, settled himself in his chair, and in a few minutes seemed to be asleep. But sleep was far from him Tears come as hard as blood from some men, and Amos was one of this class. Yet great, bitter tears rolled slowly down his rugged face that evening, tears which the bandanna hid, but which no human hand could wipe away. Never before in all his struggling, successful life had he felt such keen disappointment. For he had not realized until that hour how dear his son was to him, how inextricably bound up in all his hopes and happiness.

And he had said words he never could unsay. Indeed, the possibility of unsaying them never presented itself to him. It might kill him to "stick up" to the threat he had made; all the same, he knew that he should stand to every letter of it. And he expected nothing less from Joe. He would almost have despised him if he had returned and asked to be allowed to accept his offer. To back out of a position once taken is a thing few Yorkshiremen can contemplate, and both father and son understood that the few positive words said that night had separated their paths forever.

Joe went at once to his aunt, and told her of his interview and its result. She did not fully sympathize with him.

"Thou hes been in too big a hurry, Joe," she said. "If thou hed taken a more roundabout road to thy awn way, thou would hev gotten it all the sooner, lad, thou would that. Now, then, thou hes flung away about half a million o' money, what is ta

going to do with thy £5,000? Thou, that hes hed every thing to come and tak' from."

"I never had more than £300 a year."

"Hey! but thou counts things varry carelessly. Thou hed £300 a year for pocket-money, Joe, only for pocket money. Thou wilt hev to find thy awn bed and board now. Thou wilt hev to pay thy awn tailor's bills, and many another bill beside. And thou knows well, Joe, that I hevn't t' ways and t' means to help thee much."

Joe was fond of luxuries, and this view of the question had not presented itself before. Yet it was evident he would have to leave his father's house. He would have to take upon himself the cares of life and living. He wished in his heart that he had not been so ready to fling away half a million of money; but he kept his lips tightly drawn for fear he should give utterance to the regretful thought.

As he sat half-stupefied by this sudden change in his fortunes, he looked gloomily round his handsome rooms, and wondered how much it would cost him to rent others in any way approaching in comfort. Then he took a piece of paper, and jotted down the outstanding bills in his name, and they made a total which compelled him to realize the amount of his expenditure as he had never done before. Even taking into account the natural hopefulness of youth, it must be admitted that Joe Braithwaite did not spend a much happier night than his father did.

THE OLD YEAR.

BY REV. J. H. HILLMAN.

THE north wind's wail so lonely
Is falling on the ear,
Its cadence telling only
The death-knell of the year.

Night's raven wing doth cover
The frozen earth so cold,
She gently hovers over
The year grown gray and old.

The old year lies a-dying—
He's breathing out his last,
And soon he will be lying
In the grave of the past.

His spirit's now departing,
The tears our cheeks bedew,
Our hearts with grief are smarting,
As we say our fond "Adieu!"

He's gone despite our sorrow,
To wish his stay is vain,
His form no glad to-morrow
May ever bring again.

God only can his story,
His good or ill, portray;
To Him be power and glory
Who gave and takes away!

AMELIA E. BARR AT HOME.

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON! one expects a good deal from a place with such a name; and when told that the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife" resided there, it seemed just the place for her who has given us such grand characters as "Faith Harribee," "Joris Van Heemskirk," and "Samuel Yorke," to make her home. And here it is, away up on the mountain-side, surrounded by beautiful grounds and commanding a glorious view of the Hudson, with historical Newburg in the distance.

Those who know Mrs. Barr say that she is always beautifully and tastefully dressed, and appropriately. For when at her desk her gown is of the plainest and most comfortable make. But when the day's work is done, she declares that she rests better when daintily dressed, for she is a believer in the good influence of dress. "It is much easier to be good-tempered and charitable," she adds, with a little laugh, "in a dainty and becoming gown than in an ill-fitting and plain one."

If the weather is at all pleasant, a visitor will find the front door of this mountain home set wide open, and always a hearty welcome; for the authoress is one of those open-hearted women who have a hand-clasp and a kind word for every one, rich and poor, and especially for the women who earn their bread.

Although in her fifty-sixth year, she does not look her age, as one might expect, for few women have had as varied a life; but she is one of those who has never let the past do the present wrong. Strong physically as well as mentally, she has always risen to the occasion, and no writer has worked harder or more conscientiously than Mrs. Barr. "I have never written one word that I believed would lead from the paths of faith or duty," she says, and those who know her feel sure of this; and in all her writings she holds up the duties as well as the pleasures of life in such a natural, decided way, that her characters become personal friends to her readers.

Her publishers will tell you that her manuscript is neatness itself. She writes a clean, large hand; there are no blots or erased words, and she takes a pride in the selection of paper, pen, and ink. When she began writing for compensation, she made it a literary business, and as such she has always recognized it, always paying as much attention to the business part of her work as to the work itself.

When employed in writing a story, she lives in the atmosphere, as it were, of her background as much as possible, and, as her daughter says, "When mamma was writing 'The Bow of Orange

Ribbon,' we had Dutch dishes served at all our meals, we dressed Dutch, sang Dutch songs, and quoted Dutch sayings; and when she was writing a Scotch story, oatmeal porridge, bannocks, and barley cakes are always to be found on the table, and we live in duty bound to the Kirk, Scotch songs, and Scotch proverbs."

Her study is as unlike as it can be to the pictured retreats of so many of our well-known authors. It is a large room, from the windows of which one can look over the hills and far away; the curtains are always tucked very far back to let in all the sunshine. At one stands a tall office desk—for Mrs. Barr stands while writing; the floor is uncarpeted, but covered with quaint rugs, and every one of which is rare and beautiful. And the only picture on the walls is an oil portrait of her husband, whose memory is very sacred to her. Two or three comfortable chairs, a small table, and a chest of drawers in which is kept the first draft of all her books, comprise the furniture, and on one side of the room in neat rows are a lot of office hooks, on which are arranged papers, letters, and notes.

Her reference books and note-books are in themselves a valuable library, especially her note-books, which contain full notes upon many subjects made during long hours of study in the Astor Library, her favourite "hunting ground," as she calls it; for Mrs. Barr believes that no writer can afford to give up the study of good books, she herself spending many hours in useful reading. Her Bible is never far from her, for she believes in its "grand teachings." Although English by birth and education, she loves America, especially New York City, which was her residence for many years, having come there after the death of her husband and three sons during the fever epidemic of 1867 at Galveston, Texas, then her home. She had buried three of her little ones some years before, and it was for the support and education of her three remaining daughters that she adopted the profession which she so thoroughly enjoys.

She is a large, fine-looking woman, with clever conversational powers, plays both the organ and the piano, and is a good artist in that quaint, old-fashioned work known as coloured crayon; a most devoted mother and an exceptional housekeeper, although of late years her second daughter (also an author) presides over her home.

Mrs. Barr works hard, and plays or rests just as hard, for life means a great deal to her.

During her working hours—which in the summer time are from 4 a.m. until noon—no one is allowed to disturb her; but after her noonday nap one will be as apt to find her just as busily employed

in knitting fancy Yorkshire rugs, or reading, as you would a few hours sooner at her desk.

"Mamma will not be lazy," says her youngest daughter.

She has never sought fame, nor does she care for it; but there are thousands, both in America and England, who thank and love her for the work of her pen.—*Christian Union.*

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
  Stay, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
  Shakes hands and leaves us here.
    Oh, stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
  Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
  For his familiar sake.
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
  Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
  Because he gives no more?
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
  While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the work was spent!
  How sweet the seventh-day's rest!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
  Beneath the coffin-lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
  Of all they said and did!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sings he smiles his last
  And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past,
  Oh, be the new as kind!
    Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. WILLIAMS

Canadian Methodism mourns to-day the fall of one of its most beloved and honoured standard bearers, one of its most devoted chief shepherds and one of its wisest counsellors and guides. In a more than ordinary sense is it true that a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel. For half a century Dr. Williams lived in the love and confidence of his brethren —a love and confidence growing deeper and stronger as the years passed by. Early in his ministry he came to the front as a potent energy in Canadian Methodism. He had great native force of character, which he exhibited in his preaching, his circuit administration, and in the important positions of Chairman of District and President of Conference, to which he was early and repeatedly called, and as General Superintendent.

Dr. Williams was a fine example of a type of Methodist preachers which is fast passing away—men who before the days of railways with Bible and saddle-bags rode through the country, enduring toil and hardship, and laying broad and deep and stable the foundations of the Christian civilization of this new nation. Dr. Williams' aggressive energy of character made him seem at times abrupt in manner, but those who knew him best knew how sound and sweet and true he was at the very core of his heart. He was a man of strong convictions, and staunchly maintained what he conceived to be right ; but even in the most earnest debate he was without a spark of bitterness, and no differences of opinion on questions of policy cast the least shadow of a shade on the warmth of his private friendships. Yet strong as his convictions were, he was not a man who never changed his views nor yielded to the logic of events. The freshness, vigour and comprehensiveness of his mind are seen in his relation to the question of the recent Methodist union in this country. While in favour of union, he was strongly opposed to the proposed basis of union, and was a pronounced leader of the opposition to that basis, both in his own Conference and at the Belleville General Conference. But when this basis was once adopted he ceased all opposition. He at once began to adjust himself to the changed condition of things. It was not without a struggle that he gave up his cherished convictions. He said to the present writer that he never went to bed all night after the decisive action of the General Conference. He spent the whole night on his knees in prayer. When on the following morning in the first meeting of the united General Conference he was called upon to pray, the fervour, the power, the divine unction of his prayer made us feel that he had been talking face to face with God. From that moment, with characteristic heartiness and energy, he devoted himself to the task of perfecting the organization of the newly-formed Church ; and it was he who was elected Chairman of the provisional General Conference—a signal proof of the confidence of his brethren of the integrity of his purpose and of the transparent honesty of his soul.

When little more than a year after, his life-long friend, Rev. Dr. Rice, with whom he had had many sturdy differences of opinion, was summoned from labour to reward, it was Dr. John A. Williams who was selected to succeed him—a selection which was fully confirmed at the next General Conference. Dr. Williams entered upon the duties of his office with tireless energy, travelling ceaselessly throughout every province of the Dominion and in the island of Newfoundland. No diocese in the world, we think, is so vast as that presided over by the two General Superintendents of the Methodist Church of Canada ; nor is there any demanding more long and arduous journeys, more frequent and important delibe-

rative councils, or embracing a greater variety of religious work, from the great city congregation to the remote fishing villages of Newfoundland and to the new converts from paganism of the Naas river on the Pacific coast.

His arduous labours at length broke down even the vigorous constitution which had been severely tried by many years of unremitting service. Till the last year, or two years of his life, Dr. Williams had scarcely ever known what it was to be sick for a day. It was all the more hard, therefore, to desist from the work he so loved, especially as there were important questions in the practical solution of which he earnestly wished to take part. But after repeated attempts to undertake work for which he was physically unable, he reluctantly gave up the effort, and became a patient prisoner on his couch. To the present writer he said it was a severe struggle to give up his work, to surrender to inaction and to the prospect of soon passing from the stage of action where so much was to be done, in the doing of which he longed to take part; but, he said, the struggle was all past and he was waiting calmly the will of God. The disease from which he suffered was a very painful one, but through it all he exemplified the patience and resignation of the true Christian. He found great comfort in repeating, and in having Mrs. Williams read to him the Scriptures and the grand old hymns of early Methodism. In one fine hymn of Oliver's he especially delighted, and quoted it with deep fervour:

"The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned abov
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of love."

With moistened eye and shaken voice he repeated the lines:

"He calls a worm His friend,
He calls himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood."

"That," he said, "is my religious experience."

On a subsequent occasion, to Dr. Johnston and myself he said, "I cannot tell you, not merely with what divine power, but with what divine sweetness, these words come over my soul. They are like the breath of the new-mown hay from a meadow in June."

The closing weeks of his life were filled with much suffering and with repeated shocks of sorrow and bereavement. First came a telegram from Montreal that his daughter, Mrs. Ross, was alarmingly ill. It was a great shock to his heart, and the prolonged suspense and anxiety as to her health told heavily on his strength. But a still severer blow was to follow. His daughter, Mrs. Boice, who had come from Texas to be with him in an illness that was foreseen would probably prove fatal, was in turn stricken down, and, after weeks of painful illness, passed away. From this shock he never rallied, and within a week he followed her to the spirit world. It was a touching scene; surrounded by his loving family—his five sons, his two daughters, and by his grief-stricken wife, the dying Christian soldier and saint passed into unconsciousness and quietly glided away.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

Dr. Williams was a man of broad sympathies, of deep and tender affections. His was a cheerful, sunny type of piety. There was in it nothing sombre or austere. He especially delighted in the grand old hymnody of Methodism. He was a man, of rich musical culture, and did much to improve the congregational singing of the Methodist Churches by his labours in editing a series of books on the Church hymnody and on that of the Sunday-school. His last labour of this kind was on the new Canadian Hymnal, which was issued during the last weeks of his illness. This, he said, in committee, is the last work of the sort that I shall do. But he entered into it with zest, and ever and anon would break out in sacred song in his rich, musi-

cal voice in some favourite hymn that carried his thoughts back to earlier days. He had also made a special study of early Methodist hymnology. Among his last contributions to the press were a series of articles in this MAGAZINE on the "Less Known Poets of Early Methodism"—a series exhibiting at once fine literary taste, and a deep devotional spirit. Still later, as he lay upon his sick couch, he prepared a little manual of Christian doctrine, especially for the young. His active sympathies went out in their behalf, and he was much interested in the Epworth League, which shortly before his death was adopted as a connexional movement. He proposed to write to some of the official brethren in its interests, and also to write a short pastoral on its behalf to the young people of the Church. But for this his ebbing strength was found insufficient.

Amid the occupations of his busy life Dr. Williams found time to do a good deal of literary work, among the rest a number of valuable contributions to this MAGAZINE. He was widely read in general and especially in theological literature. He projected for this periodical what would have been an important series of papers on Johan Van Olden Barneveldt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, beheaded in his seventy-second year for the crime of Arminianism. But pressure of other duties prevented the completion of this congenial task.

His old friend and colleague, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, wrote thus of his mental characteristics: "He was noted for an active, inquiring mind, and a great fondness for books, inquiry, and discussion, from the time of his identification with the Church. This accounts for the development and vigour of a mind originally strong and active. He may now be pronounced decidedly intellectual, not dreamily so, but logical and argumentative. His intellectuality would abate his popularity as a preacher—for the most of hearers like not profundity—if it were not for a large amount of constitutional vehemence and Christian fervour. In our Canadian connexion, Brother Williams ranks among the first-class preachers of his day. Dr. Williams is a firm believer in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, which he emphatically preaches, and which he seems to have realized in his own experience."

Dr. Williams was ever foremost in every social and moral reform. He threw himself with characteristic earnestness into the Temperance Reform movement long before it became the popular thing which it has happily since become.

Amid his labours for the material prosperity and educational advancement of Methodism he realized that its true success could come only from its deep spirituality. In the very first number of this MAGAZINE, writing of the first Methodist union, he said: "With the new organization may there come the intelligent enlargement of our work, broader capabilities, a high culture, the consecrated endeavour, the expansive sympathy, the large-hearted benevolence, and the prayerful and religious thrift so essential to success. Above all, may there come to the Church such a divine baptism as to make its life an inspiration and a blessing, that the things which make for peace, for manliness, equity, and purity, may be more and more valued, and the bonds of a common brotherhood in Christ grow stronger and stronger."

The immense concourse at his funeral, the many scores of ministers and laymen from distant parts of the province, the touching and eloquent tributes paid to his memory, all bear witness to the love which he inspired, and the honour in which he was held.

We hope to present hereafter an ampler record of this useful life and a worthier tribute to this honoured memory. The details of his life have been fully given in the secular press. We can only express in this hour of deep bereavement a few words of personal sorrow for the loss of a revered and beloved friend.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TWENTY years ago there was a bright galaxy of poets in the literary firmament. Every season we might count on a new volume from Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, or Browning. But in these degenerate days we have little left but *Triolets* and *Rondeaux* of Arthur Dobson or Mr. Lang, or the diluted sweetness of Morris, "the idle singer of an empty day." It will, we think, be admitted that Robert Browning is the most striking personality in recent English literature. In the first place, think of the prodigal genius of the man. Since Shakespeare's day no English poet has written so much—his poetry fills at least thirty 12mo volumes—and no English poetry, we think, in robust strength and virility comes so near Shakespeare's. He has another likeness to Shakespare, too; he is intensely dramatic. In this respect no other English poet can approach him. Beside his numerous plays, nearly every one of his poems is cast in dramatic form—we do not remember a single one that is not. He almost never speaks in the first person, but always through some one else, into whose personality he projects himself in a marvellous manner. It has been said that his various characters all speak the same jargon, a Browningese dialect, incomprehensible to any human beings. There never was a greater mistake. No writer that we know of so enters into the spirit of time and place and character as Browning. He will not be the favourite of persons who regard poetry as a sort of intellectual cigar, to be enjoyed without the least mental effort. But all who take the trouble to find out what he does mean will find themselves richly repaid. And what a Shakespearean range of scenes and characters his is. From Lilith, Adam's first wife, down to Mr. Sludge, the medium, there must be hundreds of sharply discriminated characters, as varied as life itself, who play their parts in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Florence, Madrid in Russia, Persia, Egypt, among Druses, Arabs and Syrians, from Boston to Thebes. In number and variety of his creations he is only rivalled by the myriad-minded Shakespeare himself.

In a remarkable degree Browning is the product of his age, and reflects its many-sidednesss. While his genius is intensely dramatic, it is not the drama of action, the drama of the stage. The acted play has had its day. It no more influences opinion as in Shakespeare's time; its present function is mere amusement, and amusement at a not very high order at that. The novel of religion, or philosophy, or philanthropy has taken its place. If Shakespeare lived now he would probably write novels, or introspective plays like Browning's. Browning's characters all speak in monologues; even in his plays there is little action. His books are designed for closet study, not for the garish and spectacular stage. Again, so catholic are Browning's sympathies and so subtle is his thought, that his characters are generally a strange mixture of good and evil. He has no incarnation of villainy like Iago, or of avarice like Shylock. His characters are much more complex, and demand analysis. He does not paint with such strong colours, nor with such sharp contrasts of light and shade as Shakespeare, so his pictures do not receive such immediate recognition, nor make such a sudden impression. But their realistic truthfulness becomes the more apparent the longer they are studied.

It has been said that his rhymes are uncouth. On the contrary, they are the most correct and strong in the language, and his blank verse is of the noblest quality. No poet has used such a variety of metres, not even Shelley, and few have such an exhaustless fertility of rhyme. In some of his poems of grotesque irony —and many of them are of that sort —he does use some ingenious rhymes that add greatly to the effect of

the poem. I have casually noticed such rhymes as "Refute you—You brute, you:" "Not my fault—E in alt;" "Shake the head—A to Z;" "Spoke to—Yoke to." Even his titles are often grotesque, as "Red cotton night-cap country."

It is said he is obscure. Well, we grant that parts of his great psychological epic, "Sordello" and "Prince Hohensteil Schwangau"—in which he flays with keenest sarcasm Louis Napoleon—and parts of "Fifine at the Fair," are obscure. But so are parts of "Paradise Lost," in its wealth of allusion; and in its subtle metaphysic, parts of "In Memoriam." But take his longest poem, the longest in the language—perhaps in any language—"The Ring and the Book." It contains over 21,000 lines, nearly twice as much as "Paradise Lost," and it contains fewer lines that need to be read twice than that poem. As for sustained interest, "Paradise Lost" will not compare with it. Here is a proof of his consummate genius. It is the same story told ten times over. We read it with the keenest interest twenty years ago, and its spell of power is on us yet. A wicked old count in Rome murders his young wife through causeless jealousy. There is given in the poem, the opinion of one-half of Rome, of the other half of Rome, a *tertium quid* or a middle opinion, the poor wife's *ante mortem* statement, the murderer's defence, the accused young priest's story, the argument of the lawyer on one side, of the lawyer on the other side, the judge's decision, opinion of the Pope, to whom the case has been appealed, and so on ten times over. As a *tour de force* the thing is unparalleled in literature. It is astonishing the manner in which Browning differentiates the several characters, and preserves their individuality. Take also his "Caliban upon Setebos." The poet actually gets into the brain of the half human monster, thinks his thoughts, and discusses God and nature from his bestial point of view.

The way in which Browning makes his verses echo the sense is really marvellous. In "As I ride, as I ride," with its iteration of the rhyme fifty times over, one can hear the clank of the scabbard against the flank of the Arab steed. In "The Grammarian's Funeral," with its alternate long and short lines, the lines of the poem seem to move to the steady climbing feet of the disciples bearing their dead Master to his grave on the mountain top. In "Ivan Ivanovitch," wolves are chasing a sleigh across a bleak Russian landscape, and the change from slow iambics to the short quick anapests, gives the very effect of "The regular pad of the wolves in pursuit of the lives in the sleigh."

No poet is so full of sympathy with art and music, or so interprets the inner meaning of both, as in the noble poems, "Pictor Ignotus," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and in his "Abt Vogler," which, says Mr. Symonds, "exceeds every attempt which has been made in verse, to set forth the secret of the most sacred and illusive of arts."

Few poets can touch the fount of tears as can Browning in some of his more tender poems, as "Evelyn Hope," "Count Gismond," "Gold hair," and "Too late." Many of his noblest themes are taken from Scripture, as the long poem on "Saul;" the "Epistle" of Karshish the Arab Physician on the resurrection of Lazarus, a wonderful psychologic study; "Cleon," and "A Death in the Desert." His irony and sarcasm when he pillories wrong and flays wrong-doers are—well, we can find nothing to describe them but the word "ferocious"—as in "Holy Cross Day," the monologue of a Jew goaded at the spear point to church on Good Friday; the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," and "The Heretic's Tragedy." While an impassioned lover of liberty everywhere and a keen sympathizer of all downtrodden peoples, he keeps his most ardent devotion for his native land—"Here and there did England help me, how can I help England, say?"

We can only notice the grand optimism, the nobility and purity of of his poems. His is no poisoned verse about "The lilies and lan-

guors of virtue, the roses and raptures of vice." Like the salt breeze of the ocean, there is a wholesome tonic in it. Every line throbs with health and life. While he nowhere preaches, his best work is instinct with their very spirit of Christianity—of faith in God and rightousness, and with a hopeful outlook for humanity. His philosophy is expressed in his own words "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." "Rabbi Ben Ezra," recently analysed in these pages by Miss Daniels, has been called the most profoundly religious poem in the language.

If we were to compare Browning with Tennyson or Longfellow, the only living or recent poets who come within comparable distance of his genius, we would liken Tennyson to an exquisitely carven fountain in some well ordered garden, with pleached alleys and gay parterres and shaven lawns. Longfellow is like a woodland spring welling up from some mossy bank, reflecting in its waters the simple beauties of nature. Browning is like the living spring that bursts from the rude rock in Horeb, leaping from crag to crag amid scenes of sublimity and grandeur. Tennyson is the most exquisite artist in words, Longfellow the sweetest singer, Browning the greatest poet and "maker" of the age.

The best thing about him is that he won the love of the next greatest poet to himself, Elizabeth Barrett. In her "Sonnets for the Portuguese," which are sonnets from her own heart, she tells the story of their courtship—one of the sweetest and tenderest love tales ever told. They were ardent lovers of Italy, which they have both besung in thrilling verse. They both lived much in that fair land. Browning had just bought a noble palace on the Grand Canal in Venice, and they will both sleep side by side in the little Protestant cemetery in Florence.

Since this was written it seems likely that they will both be buried in Westminster Abbey.

NOTE.—The best selections from Browning's multitudinous poems that we know is that made by himself, the American edition of which is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Excellent introductions to the study of Browning, are written by Arthur Symonds, and by Professor Alexander of Toronto University.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends—
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns!
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it—He of heavenly birth,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed—no plaint He made,
And when in death's dark hour He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers—and died.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Conventions and Missions to promote the work of God are being numerously held in various parts of Great Britain. The most remarkable is the Fourteen Days' Mission held at Princess' Hall, Piccadilly, London, under the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A. A system of house-to-house visitation was organized, so that every residence in ninety-six squares and streets in the neighbourhood could be visited. Two services were to be held daily, except Saturdays. Late meetings, commencing at nine o'clock p.m., were to be held on two evenings, one for young men and the other for young women. All the staff of labourers belonging to the West End Mission were to take part in the proceedings.

City Road Chapel was selected as a suitable place in which to hold a Holiness Convention to continue a week, with two services daily. Arrangements were made to run cheap excursion trains from about 300 provincial towns. A similar gathering is take take place at Hinde Street Chapel.

The Forward Movement continues to be the most popular subject in Methodism. Every week reports additional places where the movement has been inaugurated. Luton, Coventry and Leek have entered into line.

Rev. J. E. Clapham, the indefatigable Home Missionary Secretary, has commenced a most successful work among the villages of the Norwich and Lynn District, several of which for various reasons had been given up, as the circuits could not supply them with regular services. Mr. Clapham hopes to re-open every village place of worship by appointing lay-agents to work among the people, and if possible regain lost ground.

President Kelly reminded the ministers respecting Temperance Sunday, on which day it was expected that every pulpit in English Methodism would sound a loud trumpet-blast against the drink traffic.

The Local Preachers' Mutual Association is of great service in England. The affairs are managed by a General Committee, which meets monthly in London. At one recent monthly meeting more than $3,000 was paid in small sums to needy brethren, nearly 500 were the recipients of temporary or permanent relief.

Since peace had been proclaimed in Hayti the Wesleyan missionaries have been performing real mission work. A letter received from Cape Haytien states that religious services have been held in the market square and in several of the streets. Processions were formed, hymns sung, both in French and English, and short addresses were delivered. Crowds of people had thus been drawn to the Church. One remarkable service was held on a Sunday evening, and as there is no gas in the town, candles were lighted and held by persons in different parts of the congregation.

The average age of Methodist ministers who died last year is a fraction over sixty-six, not a bad showing for the wear and tear of the itinerancy.

A Wesleyan Ministerial Guild, has been established at Ley's Wesleyan College, Cambridge. The design is to encourage Biblical study among ministers. The movement is regarded as very important.

A bazaar was held at Kirby Stephen, which produced $1,865, and another at Birmingham, produced $3,500.

Rev. Thomas Champness received in two months no less than 170

applications from young men who desired to engage in evangelistic labours under his superintendence.

The work done in Fatshan hospital, China, by two able missionaries, Drs. Wenyon and Macdonald, continues to merit high praise. During the year 1888, 7,598 attendances were made, more than half being new cases; 147 serious operations were attempted. of which 115 resulted in cure and 26 were relieved, and only five were unsuccessful. Three Christian medical students are making satisfactory progress. The number of patients able to pay fees is steadily increasing, and gives good ground for the hope that in a few years one or other of the hospitals will be self-supporting.

Methodist New Connexion.

The President of the Conference and the Secretary of Missions have issued a circular on behalf of the effort now being made to liquidate the debt of $11,100. They state that the debt has accumulated largely during the last eleven years, by reason of increasing the number of missions. Since 1878 the membership on missions has increased 1,128, and 36 places of worship have been erected. In addition, four missions have become independent circuits, which contain four churches and 750 members, and about $100,000 worth of property has been acquired.

The Training Institute for Chinese women converts and girls at Tientsin, has received nearly its complement of pupils. Miss Waller, the Principal, speaks of the work in a very hopeful strain.

Rev. R. Squire stated at a farewell meeting at Liskeard that during his four years in that circuit he had preached 977 sermons, given 381 addresses, 17 lectures, taken part in 220 prayer-meetings and 52 class-meetings, administered the Lord's Supper 73 times, taken part in 322 business meetings, attended 114 other meetings and 180 public tea-meetings; baptized 81 children, conducted 10 funerals, married 12 couples, witnessed 98 conversions, walked 7,885 miles, ridden 3,416 miles, together 11,301 miles. He had also paid 2,446 pastoral visits and admitted into society 188 persons. Truly a busy life.

Bible Christians.

The Earl of Carnarvon has given a site at Somerset for a chapel. The denomination has preached in the village for about sixty years, and have greatly felt the need of a place of worship, $200 were realized at the corner-stone service.

The membership in the Plymouth and Davenport Circuits has more than doubled during the past ten years.

In accordance with the instruction of Conference, the pastors' meetings on all the English districts have considered the "Forward Movement," and for the most part have entered into it with great readiness. Several of the quarterly meetings have also taken up the subject, and it is believed that more attention will be paid in future to evangelistic services.

Memorial stones of a new chapel, to cost $5,250, were recently laid at West Love, Cornwall.

Primitive Methodist.

Memorial stones for a new church were recently laid at Camden Town, London. The result of the services was $4,000, which makes $11,000 toward $27,500, which the edifice will cost.

A public meeting has been held in London to inaugurate a "Forward Movement" for the metropolis. Aggressive Christianity seems to be the order of the day in all branches of Methodism in England.

A three-days' bazaar was held at Ludlow, which produced $3,390 toward a church debt.

The venerable Dr. Samuel Antliff, uncle to the Rev. Dr. Antliff, Montreal, has been appointed to represent the Nottingham District at the approaching Methodist Ecumenical Conference in America.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

For the first time in the history of

the Church the Missionary Board has held its annual meeting outside of New York: Topeka, the capital of Kansas, was the place selected. The meeting created great interest. Bishop Fowler had recently returned from a tour around the world, and occupied the whole of one evening in narrating the wonderful progress of the Gospel, more particularly in Japan, Korea and China. Another evening was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Buckley who spoke of what he had seen in Mediterranean countries.

The receipts for the past year were $1,130,137, being $129,556 more than the preceding year. This amount, though large, still leaves a balance due to the Treasurer. It was decided that $1,225,775 should be appropriated for the ensuing year.

The Book Concern in New York has taken possession of its new establishment on Fifth Avenue, consisting of eight stories, and is valued at $1,000,000. The Concern was started in 1789 by the Rev. John Dickens, with a borrowed capital of $600. December 8th was observed in the Churches as Book Concern Day, when $100,000 was distributed among superannuated ministers. For some years past the Concern has given $15,000 annually to the support of the superannuated ministers.

Bishop Warren insists that the best church edifice in Methodism is is in Denver, and out of debt, it has the largest and most complete organ in the world. Two more elegant stone churches are now in process of erection in the same city.

President Warren, of Boston University, says respecting the order of Deaconesses in Germany and Switzerland, "that there are nearly one hundred deaconesses', homes in Frankport, Hamburg, Berlin, Zurich and St. Gall. In all the cities named the sisters are respected and loved, and are given free use of all the government and city railroads. A few weeks ago, at a fair given in the interest of the institution in Hamburg, a burgomeister publicly spoke in favour of the cause, and paid the deaconess affecting tributes of personal and popular esteem."

The hospital in Brooklyn, New York, is endowed with $90,000. Mrs. Havemayer recently gave $5,000 to endow a single bed.

This Church has in India, 86 foreign, 46 native and 28 zenana missionaries, 6,450 members, 3,523 probationers, and 10,180 Christians. This is missionary Bishop Thoburn's diocese.

The Methodist Church.

The Central Board of Missions held its annual meeting in London. From the regular sources of income there is a gratifying increase, but there is a decrease of over $10,000 in legacies, so that the net decrease was really $3,764,59. The Central Board felt that, in view of the state of the funds, they could not appropriate more than $210,482 for the ensuing year, which will leave a heavy deficiency for those labouring on Domestic Missions to bear.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, has just returned from Japan. He was greatly pleased with his visit, and had the pleasure to constitute the mission into a separate Conference, with the prospect that soon the Methodist Church of Japan will be constituted by the union of the three Methodist missions now in existence in that empire.

The Woman's Missionary Society has three hundred auxiliaries in the conferences, and an income of $23,000. The report for the quarter ending September 15th, 1889, states that the income for the quarter was $9,802,53, being an increase of more than $5,685, which is certainly very gratifying.

During the year five ladies have been welcomed to the work in Japan, a new school has been opened in Kofu and in Tokyo. Art embroidery and painting have been introduced into the school, and a higher course of Japanese established. Twelve ladies are now labouring in Japan.

A French Methodist Institute has been established in Montreal. The cost was $40,000. An enthusiatic public meeting was held in connection with the opening, which was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Douglass.

Third jubilee of Methodism. Methodism was organized in 1739. The centenary was celebrated in 1839, when $1,080,000 was contributed by the English Methodists to the Centenary Fund. The Methodists in the United States contributed $600,000. The Centenary was also celebrated in Canada, and the proceeds applied to the Book Room and the Superannuation Fund. Dr. Ryckman, Dominion Church, Ottawa, in October last, reminded his people that one hundred and fifty years had rolled away since Methodism was inaugurated. There were some present who celebrated the Centenary of Methodism fifty years ago, who heard with pleasure of the progress of Methodism during the period of its existence. Fifty years ago there were some 15,000 members in Canada, to-day the membership of the Church in the Dominion is about 225,000, with a constituency of about 900,000, or about one-sixth of the Dominion. We believe that 1891 will be the Centenary of Methodism in Canada. The General Conference will probably make preparations for its celebration.

The Government offered a prize for the best conducted Indian day-school in the North-West Territories. It is pleasant to record that the Rev. E. B. Glass, B.A., missionary at Battle River, was the successful competitor, and won the prize of $50.

The fifth annual report of the Educational Society has just been published. It is full of interesting matter. There has been a rapid increase of income especially during the last three years. In 1875 the income was less than $8,000, now it is more than $19,000. It should amount to $30,000. Including the Ladies' Colleges, there are 2,109 students in attendance at the ten institutions of learning. Dr. Potts, the energetic Secretary, reports $108,-112.72 received for federation, which includes $500.37 interest; the total subscribed by 3,575 persons is $264,519.65, which, of course, does not include Mr. Gooderham's noble subscription of $200,000.

It is said that when the firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode was established as the Bible Printing Company, that there were not more than 4,000,000 copies of the Bible extant, but now there are upwards of 200,-000,000 copies in circulation throughout the world. Marvellous progress in 125 years.

A meeting was recently held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, to bid farewell to the five missionaries for Trinidad. Besides the pioneer missionaries, Rev. John Morton and Mrs. Morton, there were present Rev. F. J. Coffin and the Misses Archibald and Graham, all on their way to labour in the Presbyterian mission in Trinidad.

One of Archdeacon Farrar's daughters, the wife of the headmaster of a public school, has been preaching to large audiences in a rural district of the South of England.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. J. Kilner, D.D., for many years a Wesleyan Missionary in India, and then a member of the Secretariat in the Mission House, has been called home. He was on the superannuated list only a few months. He was greatly beloved by his colleagues and the missionaries.

The Bible Christian denomination in England has lost a valuable lay official in the death of Mr. Joseph Yeo, of Stonehouse. He was a man of great enterprise, and sustained the offices of steward, trustee, local preacher, and class-leader. His funeral was the largest ever seen in Stonehouse.

Mr. Joshua Rouse, a distinguished official in the Primitive Methodist Church has joined the Church triumphant. He was eighty-two years of age, and had been more than seventy years connected with the Church. He was a permanent member of the Conference, and was the oldest member in that assembly. Mr. Rouse gave attendance to reading, and was a man of varied attainments.

Book Notices.

The Development of English Literature and Language. By Prof. A. H. Welsh, A.M. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 1,100 pages. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $4.00.

English literature is a subject so vast and so varied, that it may well be the despair of any one who, without wise guidance, shall attempt a comprehensive acquaintance with it. He will be apt to waste much time over the trivial and unworthy, and may miss altogether that which is best worth knowing. Even the widest reader must be eclectic in his tastes, and in the practice of a wise eclecticism, wise counsel is necessary. The work before us fulfils this function more fully than any that we know. Its classification is logical, its criticism is discriminating, its arrangement comprehensive and natural. The author has exhibited a wise compression where compression is necessary, and an equally wise expansion where that is advantageous. He gives copious citations and judicious connecting links, that enable the reader to comprehend the grounds of the praise or blame meted out. The book has much of the vivacity of Taine's sparkling volumes, and much of the philosophic insight of Hazlitt's thoughtful essays. A striking evidence of its standard character, is that the handsome volumes before us represent the ninth edition of this *magnum opus*. We will venture the assertion that the reader who will carefully study these volumes, and then read a few of the masterpieces to which they refer him, will have a more discriminative and correct appreciation of that complex thing, English literature, as a whole, and of its more essential parts than many a voracious book-worm who has devoured indiscriminately half a library. Prof. Welsh very justly regards English literature as a growth, as a development. He goes back to the very fountain head, to the pre-English ages, indicating the elements of the English nation, the controlling qualities of English civilization, showing the sources from which the speech and literature have been derived, and illustrating their development by appropriate and copious examples woven into the text of criticism.

Each pre-eminent or representative author is discussed under the classified heads of biography, writings, style, rank, character and influence.

Each of the periods into which the work is divided is introduced by a sketch of the features which distinguish it, and of the forces which shape it, including Politics, the State of Society, Religion, Learning, Language, Poetry, the Drama, the Novel, the Periodical History, Theology, Ethics, Science, Philosophy. Periods are recreated, the past is resuscitated. The actors are made to reveal themselves in their own words.

Our mentor does not merely talk *about* literature, he quotes typical examples, in which, as in a mirror, the student is taught to recognize the genius of the writer and the character of the period. To the multitudinous novelists and poetlings of the day he gives but scant measure; but the great masters, even of recent prose and verse, receive judicious characterization. We think, however, that Prof. Welsh's estimate of Browning, while probably that of current criticism, does not with sufficient emphasis herald the growing fame of this strongest and most original, even though by no means the smoothest, poet of the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

This masterly book has been put into a single volume, on thinner paper, at $3, an edition for university students; but for library use, the two-volume edition is well worth the additional cost.

Whither? A Theological Question for the Times. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D. 8vo, pp. xvi—303. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.75.

This is a very noteworthy book. The distinguished position and scholarship of the author and the importance of the subject conspire to give it weight. It shows what remarkable departures have taken place from the old Westminster Confession, and that many of these departures have been less liberal and Scriptural than the venerable document itself. While the book on one side is polemical, on the other it is irenical, broad minded and catholic. It shows that Presbyterian theologians have hardened and sharpened the doctrines of the Confession by excessive definition in the field of Protestant polemics—that the "consensus" of Christendom is far greater than its "dissensus"—that even "the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches are agreed as to nine-tenths or more of the contents of Christianity"—that, we quote its very words, "those so-called Protestants who refuse to recognize the Roman Catholic Church as a true Church of Jesus Christ are guilty of heresy and schism." We wonder what Dr. Fulton would say to such catholicity as that.

"They are," says, Dr. Briggs. "our allies in the conflict with irreligion and atheism, and immorality, and heathenism, and are in agreement with Protestants as to the great essentials of Christianity." He quotes with approval the "wise words of John Wesley" on the future state, and claims that the doctrinal system of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the teachings of John Wesley have more in common with the Presbyterian Church than in opposition to it. He doubts whether it is practical or advisable at the present time to consolidate the Presbyterian and Methodist families, but claims that there might be a federation and alliance for union and co-operation in the general work of the Church of Christ.

These are not the hasty utterances of a rash and obscure man. They are the calm results of more than twenty years of study of one of the foremost professors of the leading Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the United States. The plan of a federal, as distinct from organic, union of Protestantism, is one suggested by Principal Grant in his recent sermon in the Metropolitan Church. May we not hope the time will come when all the now severed Churches of Christendom shall thus be joined in a holy alliance against the world, the flesh and the devil, and for the upbuilding of Christ's cause in the world.

Personally Conducted. By FRANK STOCKTON. Square 8vo, pp. 240. New York: Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The young people are to be congratulated who can enjoy the comprehensive tour described in this book under the genial guidance of the author of the "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger," etc. Few things are more educative and instructive than a judicious course of travel, and the next best thing to actual travel is to follow such a vivid and well illustrated account of travel on the great historic routes of Europe as is presented in Mr. Stockton's handsome volume. He takes us through Southern France, stopping at Avignon; and on through sunny Italy, with short visits to Genoa and Pisa, to the most interesting city in Europe—Rome. Then we proceed to Naples, Florence, and Venice; thence into Switzerland, up the Rigi, and on to Paris and London, through rural England, back to Holland and Germany, down the Rhine and through Belgium. The admirable engravings by Mr. Pennell Mr. Parsons and others greatly enhance the value of the book. Such fine cuts as the views on the Rhine, the Hotel de Ville, Brussels, the views in Paris, Wesminster Abbey, etc., are exquisite works of art. This

is an admirable present for any intelligent young person.

Mito Yashiki: A Tale of Old Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B. Pp. 456. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

We reviewed some time ago in this MAGAZINE Mr. Maclay's valuable "Budget of Letters from Japan." He was amply qualified for writing both these books by a prolonged residence in Japan, in the employ of the Japanese Government. In this volume much historical information and insight into the social, moral and religious condition of the Japanese is given in the form of a feudal romance, descriptive of the decline of the Shogunate and of the downfall of the power of one of the old feudal families. The marvellous changes which have taken place in Japan in the few years which have elapsed since the light of western civilization has broken on its shores lend themselves easily to the dramatic, and in part tragic, plot of such a tale as this. Mr. Maclay, who is himself the son of a Methodist missionary in Japan, is in keen sympathy with the progress of Christianity, and gives a striking picture of the manner in which the true Light of the World is illuminating the ancient "kingdom of the rising sun." His book is in this respect a striking contrast to the caricature of Christianity which recently ran its course as a serial through a popular magazine.

The Dawn of History: An Introduction to Pre-Historic Study. Edited by C. F. KEARY, M.A., F.S.A. Pp. 367. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

The origin of civilizations, of institutions, of languages, has become the subject of profound and thorough investigation. A copious literature on this theme has sprung up, which few except specialists can be expected to master. The object of this book is to put the general reader in possession of the results of these studies—to give a *resumé* of the most recent additions which science has made to the sum of knowledge, and to explain the method or mechanism of the science by which these results are reached. The growing interest in the subject is shown by the fact that this is the second and enlarged edition of this treatise. It treats in a lucid and interesting way the first traces of man, the palæolithic and neolithic stone ages, the bronze and iron ages. Much of this fails to carry conviction to our mind. We believe that in many cases these different "ages," so-called, were contemporaneous, as they now are among the Eskimo; that there were frequent relapses into barbarism, as Schleimann has shown that there were by the different superimposed "horizons" of various ages on the site of Troy. Of greater value, we think, are the chapters on the growth of language, and the evidence it affords of the origin of nations, early social life, village communities, early religions, etc. The mythologies, folk-lore, religious superstitions, etc., of primitive races are also picture-writing, growth of phonetics, etc., are also adduced as illustrating this important subject.

Foreign Missions: Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conference. Ten Lectures. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON. Pp. 469. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.50.

We had the pleasure, some years ago, of reviewing in this MAGAZINE Dr. Thompson's admirable work on "Moravian Missions." The present volume is every way worthy of the distinguished reputation the author has won for thought and study on missionary themes. It is significant of the growing recognition of this important subject that a foreign missionary lectureship has been established at the Theological Seminary of Yale College. Of that lectureship this volume is the outcome. It is a book to awaken from lethargy and to kindle enthusiasm. It discusses with intense earnestness the true sphere of the ministry, the missionary obli-

gation, methods of increasing interest in missions, such as missionary concerts or prayer-meetings, with the diffusion of information by means of intelligence from the high places of the field, the use of missionary maps, and by what it calls missionary conferences or conventions, for hearing from active missionary workers and catching the inspiration of their enthusiasm, such as the Mildmay Conference of 1878 and the much larger one of 1888. The book will be found very helpful and inspiring to all missionary workers, both at home and abroad.

The Gospel in the Book of Numbers. By the Rev. Lewis R. Dunn, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.00.

This book has a very striking title. It is one which conveys a great truth which is amply illustrated in the volume. In the institution of the Passover, in the ceremonial rites and sacrifices, in the tabernacle service, in the manifold purifyings and washings, the great truths of redemption and regeneration are clearly set forth.

The Credentials of the Gospel: A Statement of the Reason of the Christian Hope. Being the Fernley Lecture for 1889. By Joseph Agar Beet. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Price, cloth, 90c.; paper, 50c. 199 pages.

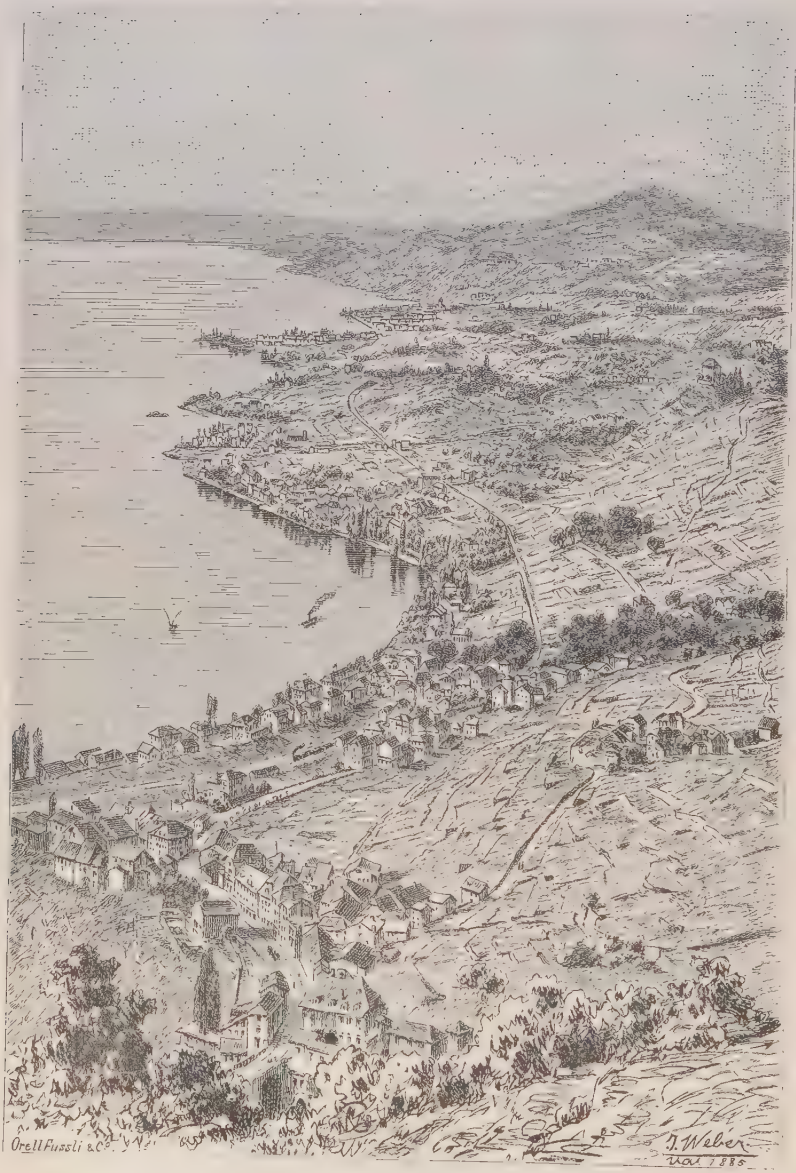
The Fernley Lectureship has already called forth a very fine body of divinity. None of these lectures, we think, surpass in value this admirable contribution by the distinguished Wesleyan commentator on the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians and Galatians. The learned author discusses first the internal evidence of the Gospels, then the evidence of the material world. He shows by the testimony of Huxley and Tyndall, supported by Wallace, that Haekel's theory of abiogenesis, or the spontaneous origin of life, is utterly unscientific. From a study of comparative theology, our author shows the infinite superiority of Christianity to other religions. The evidence of the early Christian documents and of historical testimony is fully examined. The section dealing with objections to Christianity is a masterly one, and the result is reached of a triumphant vindication of the credentials of the Gospels.

Sermons, Addresses and Charges. By the Rev. Joseph Bush. Pp. 264. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room.

Mr. Bush was the honoured President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1888. He has gathered in this volume a number of public and official utterances during his term of office. The counsels to Christian workers, the charge to ministers and circuits, the address on missions, have all permanent value. A fine steel portrait embellishes the book.

The Christmas Globe, *Globe* Publishing Company, Toronto, and all Booksellers. Price 50 cents.

We were prepared, from the well-known energy and enterprise of the publishers, to expect something very handsome when the special Christmas *Globe* was announced; but the artistic merit of the realization far surpassed our ideal. It is evidently no longer necessary to send to Munich or Dresden for first-class illustrations, either in colours, or in black and white. The circulation of such high-class art work, to say nothing of the literary merit of the number, will be to Canadians a cause of patriotic pride, and in Great Britain and the United States will show that in the refinements of civilization we are abreast of older and wealthier lands. There is also the pleasing absence of that hyperborean aspect of nature that too often appears in British delineations of Canadian scenery.



MONTREUX AND VICINITY—ON LAKE LEMAN.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

February, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

GENEVA TO MONT BLANC, MARTIGNY AND LAUSANNE.

OUT DOOR LUNCH.

On a beautiful day in July the Canadian tourist party set out in two large carriages from Geneva for the memorable drive to Chamouny. It is a distance of fifty-three miles and an ascent of 2,200 feet and requires about nine hours. With much flourishing and cracking of whips we get under way, dashing through the well-paved streets, and past a succession of villas and well-kept gardens. At Annemasse, about four miles from Geneva, we cross the frontier into France, for Mont Blanc is not, as many imagine, in Switzerland, but in the French Department of Haute Savoie. The first part of the journey is level and monotonous, but in a few miles the scenery improves. In the background rises the pyramidal Môle, then follow a succession of hills, with an occasional château or a ruined tower. With frequent changes of horses a good speed is kept up. Into the sleepy post villages the carriages dash like a whirlwind, change horses with a vast amount of shouting and confusion, and

then whirl away again, letting the village relapse to its wonted somnolence till the next day. It seemed strange amid those mountain solitudes to find a good-sized village—Cluse—almost entirely inhabited by watch-makers, with a large *Ecole d'Horlogerie* for instruction in the technicalities of their art.

At St. Martin we suddenly obtain a suberb view of Mont Blanc, whose dazzling peak, towering majestically at the head of the valley, seems to annihilate the intervening distance. He towers high above the Titan brotherhood, and reigns in lonely majesty the monarch of the mountain world—"on his throne of rock, in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow." Yet amid these sublimities of nature the condition of the people was very abject. As we changed horses, hideous *cretins* came to beg. Their idiotic faces seemed to indicate only intelligence enough to hold out their palsied hands for alms. The women were toiling in the fields, and carrying on their heads, along steep mountain paths, great loads of hay, which made them look like walking haystacks. Their clothing was coarse, their cabins squalid, their food meagre and poor, and their rude life left its reflex on their rude and unintelligent features.

At Sallanches a mid-day lunch had been ordered by telegraph, but mine host had provided a full dinner with half-a-dozen courses, and charged pretty well for it too; but we did it ample justice.

The scenery soon becomes magnificent. The road rapidly ascends on the left bank of the Arve, with the torrent almost immediately below, and with magnificent outlooks over the winding valley, studded with picturesque villages and begirt with lofty and snow-clad mountains, with, in the foreground, solemn pine forests of vivid green, darkening in the distance to richest purple and ethereal violet. Now we traverse the wild ravine of the Arve, its waters brawling white with rage far below, and the road winding in sinuous folds along its bank. From the Pont de Marie a magnificent view of the gorge is obtained. Most of the party descend from the carriages to linger at the finest points of view, or to loiter through the meadow which skirts the highway. The gleaming glaciers now come in view—but from the vastness of the mountains in which they are framed it is impossible to fully realize their extent.

At length we dash through into the village of Chamouny and draw up at the hotel, where rooms have already been assigned, and in a few minutes are at the *table d'hôte* with a company of pilgrims to this shrine of sublimity, assembled from the very ends of the earth.

The sublimest aspect of Mont Blanc, I think, is when illumined with the golden glow of sunset. It seems converted into a transparent chrysophrase, burning with an internal fire. But, as the daylight fades, the fire pales to rosy red, and palest pink, and ashen gray, and ghastly white, against the darkening sky. Through a strong telescope I could see the silhouette of a chamois goat sharply defined against the lighted window of the hut at Grands Mulets, five miles distant on the mountain slope. In the afternoon—after sweeping up its successive zones of pine forest, bare rock, glacier, and everlasting snow—I could see four black figures like emmets, which, I was told, were men climbing the mountain. But with all its grandeur, Mont Blanc will not compare with the immortal loveliness of the Jungfrau, the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland.

It is remarkable that Mont Blanc, which is visited by 15,000 persons every year, was almost unknown till 1742, when it was explored by Martel, a geographical engineer from Geneva. He strangely named it the accursed mountain, *Montagne Maudit*. The previous year Pocoke and Windham, two English travellers, climbed by a rugged path to the sources of the Arveiron, and named the Mer de Glace, but said not a word about Mont Blanc. The love of the sublime seems an entirely modern emotion. Among ancient and mediæval travellers such sublime mountains and gorges inspired only feelings of terror and aversion.

The next day, to our utter dismay, the grim old monarch had swathed himself in his robe of cloud and withdrew in sullen mood from our gaze. Worse still, a dreary rain had set in which threatened to keep on, and did keep on all day. A conditional bargain had been made for four-and-twenty mules to carry us up the Montanvert, and then to meet us at the Chapeau, after we had crossed the Mer de Glace and Mauvais Pas on foot. But amid the dreary downpour, no one was courageous enough to make the attempt but three gentlemen—Dr. Hare, Dr. Barr and Mr. Rowan. Amid much badinage and cheers, they set off in the rain; while the rest of us wrote letters, paddled about the quaint little village in search of Alpine curios, alpenstocks, etc. In the afternoon we all took covered carriages to the Glacier de Bossons, scrambled up a narrow "hog's back" ridge through the dripping woods to the glacier, and entered a grotto hewn in the glacier for nearly a hundred yards to its very heart. The effect of the azure light struggling through the sapphire-hued crystalline ice was exquisite. The musical trickling of the water through the veins of the glacier had a strange unearthly sound. Some of the ladies, despite my protest, scrambled over the glacier. There was little

danger, I suppose; they wore woollen socks over their boots, there were steps cut in the ice for footholds, and each had a careful guide; but I did not wish to run any risk. Just before dinner the bedraggled explorers came in from the Mauvais Pas and Mer de Glace, and protested that they had had a glorious time; and the evening was passed very hilariously about the great wood fires in the open fireplaces.

ON THE MER DE GLACE.

Next morning the Alp-horns of the cowherds, and the tinkling bells of the goats and cows, woke us early from our beds. The sun rose bright and clear, and Mont Blanc revealed himself in all his splendour. The world seemed transfigured and glorified, a spotless bride arrayed for her marriage morn. We could see the snow sweeping around the wind-carved curves of spotless Carrara of the mighty slopes of the mountains.

After breakfast a brigade of seven strongly built mountain carriages, with wide-set wheels and trusty brakes, drove into the inn yard, and off we rode for the Tête Noir Pass. The bright, clear air exhilarated like wine, and with many a shout and cheer and laugh, and much blowing of Alpine horns, even my staid wife blowing her Alp-horn like a school-girl, we wound through the valley and in many a curve up the long pine-clad mountain slope. We obtained a splendid view of the Mer de Glace gleaming in the bright sunlight like a stormy ocean smitten suddenly into ice, and of gigantic granite needles piercing the very sky, one to the height of 13,540 feet. No snow can rest upon their splintered pinnacles. Thunder-scarred and blasted, and riven by a thousand tempests, they seemed, like Prometheus, to defy the very heavens; and in their awful and forever inaccessible desolation were, I think, the sublimest objects I ever beheld.

On my previous visit I had a superb day for crossing the glacier, and I transcribe my experience. After a climb of 3,000 feet, there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the motionless billows of the Sea of Ice, sweeping in a gigantic cataract down a lateral valley. One may trace its upward course for six miles. In its resistless onward glide it is rent into a thousand deep crevasses, descending to unknown depths.

In company with an English gentleman I crossed the Mer de

Glace without a guide. Leaving the beaten track, we strolled up the glacier, which rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water—clear as crystal, blue as sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back as if by the invisible hand of some indignant ice gnome from the fairy grottoes of his underworld. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Into one of these crevasses a guide fell in 1820, and forty-one years later his remains were recovered at the end of the glacier, brought to view by the slow motion and melting of the mass. His body was identified by some old men who had been the companions of his youth over forty years before. Along the margin of the glacier is a moraine of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous millstone.

AUBERGE AT THE CHAPEAU, MONT BLANC.

To reach the Chapeau one must pass along a narrow ledge, with steps hewn in the face of the steep precipice, known as the Mauvais Pas—the Perilous Way, or "Villanous Road," as Mark Twain translates it. The cliff towered hundreds of feet above our head, and sloped to a dizzy depth beneath our feet. This passage was once an exploit of much danger, but iron rods have been bolted into the face of the cliff, so that it is now quite safe. The view of the splintered pinnacles, "seracs," and ice-tables of the glacier was of wonderful grandeur and beauty.

I stopped for lunch at the rude auberge, shown in the margin, and found the place overflowing with a hilarious company of tourists. I joined their party to descend the mountain, entered a huge ice-cave, and got well sprinkled with the falling water. From a vast arch of ice in the glacier leaps forth the

river Arveiron in a strong and turbid stream, soon to join the rapid Arve. As we sat gazing on the sight, an American lady quoted with much feeling Coleridge's sublime hymn to Mont Blanc:

"O Sovran Blanc,
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently. . . . .
Ye ice-falls! ye that form the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amid the maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-piercing peaks,
All night long visited by troops of stars,
Or while they climb the sky or when they sink;
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven—
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

The Tête Noir road in bold windings climbs to the watershed between the Rhone and Arve. We take one last long look at Mont Blanc, a supreme and mighty presence dominating the whole visible world. Next we traverse a lonely valley bounded by pine-clad mountains, the valley growing narrower and deeper till it becomes a wild ravine, through which far down brawls and raves a dark and sullen stream, the well named Eau Noire, and high above hang the crags of the impending cliffs. The châlets cling like martins' nests to the sides of the mountains, and the village church at Valorcine is protected against avalanches by a buttress of masonry. At last the grandeur culminates as we pass through a tunnel in the mountain side, and reach the Tête Noir inn, overhung by the Tête Noir mountain. Amid these picturesque surroundings we stop for lunch. The storm of the previous day had intercepted my telegram, and we have to wait till a lot of hungry tourists make way for us.

The road now turns into a dark and beautiful forest. In the valley far below is the brawling Trient. Climbing over the Col de Forclaz, 5,000 feet above the sea, there bursts upon the sight a magnificent view of the Rhone Valley as far as the castled

heights of Zion, and right at our feet lies Martigny, seeming so near that we might almost throw a stone into it. Yet it takes two hours and a-half to wind down the many curves of the road through the chestnut-clad slopes and terraced vineyards to the quaint old town. How we rattled through the ancient bourg, and with what a flourish we drew up at the hotel in the new town, and with what a grace our *Voituriers* presented themselves for their well-earned *pour boires.*

THE TETE NOIR PASS.

After dinner a number of us climbed up a steep hill to a mediæval tower, built by the Bishops of Zion (1260, demolished 1518) on the substructions of an older Roman fort, with its deep moat and fosse, and queer surroundings. A little girl who spoke very indistinct French seemed to be, for a time, the only garrison, and some of the ladies exercised much patience in getting her to spell the names of the different mountain peaks which studded the horizon. Next day we went down the Rhone Valley by rail,

past the wild entrance to the Gorge of the Trient, past the snowy Pissecvache waterfall, 230 feet in height, waving like a bridal veil; through the picturesque old town of St. Maurice, where the saint of that name, commander of the Theban Legion, is said to have suffered martyrdom, A.D. 302. So close do the

VIEW FROM TERRETET-GLION, DENT DU MIDI IN THE BACKGROUND, CHILLON IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.

sides of the valley approach, that a bridge of a single arch leaps from side to side. On through the widening valley we speed to Bouveret, on the Lake of Geneva.

The scenery is superb; piercing the sky is the snowy peak of the Dent du Midi. The waters are of heaven's own blue. All around the storied shores of the lake are towns and villages that

live in song and story. To the left is the old Abbey of St. Gingolph, a forgotten saint, from whom comes the slang English phrase "by jingo." To the right are the historic island and castle of Chillon, which, immediately after lunch at a pleasant inn in a large garden, we visit. This gloomy tower, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves, has been used as a prison for over a thousand years.

> "A thousand feet in depth below,
> Their massy waters meet and flow."

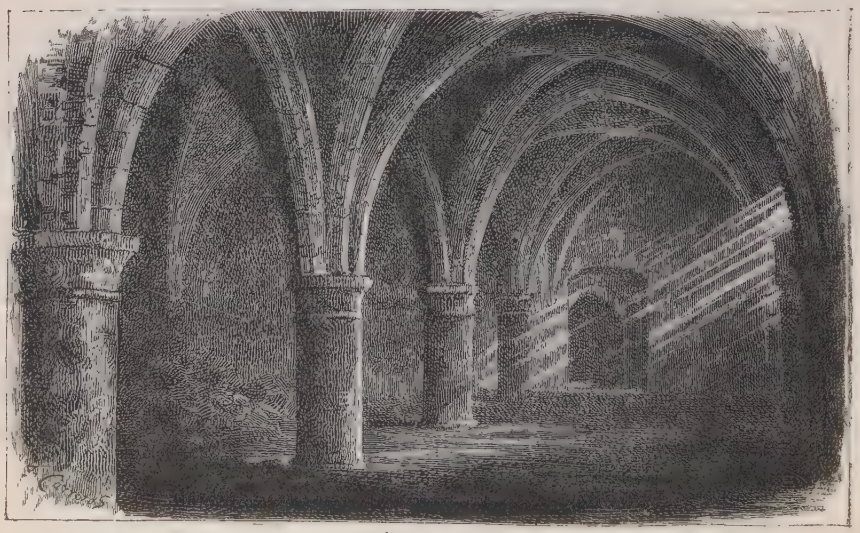
What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and wooden frame burned black by red-hot branding-irons, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carvings. She showed us the pillar to which Bonnivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loopholes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

We cross a yard and enter a gloomy-looking tower. Looking down a well-like aperture in the floor, we gain a dim glimpse of the "oubliettes," or grim dungeon, where contumacious prisoners found their tragical fate. Looking through the window we saw



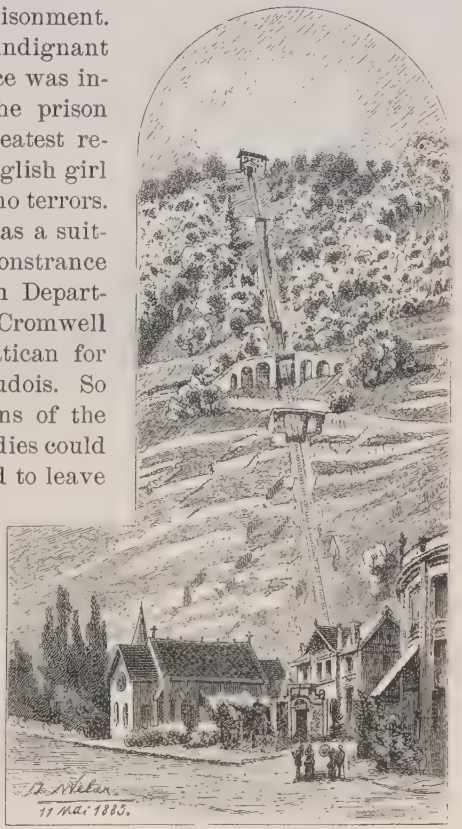
DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

the little Isle of Peace, only thirty paces long and twenty wide, with its three elm trees, of which the poet sings—

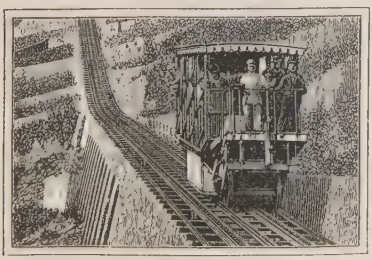
"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view."

Here, to the everlasting disgrace of the Republic of Switzerland, in the year of grace 1889, an act of tyranny was enacted, as outrageous in its way as the imprisonment of Bonnivard. A young English girl, a member of the Salvation Army, for daring to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, was arrested, condemned to prison for one hundred days, and thrust into a cell. She was permitted to go out on parole, went to England and was urged to

break her parole, the result of which would be to forfeit about $100, which would gladly have been given her; but she refused, returned to the castle and completed her term of imprisonment. Small wonder that an indignant rebuke of such intolerance was inscribed on the wall. The prison matron spoke with the greatest respect of the fair young English girl for whom the prison had no terrors. It seems to us that this was a suitable occasion for a remonstrance from the English Foreign Department, akin to that which Cromwell thundered against the Vatican for the persecution of the Vaudois. So great were the fascinations of the grim old castle that the ladies could with difficulty be induced to leave it, and the good-natured conductor of the electric railway kept his car waiting for them much after the proper time of leaving. Up a very steep inclined railway, such as abound everywhere in Switzerland, we climbed to Terretet-Glion. From the garden at the summit a magnificent outlook up and down the lake was obtained.



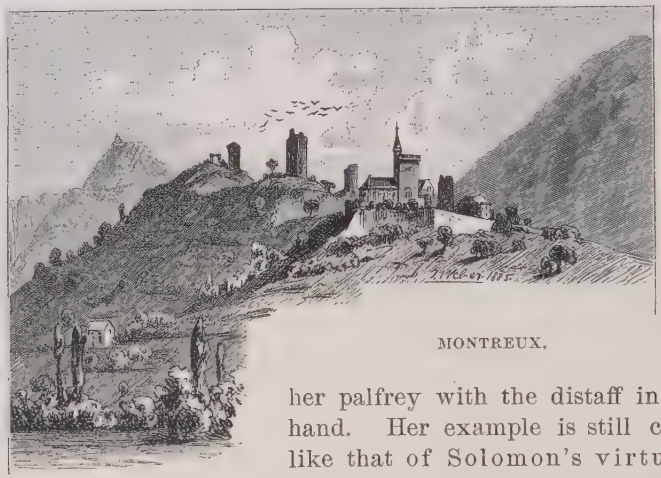
CABLE RAILWAY AT TERRETET-GLION.



INCLINED RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

The sail over these memory-haunted waters in the afternoon was one of rare delight. We passed in succession, Montreux, with its quaint old parish church, "sweet Clarens," immortalized by Rousseau, Vevey, St. Saphorin, the Châteaux de Chatelard, Hauteville, Lutry, and many another celebrated in legend and song. Splendid views were obtained of Mont Blanc, hanging like a cloud on the horizon. The sloping shores

were clothed with luxuriant chestnuts, walnuts, magnolias and vines, and crowned by tasteful villas, old castles, or magnificent modern hotels. Midway to Geneva is Morges with its lofty donjon keep, built eleven centuries ago by Bertha of Burgundy, the beautiful spinner, who used to ride through the country on



MONTREUX.

her palfrey with the distaff in her hand. Her example is still cited, like that of Solomon's virtuous woman, for the imitation of the Swiss maidens. At Vevy, preparations were in progress for the vintage festival, an allegorical fête, in which the peasant population take part with great gusto.

At last we reach Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, which lies high above on the lake. An inclined railway, actuated by wire-rope, soon brings us to the top, and in a few minutes we are domiciled at the historic hotel Gibbon, from whose windows a magnificent outlook is enjoyed far and wide over the lake lying like a map far beneath our feet.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad,—
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

—*Knox.*

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

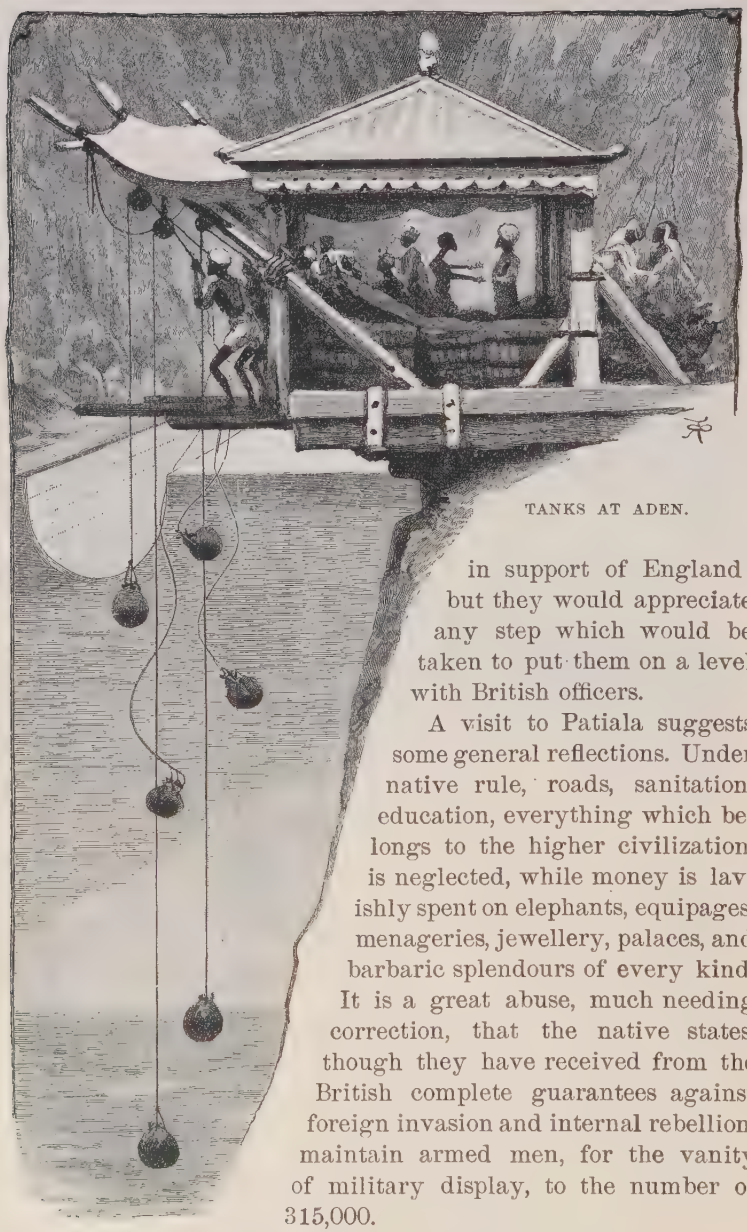
BY LADY BRASSEY.

II.

PATIALA ELEPHANTS.

Monday, January 24th.—The gentlemen went out shooting early. Rode on elephants, in rather tumble-to-pieces howdahs. Grand durbar at the Maharajah's palace in the evening. Four thousand candles in glass chandeliers.

Tuesday, January 25th.—We were honoured early this morning with a visit from the three members of the council of regency. Sir Deva Sing, the president, is a man of distinguished presence and graceful manners. In the course of conversation we endeavoured to elicit his views on several points. Tom questioned him as to the relations between the Government of India and the native states, and told me that he said, speaking for Patiala, and indeed for the native states generally, there were no grievances of which they could complain. Turning to the condition of the native army, he thought it desirable to improve the position of native officers in the British service. They are not dissatisfied with the actual conditions; they are prepared to fight to the last

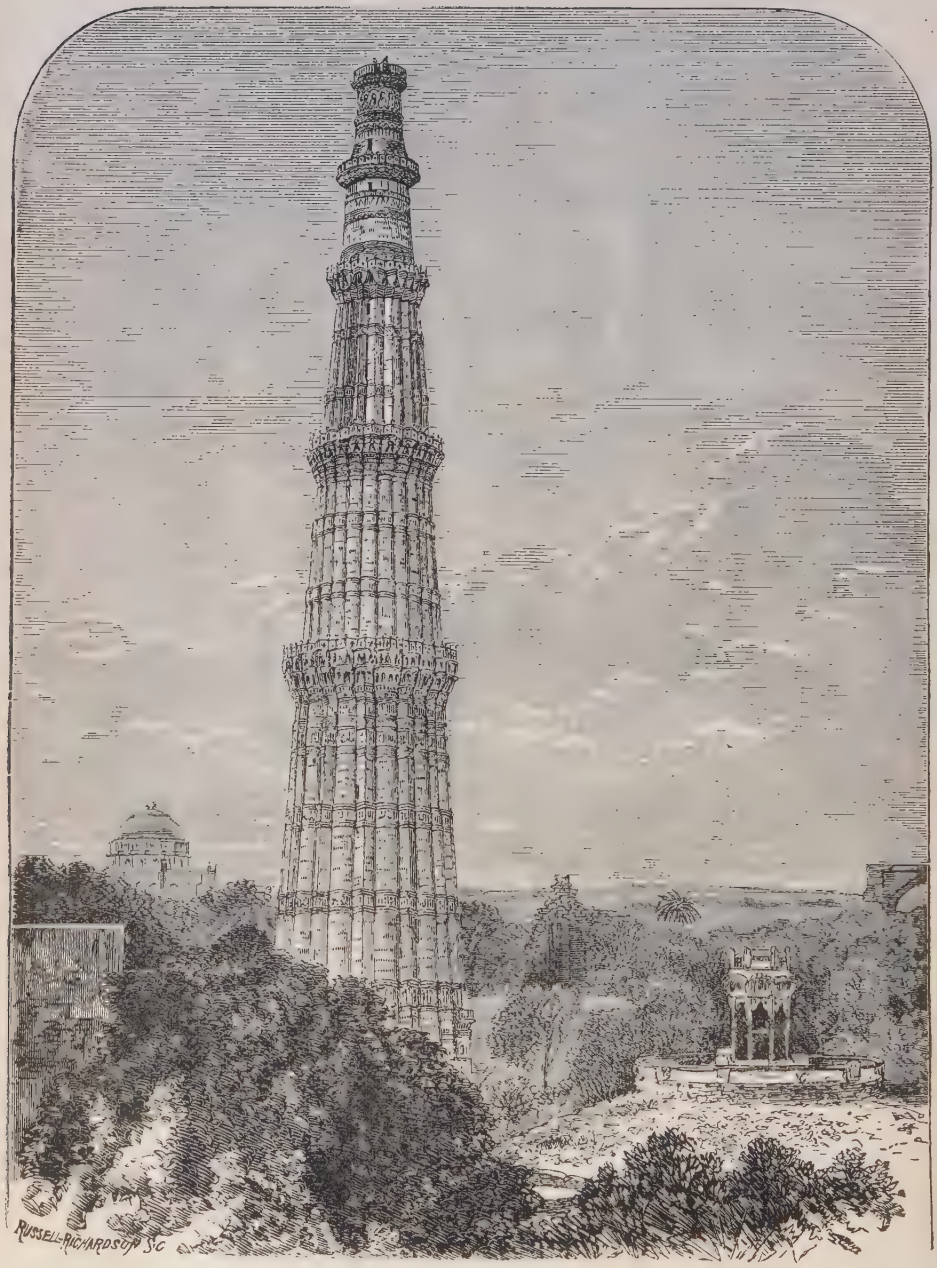


TANKS AT ADEN.

in support of England; but they would appreciate any step which would be taken to put them on a level with British officers.

A visit to Patiala suggests some general reflections. Under native rule, roads, sanitation, education, everything which belongs to the higher civilization, is neglected, while money is lavishly spent on elephants, equipages, menageries, jewellery, palaces, and barbaric splendours of every kind. It is a great abuse, much needing correction, that the native states, though they have received from the British complete guarantees against foreign invasion and internal rebellion, maintain armed men, for the vanity of military display, to the number of 315,000.

It would have lightened our burdens greatly if the internal government of India could have been left under native princes. Such an alternative, unfortunately, was not open to us. The



THE KUTUB MINAR.

native rulers would have proved for the most part incapable of the task. They would have been led on by internecine warfare to mutual destruction. The trade with England depends on the peace which we have been instrumental in preserving.

Wednesday, January 26th.—Arrived at Meerut at 5 a.m., and thence continued our journey to Delhi. The public audience-hall, Pearl Mosque, and the entire group of buildings within the fort at Delhi, are noble examples of Indian architecture.

Thursday, January 27th.—Drove out early to the Ridge, the

BASE OF THE KUTUB MINAR.

flag-staff battery, and the big durbar tent. After breakfast went with Mr. Cannon to the Kutub Minar, the grandest column in the world; climbed to the top, whence there is a splendid view. Spent the rest of the day in seeing the sights of this wonderful city.

Friday, January 28th.—Arrived at Ulwar at 7 a.m. Most lovely palace, not generally shown. Exquisite lace-like marble tracery, especially in Zenana rooms. Schinnahal Tank at back, with cupolas, too beautiful for words.

Saturday, January 29th.—Reached Jeypore at 6 a.m. Drove to Amber, the ancient city of the Rajpoots, now almost unin-

habited, except by Fakirs. Lovely drive in the cool morning air. Elephants at foot of hill, and alligators in tank. At the

OLD DELHI.

temple a kid is sacrificed every morning, of which fact we saw traces. Visited the palace —an extensive and gorgeous building, with fine specimens of carved marble. Magnificent view from roof. Drove back to Jeypore to breakfast, and found men with specimens of arms, and curiosities of all kinds, awaiting us. Visited School of Art and Museum. Then to the palace, which contains endless courts and halls-of-audience, including the celebrated Dewani Khas, of white marble. Ascended to seventh story, by special permission. Extensive view over city.

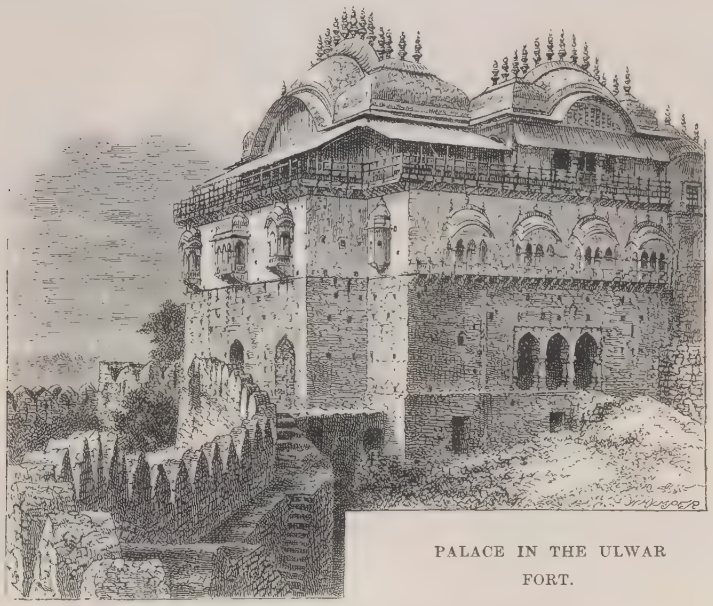
Sunday, January 30th.—Arrived at Agra. Went to church and heard a good sermon. Drove to the Taj, "the glory of the world," which was not in the least disappointing, high as were our expectations.

Monday, January 31st.—Lunched near the Jain Temple, which contains most curious carvings. Tom says it is remarkable how well some British regiments stand the climate of India. At Agra we saw the Manchester Regiment. After three years at Mooltan, perhaps the hottest station in India, the men were in rude health. They marched the whole distance to Agra. At the time of our visit the men were playing football

NATIVE WEAPONS.

and cricket, as vigorously as if they were in England. They are fit to go anywhere and do anything.

The prison at Agra is admirably administered. Under the direction of Dr. Tyler, the men are being instructed in trades, by which, when released from confinement, they will be able to earn an honest living. The manufacture of carpets in the prison has been brought to perfection. A similar progress has been made in wood-carving in the prison at Lahore. Throughout India the prisons have been converted, with a wise humanity, into busy workshops.



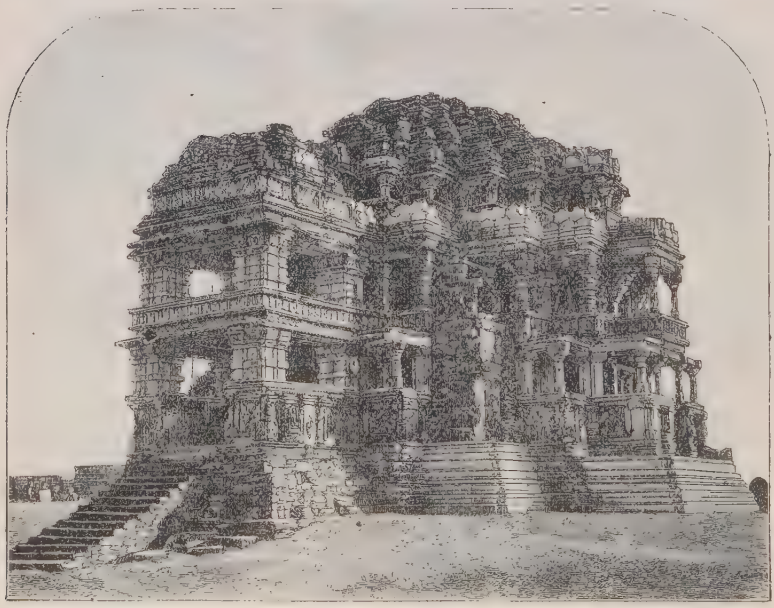
PALACE IN THE ULWAR FORT.

Tuesday, February 1st.—Left Agra by special train at 3 a.m., and reached Gwalior at seven. After breakfast drove out to the fort, to reach which we had to ride on very shaky elephants up a steep road. Barracks deserted now that the English soldiers are gone.

Wednesday, February 2nd.—Arrived at Cawnpore at 2 a.m. Drove at 6.45 through the streets to the Memorial Gardens, where a monument is erected over the well into which so many victims of the Mutiny were cast. Visited the site of the Assembly Rooms, where women and children were hacked to death. Then to General Wheeler's entrenchment, St. John's Church, and the present Memorial Church, which contains many interesting tablets with touching inscriptions. Proceeded by train to Lucknow. Went

with General Palmer to the Residency. It was difficult to realize that this spot had once been the scene of so much horror and bloodshed. It was in the gardens of the Secundra Bagh that two thousand mutineers were killed within two hours by the 93rd Regiment and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, under Sir Colin Campbell.

Thursday, February 3rd.—Reached Cawnpore at midnight, and Allahabad at 7.20 a.m., drove to the principal places of interest, including the fort, the arsenal, and the Sultan's serai and gardens. Returned to station and went on by train to Benares. Drove through the narrow and dirty streets to the Golden Temple.



SAR-BAHR, GWALIER

Not much to be seen in the shops except London brasswork and Hindoo gods. The temple was chiefly remarkable for the dirt which abounded. The Cow Temple was dirtier still, with cows and bulls tied up all round it. Monkey Temple very curious.

Friday, February 4th.—Called at 6 a.m. Started at half-past seven for the Ranagar Palace, where we found chairs in readiness to carry us up the ascent. Embarked in a boat propelled by a treadmill, and proceeded down the river, past all the ghauts and palaces belonging to the various kings and princes or to their descendants. The bathing-ghaut was a wonderful sight. Women in brilliant colours; red palanquins and pilgrims. During the

succeeding days the journey included visits to the Marble Rocks, near Jubbulpore, and to the Caves of Ellora.

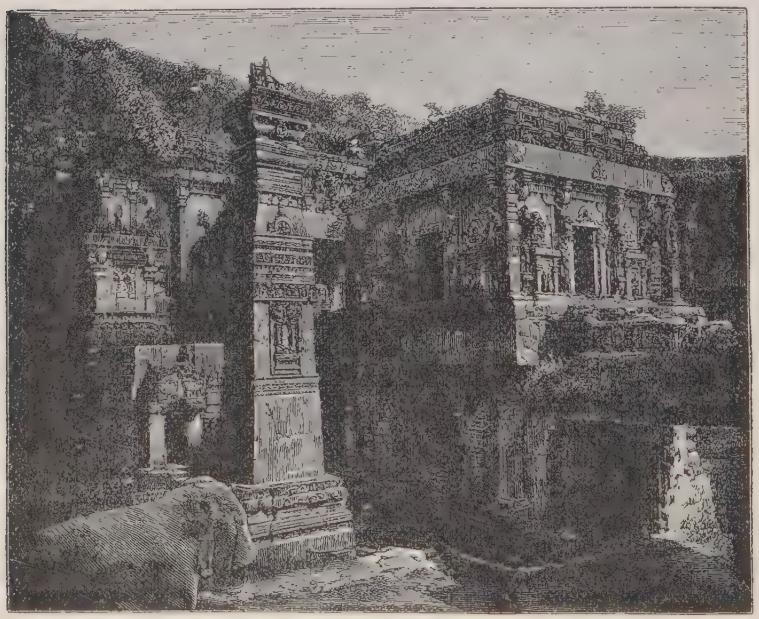
We arrived at Hyderabad at half-past eleven on February 9th, and found Major Gilchrist waiting with the Nizam's carriages to take us to the Residency. It is an imposing building with a flight of twenty-two granite steps, a colossal sphinx standing on either hand, leading to the portico through which you reach the spacious reception and dining-rooms, whilst the comfortably-furnished sleeping apartments lie beyond. An entire wing had been appropriated to the ladies of our party; and, luxurious as our railway-cars had been, the increased space and size of our new quarters appeared thoroughly delightful.

In the afternoon we went for a drive through the populous Hindoo suburb of Chadar Ghát to the celebrated "Tombs of the Kings" at Golkonda. The road passes over a stony belt or plain, on which gigantic masses of dark granite lie on all sides in picturesque confusion. The natives have a legend that they are the fragments left over at the completion of the Creation. About seven miles from the city, a solitary, gloomy-looking hill rises, crowned by a fort, at the foot of which stand the Tombs. They are magnificent buildings with grand domes rising above the terraces, arcades and minarets of the main edifice. They are nearly all covered with beautiful mosaics and enamelled tiles, mutilated, however, in too many instances by the hands of modern relic-hunters. The buildings are surrounded by gardens fragrant with orange blossom, and gay with many other flowers. The decay and ruin were caused by the great siege in the days of Aurangzib. I occupied the box-seat coming home, and enjoyed the delicious freshness of the evening air, among the picturesque rocks which rose up on either side. One of these, called "One Gun Rock," looks exactly like a cannon without its carriage, resting on an elevation and pointed toward the city.

WATER-CARRIER, BENARES.

In the evening we dined with a native gentleman, who spoke English fairly well, and gave us a sumptuous repast in European fashion. Besides a multitude of chandeliers in his house, he had a billiard-table with glass legs, and splendid red satin chairs also with glass arms and legs. The view from the roof, to which we ascended after dinner, over the city, bathed in the light of the full moon, was really beautiful and quite romantic. On leaving, our host handed each of us a little *flacon* of most delicious attar of roses.

The following morning we were called at five o'clock, and by



TEMPLE AT ELLORA.

seven were driving toward Secunderabad, five or six miles distant. One-tree Hill is not very far from here, called after the solitary palm tree standing in the midst of a mass of rocks. Passing the city, we came to the barracks of the 7th Hussars, and then to Bolarum, where the Resident lives during the rainy season. His house is quite charming, with its handsome ball-room, numerous lawn-tennis grounds, and well-kept gardens, in which we gathered violets and roses. The breeze was quite invigorating, the difference between the air here and at Hyderabad being very remarkable, considering that this is only two hundred

feet higher. The view from the top of the house, toward Byham's Monument and the quarters of the Hyderabad Contingent, was also interesting, the landscape resembling burnt-up, brown, breezy "down" country, and reminding us all of Sussex.

We drove back to the Residency to breakfast, and there sat quietly and read all the morning in our pleasant rooms. Late in the afternoon we drove to the tank of Mir Alam, where a brother of Sir Salar Jung was waiting for us in a steam-launch, in which we made little voyages up and down the so-called "tank," which was in fact an artificial lake twenty miles in circumference, and covering an area of 10,000 acres. Everybody went into raptures over the scenery, which was not unlike the tamer parts of Loch Duich or Loch Carron, in Scotland, with the addition of an occasional mosque or tomb perched on the rocky heights. It was extremely pleasant, steaming slowly about; and, as the sun went

GUN ROCK.

down, gorgeous effects were produced behind the rocks and hills. Prettier still when it became dark and the lights began to twinkle on the hill-sides, and in the tents, pitched in readiness for a dinner party to be given by Sir Salar Jung this evening. The drive home through the densely crowded tortuous streets was most amusing; though one never ceased wondering how the drivers, even with the aid of the active runners, managed to avoid running over somebody, so thoroughly careless did the throng of people appear of their own safety.

The next day, February 11th, we were again awakened at a very early hour, and drove off to a spot in the Nizam's preserves, about six miles distant, where we were met by elephants, bullock and horse-tongas, and two cheetahs (a sort of leopard) in carts, in readiness for the projected black-buck hunting expedition. Our guides strongly recommended us to select tongas instead of elephants as the mode of conveyance, saying that the black-buck have been so frequently hunted of late that they are alarmed at

the sight of elephants. This advice proved good, for we soon afterwards found ourselves close to four fine animals. The cheetah which was to be first let loose, and which was carried on one of the tongas, became much excited, though he was blindfolded by a leathern mask and not allowed to see his prey until quite close to it. He stood up in the cart lashing his tail, and now and then curling it round the neck of the driver like a huge boa. When at last he was set free he darted forward and, after crouching behind a hillock waiting his opportunity, made a tremendous spring right on to the back of a buck, striking the poor animal such a blow on the side of the head that it must have been paralyzed before the cheetah seized its throat. I carefully kept far enough away not to see any of the details which are inseparable from such sport.

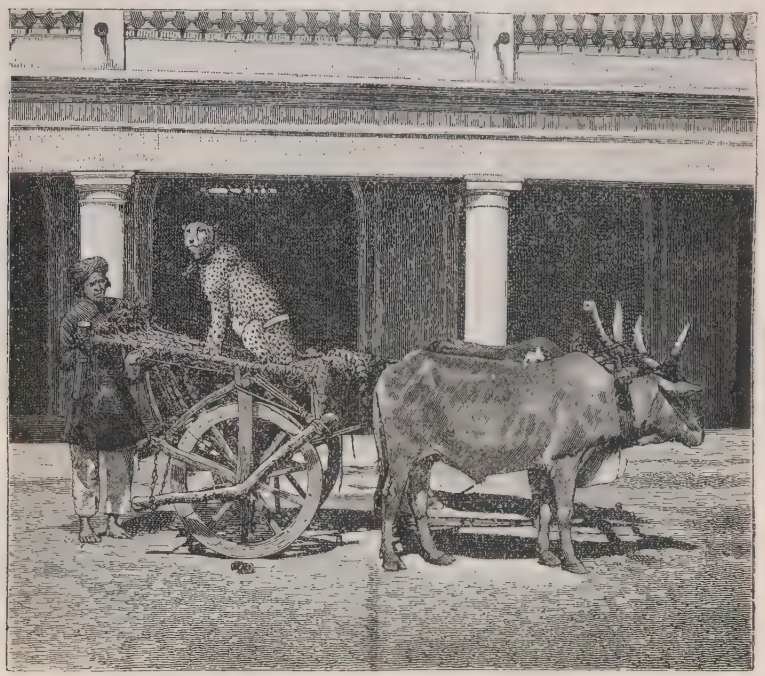
Proceeding in another direction, we soon came across a large herd of black-buck; but the elephants had caught up by this time, and the moment the deer perceived the huge creatures they bounded away. The elephants were therefore left behind with the horses, and we all seated ourselves on the tongas, creeping in this way quite near a herd of forty or fifty does, with six or eight fine bucks feeding with them. At one of these bucks the second and smaller cheetah was let go; but he could not make up his mind which buck to try for, whereby he lost both his opportunity and his temper, and went off sulkily into the jungle, from which his keeper had considerable difficulty in recapturing him.

ONE-TREE HILL.

The drive back to the Residency seemed long and hot, and I was glad to rest awhile after our early excursion. Later in the forenoon we drove through the city, this time behind a team of Austrian grays, on our way to breakfast with Sir Salar Jung at the Barah Dari Palace. He received us very pleasantly, and

showed us over his palace, built around a fine courtyard, with elaborately carved marble seats at intervals. Sir Salar has a fine collection of Indian arms, and we were shown the skin of an enormous tiger killed by himself only last week.

Breakfast was served in a most delightful veranda overlooking a courtyard with flashing fountains and green and shady trees, the table being prettily decorated, and the meal arranged in the most approved European fashion.



CHEETAH-CART.

Afterwards we returned to the Residency, and the hottest hours of the day were spent in reading and writing. At four o'clock I again drove out with Mr. Furdonji Jamsetjee, the Minister's private secretary, passing through the picturesque and interesting native bazaars. The narrow whitewashed streets lined with little shops, gaily decorated with gold and bright colours, form a fitting background to the smartly dressed groups moving about among them. We did not pause to make any purchases, but stopped the carriage at many points to admire the motley crowd and the curious and beautiful mosques and temples.

We were fortunate enough to meet two processions, one literally

a "wedding march," and the other a numerous company of Hindoo worshippers. First came a noisy, turbulent crowd of native soldiery, escorting a young man mounted on a very fat horse, dressed in gorgeous kincob, with eight people holding an enormous umbrella over him. This proved to be the bridegroom, and he was followed by many elephants and camels. As for the unfortunate bride, she was immured in a closely covered palan-

MIR ALAM.

quin decorated with red velvet and gold. How she could live and breathe in such an airless box will always be a mystery to me, for we were gasping for breath in our open carriage. The second procession consisted of many more elephants and camels, with the addition of bands of brass and other noisy instruments. The central figure of this cavalcade seemed to be an old priest carrying on his head a bulky package wrapped in green cloth, which, I heard, was an offering to be made in an adjacent temple.

"THE LAND OF BURNS."

BY FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS.

"THE whole of Scotland," a Northern critic has said, "is the land of Burns," but, in the sense in which we employ the phrase, it refers rather to those districts in which the poet was born, with which his career is identified—where he lived and died. In visiting these scenes, the Glasgow and South-Western Railway—a branch of the Midland system, by means of which one can reach almost every part of Great Britain—affords every facility.

Leaving St. Enoch Station, and passing over the river Clyde, which, from any point of view, presents a striking appearance, we are soon amidst a multitude of manufactories connected with the silk, cotton and iron trades, and near the suburban residences of city people. At length we merge on to a plain, once part of a large and powerful kingdom, for the possession of which Britons, Picts, Scots, Saxons and Norsemen by turns contended. Seven miles from Glasgow is the manufacturing town of Paisley. It is said to present most of the characteristics of an old but thriving Scotch town. The Abbey Church is one of its most interesting attractions.

At Irvine we reach the first point in what is more strictly "The Land of Burns." Here, when matters did not turn out well with the family of the poet of Lochlea, he came to Irvine at the age of twenty-three, to learn the heckling or flax-dressing. A track of misfortune followed him at the time, and on the morning of New Year's Day the flax-dressing shop took fire and was burned. Burns, as he himself says, was left, "like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."

The stately ruin of Dundonald Castle, in which King Robert Stuart wooed and won his bride, stands boldly on our left. We soon reach Ayr, about which there is much that might be told, but which we must be content to visit simply as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns.

> "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
> For honest men and bonnie lasses."

"The Monument Road" follows the line of highway between Ayr and Maybole as it existed in the time of Burns. The "auld clay biggin," which saw the birth of Robert Burns, stands by the side of the road two miles south of Ayr. The cottage was reared by

the hands of his father—William Burness or Burnes, as he spelt his name—and here his little son was born on the 25th of January, 1759. His first welcome to the world was a rough one, for as he tells us,

"A blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin,"

and a few days afterwards a storm blew down the gable of the

THE AYR GROUP.

cottage, and the poet and his mother had to be carried in the dark morning to the shelter of a neighbour's roof, under which they remained till their own was repaired. In after years he would say, "No wonder that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions." We enter the

lowly whitefaced dwelling. It consists of two apartments, the kitchen and spence, or sitting-room, "the butt and the ben." The humble tenement preserves exactly its cottage look. What is now the kitchen was in former days its chief apartment. "The clay floor is unchanged; the sill table, scrupulously whitened day by day all these years, is that which did duty there a hundred years ago and more; and in that bed-place in the wall Robert Burns first saw the light, and cried his first baby cry."

Within those walls are gathered many treasures, the relics of the humble early annals of the poet's family. They include the dresser, clock, press and chairs. The cottage of Burns' birth and the land adjoining it have been purchased, and are now in the care of trustees. Hard by the poet's birthplace is "Alloway's auld hauted Kirk." Ascending the worn steps, we at once reach the graves of the father of the poet, of his mother and his youngest sister; and we stand by the church itself. It is roofless, but its bare walls are tolerably well preserved, and it still has its bell at the east end. Iron gratings have taken the place of doors, and peeping through one of these we see the spot immortalized by the dance of witches, as supposed to be witnessed by Tam o' Shanter. It has been truly said that perhaps in no other poetical composition have there been held in combination such humour and horror, ghastly glee and drunken fright, as were depicted in the midnight orgies of the weird revellers in Auld Kirk Alloway, and in the mad ride for life of Tam o' Shanter, as he speeds for the key-stane of the Brig. The old church was built about 1516. A considerable portion of the rafters have been in one way or another disposed of, manufactured into relics of the locality and dispersed over the world.

A few yards to the west of Alloway Kirk, enclosed in grounds of the church, a well trickled down into the Doon, where stood the thorn—

> "And near the thorn, aboon the well
> Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'—
> Before him Doon pour'd a' his floods,
> The doubling storm roar'd through the woods."

Of course every tourist visits the "Auld Brig o' Doon," a few hundred yards from the kirk—the brig over which, on the memorable night, when

> "Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg—
> A better never lifted leg—
> Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
> Despising wind, and rain, and fire."

From the arch of the high and narrow structure are seen "the banks and braes," so familiar to Burns.

A little farther forward we enter the grounds of the Monument. The building, about sixty feet in height, has a triangular base representing the three districts of Ayrshire, and it contains an apartment sixteen feet high by eighteen in diameter. Above is a cupola supported by nine columns of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a gilt tripod resting on three dolphins. The grounds are beautifully laid out with thriving yews, laurels, hollies, fuchsias six or seven feet high in full bloom on to September, and also with well-ordered and well-kept beds of flowers.

Within the Monument are preserved various interesting memorials of the poet. They include two volumes of the Bible, with their inscriptions still legible, presented by Burns to Highland Mary when on the memorable Sunday, 1786, they stood together by the banks of the Ayr, holding the Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and then parted, never, however, to meet again. There are also various editions of the poet's works, and a snuff-box made from the woodwork of Alloway Kirk. The possessor of these interesting relics emigrated to Canada in 1834; they were purchased by a party of gentlemen in Montreal for £25, and were forwarded to the Provost of Ayr for presentation to the trustees of the Monument. Within the Monument grounds are placed, within a grotto, two statues of "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," the work of Thom, a self-taught sculptor.

In the large field hard by was held, in 1884, the Great Banquet Celebration in welcome to the Banks of Doon of the sons of Burns. Many eminent men were present, and some eighty thousand persons are computed to have taken part in the proceedings. The Earl of Eglinton presided, and in the course of his remarks said:

"Here, on the very spot where the poet first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk which his verse has immortalized, beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to his memory, we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage at the shrine of genius. How little could the pious old man who dwelt in yon humble cottage, when he read the 'big ha' Bible'—'his lyart haffets wearing thin and bare'—have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride and admiration of his country; that that infant was to be enrolled a Chief among the poetic band; that he was to take his place as one of the brightest planets that glitter around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon. In originality he was second to none; in the fervent expression of deep feeling, and in the keen perception of the beauties of nature, equal to any who ever revelled in the bright fairy-land of poesy. Oh! that he could have foreseen this day, when the poet and the historian, the manly and the fair, the peer and the peasant, vie with

each other in paying their tribute of admiration to the untaught but mighty genius whom we hail as the first of Scottish poets! It might have alleviated the dreary days of his sojourn—it might have lightened the last days of his pilgrimage upon earth. And well does he deserve such homage. He who portrayed 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' in strains that are unrivalled in simplicity, and yet fervour—in solemnity and in truth; he who breathed forth the patriotic words which tell of the glories of Wallace, and immortalize alike the poet and the hero; he who culled inspiration from the modest daisy, and yet thundered forth the heroic strains of 'The Song of Death;' he who murmured words which appear the very incarnation of

THE MAUCHLINE GROUP.

poetry and of love, and yet hurled forth the bitterest shafts of satire: a poet by the hands of Nature, despising, as it were, the rules of art, and yet triumphing over those very rules which he set at nought—at whose name every Scottish heart beats high—whose name has become a household word in the cottage as in the palace. To whom shall we pay our homage, of whom shall we be proud, if it is not our immortal Burns?"

Mauchline, the great central district of Ayrshire—enriched with the wooded valleys of the Ayr, the Lugar, and the Coil, is full of interest in its associations with the career of Burns. Burns

was in his twenty-sixth year when he took up his abode at Mossgiel, where he remained for four years. "Three things," says Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, "those years and that bare moorland farm witnessed—the wreck of his hopes as a farmer, the revelation of his genius as a poet, and the frailty of his character as a man."

"The farm-house at Mossgiel, which still exists," says Chambers, "almost unchanged since the days of the poet, is very small, consisting of only two rooms, 'a butt and a ben,' as they are called in Scotland. Over these, reached by a trap-stair, is a small garret in which Robert and his brother used to sleep. Thither, when he had returned from his day's work, the poet used to retire, and seat himself at a small deal-table, lighted by a narrow sky-light in the roof, to transcribe the verses which he had composed in the fields. His favourite time for composition was at the plough. Long years afterward his sister, Mrs. Begg, used to tell how, when her brother had gone forth again to field work, she would steal up to the garret and search the drawer of the deal-table for the verses which Robert had newly transcribed."

During his residence here many of the poet's chief writings were composed. It was in a field on this farm that he ploughed down the "daisy" and turned up "the mouse's nest," to which he refers in his poems. "Burns has been as good as a mint of money to the knick-knack makers. Wood from places mentioned in his poems is made into a great variety of fancy articles; these are illuminated with verses and lines from the poet's compositions; and the fact of their being made in Mauchline gives the articles additional interest and attraction for strangers. These may be regarded as new editions of Burns' works."

Less than two miles south of Mauchline Station the railway passes over a chasm along which the Ayr runs, "deep, precipitous, winding, romantic," near the beautiful grounds of Ballochmyle House. The river in this neighbourhood is in winter subject to heavy floods; and there, as Burns has expressed it, "is just one lengthened, trembling sea." The Viaduct of Ballochmyle consists of six arches, the central one having a span of 100 feet, 95 feet above the river. The scenes of several of Burns' poems were laid by him in this neighbourhood. The crag on which Burns stood when he composed his dirge, "Man was made to mourn," is still pointed out.

Near Old Cumnock the train crosses over the Lugar river by a handsome viaduct 756 feet in length and 150 above the level of the water. In the graveyard of Cumnock, Alexander Peden, the

celebrated Covenanting preacher, and Thomas Richard, another martyr to the cause, are buried.

Auchinleck, a pleasant village, is well seen from the train. Muirkirk, rich in Covenanting memories, is the moorland of Aird's Moss, where the Covenanters' army, under Richard Cameron, was defeated and he was killed: the spot is marked by "Cameron's

THE NITH GROUP.

Stone." This was also the scene of the death of John Browne, a martyr of the Covenant.

Among the green hills to the south-west of New Cumnock is the Vale of Afton, famed in the song, "Flow gently, sweet Afton." The railway now enters the most picturesque part of our journey. From moorlands we pass amid wooded and watered scenery

of the finest kind, and have a beautiful view down the deep valley of the Nith, depicted by our artist. Drumlanrig Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch, occupies a rising ground and is encircled with a rich diversity of hill and mountain. The castle was built about 1679 from designs commonly ascribed to Inigo Jones. It is a quadrangular turreted pile enclosing an open court, somewhat like Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, only much finer. The grounds are very extensive, and have been laid out with great taste and skill. The "Policies" and woods also cover hundreds of acres. Around Drumlanrig the scenery is very picturesque. The Nith meanders in the hollow of the valley and rushes in foaming cascades over the rocks. In the neighbourhood is the cascade, nearly 100 feet in height, known as Crichope Linn, or the "Grey Mare's Tail," shown in our cut. Near the Linn is a cave which was used by the Covenanters as a place of refuge. Sir Walter Scott refers to it in "Old Mortality" as the hiding-place of Burley.

At Auldgirth we are on the immediate confines of a district identified with the later career of Robert Burns. A mile from Auldgirth, where the Nith sweeps alongside the line, we see among the trees across the river, a stately edifice added to a plain stone building. This is Friar's Carse. It stands on the site of an ancient monastery. In the time of Burns it belonged to Mr. Riddel, the antiquary. Burns, on the anniversary of Highland Mary's death, composed his "immortal lyric" thereon.

A mile beyond Friar's Carse, standing a few yards from the verge of a natural precipitous escarpment, and overlooking the Nith, is Ellisland, the residence of Burns. A part of the present building has been added since his day. It was hither that Burns came after his second winter in Edinburgh, "a saddened and embittered man." But, unhappily, in the selection of his new home, as Allen Cunningham's father said to him, he had "made a poet's, not a farmer's choice."

On the 13th of June, 1788, when Robert Burns came here to live, there was no proper dwelling-place, and he had to leave Jean and his one surviving child at Mauchline, and take shelter in "The Isle," on the skirts of the farm. It was not till the middle of 1789 that the farmhouse at Ellisland was finished and that Burns and his family here found a home. "When all was ready Burns bade his servant, Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt and place the family Bible on the top of it, and bearing these, walk first into the new house and possess it. He himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty and the Bible and the salt, and so they entered their new abode. Burns delighted to keep up old-world

freits or usages like this." The house was a lowly one. It contained a large kitchen, in which the whole family, masters and servants, took their meals together, a room to hold two beds, a closet to hold one, and a garret, coom-ceiled, for the female servants.

As we pass Ellisland on our right, the stately mansion of Dal-

DALSWINTON GROUP.

swinton, on a little wooded hill, stands conspicuously on our left. This spot has much natural beauty, and not only historic but scientific interest, for here on a little loch within the grounds, the first working model of a paddle-wheel steamboat was launched in 1788.

Looking along where the Cluden Water joins the Nith, beside

a wooded mount, are the gray, ivy-clad ruins of Lincluden Abbey. It was a collegiate church of the fourteenth century, previously a Benedictine nunnery, and shows interesting features of florid Gothic. It contains the tomb of a daughter of Robert III.; was a favourite resort of Burns for musing and recreation; and is the scene of his "Vision," and the subject of his "Evening View of Lincluden Abbey."

It was in 1791 that Burns came to reside at Dumfries. For some time past he had made frequent visits here to a certain

DUMFRIES GROUP.

"howff" called the Globe Tavern, and when he migrated thither he was an impoverished man. The change must have been felt to be great, from the "pleasant holms and broomy banks" of the Nith, at Ellisland, to a town house in Dumfries. Unfortunately at that time, as Dr. Chambers tells us, the social condition of large numbers of people in the county towns of Scotland was low and lowering, and Burns fell, unresisting, into the stream of events. But we have not so much to moralize as to indicate the points of interest where the story of Burns' life may here be traced.

Burns resided in Dumfries till his death, in July, 1796. For

the first eighteen months he occupied three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street, then called the Wee Vennel; and thence to a small two-story house on the south side of Mill Street, a short narrow thoroughfare, now called Burns' Street. This house was afterwards occupied by his widow for thirty-eight years till her death, and it was subsequently tenanted by his eldest son. It is now "adjoined" by a recently erected industrial school, and may be entered by courtesy of its present occupant. A bust of the poet and an inscription indicate the house in which he died.

The King's Arms was a frequent resort of Burns, especially when invited by gentlemen strangers, and it became memorable for his scratching upon one of its window-panes one of his most pungent epigrams. St. Michael's Church was his usual place of worship; the pew he occupied came to be cut with his initials, probably by his own hand.

"It was on the 21st of July, 1796," says Principal Shairp, "that Burns sank into his last sleep. The news that Burns was dead sounded through all Scotland like a knell." There was a great public funeral; high and low appeared as mourners, and soldiers and volunteers with colours, and muffled drums and arms reversed, mingled in the procession. Twenty years after the poet's death a mausoleum was, by public subscription, erected. It stands on a site at the south-east side of the cemetery—a plain, small, Doric, dome-capped temple, surmounting a sepulchral vault; and contains a sculpture by Turnerelli representing Burns at the plough, while his genius Coila throws over him her mantle. Many of Burns' poems, including "Auld Langsyne," "Bruce's Address," "A Man's a Man for a' That," "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose," and a number of the other most celebrated ones, were written in Dumfries, and not a few localities and contemporary persons in or near the town figure in his writings.

JUDGE NOT.

Dark is the glass through which we see each other;
We may not judge a brother.
We only see the rude and outer strife;
God knows the inner life.
Where we our voice in condemnation raise,
God may see fit to praise;
And those from whom, like Pharisees, we shrink,
With Christ may eat and drink.

SOME FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING FEDERATION.

BY NATHANAEL BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor, Victoria University.

It affords me no little pleasure to accept the opening paragraph of the Rev. J. Allen's "Facts concerning Federation." I quite agree with Dr. Harris, whom he quotes, that "the first and greatest need" of a university "is men." "Get strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men for professors, and you have your university." I quite agree with him also in his commendation of the method pursued so largely in Victoria for obtaining those men. But in making this statement, as the foundation of what he professes to be a careful and trustworthy investigation of what is required to build up a university quite adequate to meet all the wants of the Methodist people of Ontario, he has condemned his own work. He tells us a great deal about the cost of apparatus and of libraries, and he has visited a dozen universities, and travelled a couple of thousand miles, to learn that we need to expend less than twenty thousand dollars on these two supplemental requisites of a university; and he has left us without the first line of information as to what it will cost to equip a fairly efficient Methodist University in this Province with the necessary number of "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men."

The expense of this fundamental part of an independent university will, of course, depend upon the salaries paid and the number of men to be employed. As to the salaries, I take it for granted that neither Mr. Allen, nor the alumni to whom he speaks, nor the Methodist Church, expect to find "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men" who will work for less than a respectable living. And he surely cannot pretend that $2,000 a year is an extravagant salary in a town like Cobourg; or that $2,500 is beyond the mark in the city of Toronto. If he questions this, I can only refer him to those of our present staff who have families to support, and let him ask them if they can live on less. He need not travel a thousand miles from home to ascertain that fact.

The second question, How many men must we employ? involves three considerations: (1) the number of students to be taught; (2) the nature and extent of the course or courses of study; (3) the character of the colleges with which we must compete.

1. I may take it for granted that we should make provision for

two hundred students in Arts. I select this number because we enrol nearly that number now each year, and because it represents as large a number as can be efficiently provided for by a single staff. A college with less than a hundred students can be worked on a half staff, because with small numbers the classes can be doubled; and more than half the colleges of the United States come under this class, and are carried on with from five to seven men; they are really "one-horse" colleges, ploughing with half a team.

(2) As to the nature of the course of study, I shall take for granted that Mr. Allen and his friends do not propose to lower the standard either of matriculation, or of graduation, to the B. A. degree. I shall, therefore, consider that three lectures a day in Literature and Mathematics, and two, with the necessary laboratory preparation, in Science, represent full work for a professor. If Mr. Allen had inquired, he would have found that this is from fifty to a hundred per cent. heavier work than is performed by the professors in most of the celebrated colleges he has visited. I shall take it for granted that three hours a day represents a reasonable amount of instruction for a pass student, and three and a half on the average for an honour student. This is the almost universal rule for pass-work in the United States, and has been our rule in Victoria for many years.

As to the extent of the course or courses of study, the amount of work done in each department, and also the number of departments admitted, the answer must depend upon the question of options. On this question of options, Mr. Allen is pleased to insinuate that I am just waking up to this modern question, and accepting "fashions of the hour" "when the hour is past and the fashions are old." If this means anything to Mr. Allen's purpose, it means that we are going back again to the old fixed course. Nothing but strange unacquaintance with the history of the university movement of England and America for the last forty years could make a man bold enough to venture such an assertion. Options and optional courses have been abused, and those who have been my associates in work know that I have been no advocate of a "free-lunch system." But so long as the B. A. degree continues to be the common university degree, and represents the scholastic training with which our best men enter upon their preparation for their special calling or profession, that B. A. degree must represent at least five or six optional courses. Your clergymen, lawyers, and a part of the teaching profession will require Classics or Philosophy. Your engineers, manufacturers, and medical men will require Mathematics or Science. Your commercial men

your journalists, and your politicians will require Modern Languages and History, or History and Civil Polity, and your teachers will require at least three out of the last four. Five of these parallel optional courses are fully recognized by McGill, Queen's and Victoria to-day, as well as by Toronto; and our whole system of public education in Ontario is based upon their recognition.

This breadth of optional work will disappear only when the B. A. degree disappears from our university, and the work now represented by it is mostly relegated to the gymnasium or collegiate institute, as it is now in Germany, and then these preliminary courses may be reduced to two—a course principally literary, with Science and Mathematics supplementary; and a course principally scientific and mathematical, with Languages and Literature supplementary. This is President Gilman's ideal. The college in Johns Hopkins is but a preparatory school. And his ideal of the future before the denominational colleges of the United States is that they should become such preparatory schools. The United States has no such system of secondary education supported by Government as has grown up in Ontario; and President Gilman and others in the United States expect the entire mass of denominational colleges to sink into a secondary position, or rather to recognize the fact that they now occupy only a secondary position; and that in the university work of the future they must be content to be feeders to half a dozen great national universities. No one who is intimate with the history and resources of some of these denominational colleges can expect such a result. A unification of the higher education of the United States I do not expect along this line. If ever it is reached it implies the extinction of the denominational colleges as fountain heads of national thought. They will become mere distributors of that which emanates from the great centres.

But this is a question of the future, and of the future of the United States and not of Canada. Our position differs from that of the United States in this, that we have laid the foundations of a national system complete in itself, from the Kindergarten to the University. We must either find a place for the denominational colleges in that system (and federation offers them such a place at the fountain head of intellectual and moral influence of the whole system), or else they must be content to work their way in solitary independence outside the common unity of the national system. If any one else can solve the problem of their incorporation in some more satisfactory way, I shall be quite content to step aside and permit him to make the attempt. The past history

of the question does not seem to me to afford him very great encouragement. The opponents of federation think this task is accomplished, if they can prove that some moderately efficient form of independence is possible. They forget that for the Methodism of the future independence may not be a blessing if it separates them from the common literary brotherhood of their fellow-citizens, and fosters a spirit of narrow suspicion toward those with whom they must dwell in a common country. They forget, too, that another independent university may be still less of a blessing to the country at large, if it limits the free and full growth of such a common university as our country is able to sustain.

(3) But to return to our estimate of cost. The third consideration in estimating the number of professors necessary is the competition which we must meet. Now, that is a very different thing to-day from what it was in the summer of 1886. At that date, Toronto University, including the School of Practical Science, had a staff of nine professors, three tutors, and six lecturers—eighteen in all. To-day, her staff embraces thirteen professors, eight lecturers, and eight fellows, covering fifteen distinct departments, to which are added five collateral sub-departments.

In 1886, Queen's was furnished with a staff of eight professors and eight lecturers and tutors, covering ten departments. To-day, she has twelve professors and eight lecturers and tutors, covering thirteen departments. In 1886, Latin and Greek History and English Literature, French and German, and in one instance Mathematics and Physics, were united in single departments, and in some cases manned by a single lecturer or tutor. Now these are everywhere separated, in most cases with separate professors, or at least with a strong lecturer in charge. The estimate which in 1886 would have placed us in advance of sister institutions, would be entirely inadequate for that purpose to-day. The subdivision of work, instead of being at the maximum in 1886, has advanced by fully one-third in the last three years in Ontario at least, and is scarcely at its maximum yet. The learned lecturer who has travelled his thousands of miles to gather his facts in a foreign land has been utterly blind to what is going on at his own doors. And even in the foreign land where he discovered that options have reached their maximum, he forgot to inquire, or at least to tell us, what that maximum was, and how it compares with the more conservative position of our Canadian universities.

The sum of all this is, that to maintain an independent university to-day in our surroundings, we require the following staff: A professor each in Latin, Greek, Orientals, English, French,

German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology and Mineralogy, Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, and History and Civil Polity, fourteen professors in arts, with two in Theology, giving us a staff of sixteen in all.

In estimating the amount which we now require for independence, we must also take into account an increased debt, and a reduced rate of interest, calling for a larger endowment than was needed three years ago.

Now about other estimates, I need not quarrel with Mr. Allen. In 1886, I asked only $24,000 to repair the old buildings and make proper additions to library and apparatus. I shall now gladly accept his offer of $20,000 for apparatus and library. And as I, too, have since travelled, and have seen something of the attention paid in other colleges to physical health and comfort, I shall ask for $50,000, a part of which I should propose to spend in finishing the basement of Faraday Hall, building a wing absolutely needed for a working laboratory in Chemistry, and putting in lower ceilings to make the comfortable and economical heating of the building possible. With the other part I should add a chapel and some additional commodious lecture rooms to the old building, put the whole building in thorough repair, and furnish both buildings with modern ventilation and heating throughout.

We are now prepared for a revised estimate of the present cost of independence in Cobourg :

1. To cover debt, improvements to buildings, library and apparatus		$120,000
2. Required income, 10 professors	$32,000	
Library apparatus, care of buildings, laboratories, and incidentals	$8,000	
	$40,000	
Less fees and Educational Society	10,000	
	$30,000	
At six per cent.		$500,000
		$620,000
To this we have assets		145,000
Leaving to be raised		$477,000

If I reckon endowment at five per cent. interest, we must add $100,000 more.

Now, in all this I have followed Mr. Allen's figures wherever he favours us with any. In all other things I have been governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in

our own country. These figures will be quite sufficient to expose the utter fallacy of the last ten pages of Mr. Allen's pamphlet. The estimate presented in 1886 is no guide in 1890. Had the friends of independence come forward with $300,000 in 1886, independence would have been fairly possible, though, like Queen's, we should have been asking for another quarter of a million by this time. But to say that what would do in 1886 will serve now, is to reckon without the facts. Now let us turn to independence in Toronto:

1. For debt, equipment, and removal from Cobourg, say		$100,000
For new buildings		250,000
2. Add to annual expenditure 25 per cent.	$50,000	
Less Educational Society and fees	10,000	
	$40,000	
Requiring endowment at 6 per cent.		670,000
		$1,020,000
Less present assets		145,000
To be raised		$865,000
Less Mr. Gooderham's bequest		200,000

But some will be ready to say, does not the requirement for federation also need revision? It does, but very slightly. The requirements of Mr. Gooderham's will may make our buildings and equipment more costly, and our debt is larger, thanks in part to the men who are putting us to the heavy expense of litigation:

For debt and new buildings we may now estimate		$350,000
Annual expenditure, 10 professors	$25,000	
Incidentals	5,000	
	$30,000	
Less Educational Society and fees	10,000	
	$20,000	
Requiring endowment at 6 per cent.		$340,000
		$690,000
Less present assets		145,000
		$545,000
To which there is now subscribed and bequeathed		435,000
Leaving to be secured		$110,000

Now these are the present facts:

We have yet to raise for independence in Cobourg	$477,000
For independence in Toronto	665,000
For federation	110,000

These in each case are net sums.

But all this, Mr. Allen insinuates, is based upon a perversion of the system of options which the higher intelligence of the age is just about to discard. And he calls our attention to the examples of Johns Hopkins and Yale as the patterns of the conservative type by which we should mend the perversity of our ways. Our estimates are based upon the standard university curriculum of this Province, now virtually in force in Toronto, Queen's and Victoria. Has Mr. Allen taken the trouble to compare this curriculum carefully with his two conservative types? I trow not. Here, again, he might have learned something nearer home.

1. He has learned that Johns Hopkins provides seven parallel courses, allowing the student his choice among the seven. He does not seem to have learned that in each of these so-called fixed courses there are subordinate options, extending in some cases to one-third the course. Now let us compare this with the present course of Toronto University, which virtually governs our provincial curriculum, and is the *bête noir* of Mr. Allen and his friends in view of federation. Toronto now offers seven distinct honour courses, in each of which there is far less optional matter than is found in any of the seven courses of Johns Hopkins. Our Canadian curriculum for honour students is quite as conservative as that of Johns Hopkins. For pass students it is far more rigid, especially in Toronto. Victoria and Queen's allow a little more latitude, but in no case do they equal the liberty allowed by the seven courses of Johns Hopkins. The Canadian pass course is virtually twofold; a classical course, with Latin, Greek and Hebrew; and a modern course, with Latin, French and German. The variations from this are not greater than are allowed in some of the seven fixed courses of the Johns Hopkins. Next, let us compare our Canadian curriculum with that of Yale. In Yale, during the first two years, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English for one year are fixed subjects. French and German are optional, and there is no Hebrew or Science. In Toronto, and Ontario generally, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Science and one year's English are fixed; Greek and Hebrew, French and German are optional.

In Yale, during the third year, Physics, Astronomy, Logic and Psychology are fixed. In the senior year, Psychology, Ethics and

Theism are fixed subjects. For the balance of his work during these two years each student has an option among *ninety-five* subjects.

To sum up: In Yale, out of the sixty hours a week of the four years' pass course, twenty-five are optional. The five hours in the first two years are defined options. The twenty hours in the last two years as indefinite as in the "free-lunch" system of Harvard, and embrace selections from the lectures of thirty-three different professors. In Toronto, of the sixty hours a week of the four years' pass course, options are allowed to the same extent of twenty-five hours a week. These options are all strictly defined. Twenty hours out of the twenty-five consist in a choice between two Ancient and two Modern Languages; two hours of a choice between three Sciences, and the balance of an option between Metaphysics and Mathematics. Our provincial course then, so far as pass men are concerned, is on the whole more conservative than that of Yale, and Yale is the most conservative of the leading American universities.

Let us now compare the Yale course with our own on the point of specialism. Specialization is a matter quite distinct from options. Options, as allowed in some of the American colleges, may completely destroy the character and defeat the end of a university course, and yet may not make a man a specialist. In the ordinary course, about one-half the time of the student is devoted to Languages and Literature, and by this course he is brought into contact with the best models of thought and expression, ancient and modern, and his style of thought and expression is moulded accordingly. The other half is devoted to the close, deductive reasoning of Mathematics, to the inductive study of Science, and to the broad generalizations and first principles of Philosophy. And the object of this balanced course is the development of the full intellectual manhood. It is the higher, or rather the highest, education. If options are carefully guarded, they need not interfere with this. For instance, considerable freedom of option may be allowed as between various languages and literature, though some think that the Greek literature with its philosophy and its deep human sympathies is a *sine qua non*. A choice may be allowed between four or five fundamental branches of science which press for recognition; and in both Mathematics and Philosophy the field has now become so broad, that a choice must be made either by the university or by the student. This we conceive to be the rational basis and the proper limit of options; and within these limits, and on this basis, may be safely used to suit the tastes or prospective wants of the student.

The entire scheme of university, or perhaps, I should rather call it college, outfit which I have estimated in this paper, provides for nothing beyond this reasonable limit. It provides for the six most important languages (three ancient and three modern languages), absolutely needed under our present circumstances. It provides a limited course in Mathematics and Physics, and in three important branches of Science; and it affords instruction in the two great branches of Philosophy, and in History and Civil Polity. There are no dainties in this bill of fare, but simply the substantial necessaries, with such variety as is absolutely demanded by our present wants. But specialism looks in quite another direction from that which we have been considering. Its object is not culture or intellectual development, but learning. A man desires such a perfect knowledge of some one department as will enable him to turn it to practical account as a teacher, or in some other line of practical life.

Now, it is very easy to say that a college should pay no attention to specialties in its undergraduate course, but that these, as professional in their character, should be entirely relegated to a post-graduate course. This would certainly be desirable. And some would consider it desirable that this post-graduate course should always be taken in the Old World. But practically neither the one nor the other is always or even frequently possible. Nor is that latter necessary, nor perhaps even desirable. It is not necessary, because if we wisely economize our forces we can do the work at home. It is not desirable, because such a course, like the importation of all our manufactures from abroad, would prevent our ever reaching the full development of our own national manhood. Now, in attempting to make this provision for specialism in our Ontario universities, we have so far been forced to attempt to provide for it in the B. A. course. We have limited specialism to honour men. And, as in the options of the pass course, these honour courses are each carefully defined, and the attempt is made to secure the breadth of true university culture with the special learning in some one department which will fit a man to be a teacher or a practical worker in that department. Even Yale, with its large resources, has not passed altogether beyond this method of specialism. It also offers special honours in seven departments at graduation, and students seeking these honours are specially provided for in the ninety-five optional courses already referred to. The practical result of this system is quite in the line of our Ontario system. But no educator can regard this system as sufficient in itself to provide for the special learning required by the country. In so far as it does so it unduly limits

the general culture. Or if the general culture is maintained, the special training is too limited. Hence the necessity for the post-graduate courses provided for by Yale.

But the moment we mention post-graduate courses, we are told that our country is too young for post-graduate courses, and that a full generation must pass by before we are in a position to do anything on that line. And yet Yale, Mr. Allen's type of conservative perfection in method of university work, has had her post-graduate courses for a quarter of a century. They are, of course, not the post-graduate courses of Germany, nor are they such imitations of Germany as are given in Johns Hopkins. But they serve the American teacher and the practical American scientist quite as well as either. There are seven of these courses, each extending over three years; the first year being chiefly the honour work in Yale of the corresponding department in the senior year, but required of all students who have not taken that honour work or its equivalent. The course results in the degree of Ph.D., and the student who has done it justice is fairly well equipped to teach his department in any intermediate school or in the ordinary college.

Now this is the post-graduate course which the advocates of federation have before their minds for Ontario, not a mere system of examination with paper degrees; but first, a remodelling of the honour course, broadening and strengthening its fixed elements, and reducing its special line of study in proportion; and then adding two years of work under able professors, for the special benefit of teachers and others who require special learning in one particular branch of knowledge. I do not say that this is an ultimatum, and that the day will not come when Ontario may furnish to her own sons, and to the sons of the other younger provinces, all that Germany now offers. But the full advantages for post-graduate special study now offered at Yale might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years. Such provision would at once add to the efficiency of our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes; it would give higher power to our whole educational system; and it would furnish the Province with trained scientists for the better development of our rich natural resources.

The great difficulty which has prevented such provision in the past has been our divisions and sectional jealousies. But now that the Province is thoroughly alive to the importance of this matter, such provision will be made, and those who stand outside and refuse to accept their natural share in these provisions, must be content to occupy a secondary position in the intellectual life of our country; some such position as President Gilman designates

as the appropriate sphere of the denominational colleges; or, as another eminent educational authority recently pointed out, as the sphere of the *country colleges*. Such a position the Christian Church cannot afford to occupy. Such a position I am persuaded the Methodist Church of this country will not consent to occupy. Christianity must make its influence fully felt at the very fountain head of our higher intellectual life. And, unless I am mistaken, Methodism is determined to do her full share in this great work.

It has been one of the standing complaints of the opponents of federation that it will reduce the field of work open to us. The whole tenor of Mr. Allen's argument is to show how little is needed for independence. All that we need is a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books (and he would not, I am sure, think of adding a few cheap professors), and we can have an independent university. We can dispense with all our options and limit ourselves to two courses, a literary and a scientific. That is true. We can do that. But if we do it, our graduates will be excluded from the teaching profession, we will lose our students, and our position will be very speedily reduced to that of a "mere theological school," and that in a little rural town. No. Wherever we do our work, and under whatever policy, we must provide for our sons all that can be had elsewhere. We must furnish them with no cheap mediocrity, but the very best that the land can afford. And it is the chief advantage of federation that it will enable us to do this more efficiently, more economically, and with a wider influence for good, both to our country and to ourselves, than any other scheme.

Upon the darkness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lone spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.
So out of life the splendour dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn,
And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet,
The sunrise never failed us yet;
The blues of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

A FOREST RAMBLE WITH DR. NELLES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAITLAND.

TOWARD the close of October, 1884, in the village of Grimsby, the Rev. Dr. Nelles was our guest. We felt honoured by his presence in our home, and shall hold in grateful remembrance the blessing and inspiration that came with the visit of the venerable Chancellor of Victoria University. Amongst other great delights during his stay, was that of a ramble over Grimsby heights and through the ravine. We left home in company with our learned friend at ten o'clock, and with his word, "Wilt thou climb with me to yonder point?" we made for the summit. After leisurely strolling to the foot of the path leading to the "Point," we stood and looked. The massive rock-ribbed cliff looming forbiddingly before us, the Doctor remarked, with a sigh, "Dear me, can we ever reach the top?" We responded in the affirmative, and pressed on to the level at the head of the first incline. Then commenced the climb. Already we had within the compass of our vision the beautiful village of which we were so justly proud, in the distance the smiling waters of Lake Ontario, to the eye "blue and vast as the heaven above."

Standing upon this eminence, Dr. Nelles pointed to the home of Mr. Robert Nelles, who entertained him with his father and mother fifty-one years before, when he was on his way to Lewiston to receive the first part of that special training which so eminently qualified him to be one of the great educational factors of this country during the past quarter of a century. The memory of bygone days, of the pensive experiences attending the severance from home for the first time, the mode of transportation of those days compared with the present, all tended to produce a half-poetic reverie, and in the sweet strains of Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality," he gave vent to his emotions as follows:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The thing which I have seen I now can see no more.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair,
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Rounding the base of the cliff, a difficult ascent up a sharp incline with some "dangerous steeps," possibly 120 feet high, lay before us. Here the poetical spirit still possessed my companion, nor indeed did it leave him throughout the day, and looking upon the solid face of rock before him, he quoted three or four stanzas from "Alexander Selkirk's" noted hymn on solitude:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

"O solitude, where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own."

We passed on, and coming up on a small slide some twenty feet high, which afforded a choice between two paths up which we had to make our way, grasping roots and seeking for footholds, we got separated, and he humorously observed "This is the *pons assinorum* of this climb, you have one line and I the other, the vale is the base of the triangle." After some dangerous feats, we reached the top of Grimsby Peak, which commands a view of Toronto and all the western shore of Lake Ontario between it and Burlington Heights, and all the range of forest-clad country to the east as far as Brock's Monument, the stately column on Queenston Heights. The scene is perfectly ravishing to the beholder, and we were not surprised that the College President felt again the kindlings of the muse, and indulged in a long quotation from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," as follows:

"From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,

And 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!'
On this bold brow a lordly tower;
In that soft vale a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And where the midnight moon shall lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the air would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell.
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall."

Here we stood and gazed, and wondered. It was a capital place to rest and read some items of interest in the morning *Mail*, which we had taken the precaution to secure before starting; and we could have enjoyed a basket of grapes and other fruit, had we remembered that mountain climbing whets one's appetite. However, the enchantment of our surroundings and the panorama which Nature's own hand painted before us, and the fresh bracing atmosphere, all together left little time or scope for reflection upon what we should eat or drink. After an hour's rest on the brow of the promontory, we began our ramble along the edge of the ravine, which at this point is about four hundred yards wide. The wit, humour, poetry and learning that came gushing from the fountain pure and sweet of the Doctor's great nature, will live with me while I live. Now it was a pun, now a conundrum, asked and answered. Now it was a scientific disquisition on some freak of nature. Now it was a quotation of some choice selection from one of the great poets. Keeping to the little woodland path, strewn with falling leaves of richest hue, passing on nearly a mile, we came to the edge of a high bank. Beneath us two hundred feet there flowed a beautiful stream, over the broken rocks, whose melodious music and glistening rapids so captivated us that we concluded to descend. As in ascending, we soon came to a dividing point with rocks, roots and brush before us. Somehow or other the Doctor got himself round a stump, where he clung, hanging over a little precipice twelve or

fourteen feet high. In this predicament he lustily called out, "Ho! help, Cassius, or I sink. I am up a stump." I never saw so much mental and moral philosophy clinging to an old oak trunk before. We soon found our way to the bottom of the cavern, and seated ourselves on an elm log that jutted out over the stream six feet above the water, which was eddying and foaming and piling heaps of froth in all conceivable forms. "Capital place this to study logarithms and write poetry," said he. Passing on down the banks of the singing rivulet, the Doctor suddenly paused, plucked a fern stalk from its root, remarking that what puzzled him in the examination of its structure was "that that thing should have so much sense." Following this was a spicy disquisition on "Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

On we wandered while "the brook made sweet music over the enamelled stone," the venerable Chancellor pondering on every thing he saw, his great mind revelling in the surrounding wonders of nature, his imagination playing fancifully under the influence of the song of the forest warblers, or the chime of the bright little stream, or the sighing of the wind through the autumn-gilded foliage of the trees, his devoted soul ever ascending to the Great God of all Creation whom with such reverence he adored. Resting on the side of a grassy hillet, a flake of foam in a small eddy suggested the lines:

> "Like dew on the mountain,
> Like foam on the river;
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> They are gone and forever."

Then followed a perfect torrent of quotations from familiar authors, including Cowper's "Nightingale and Glow-worm":

> "A nightingale that all day long
> Had cheered the village with its song . . .
> Those Christians best deserve the name
> Who studiously make peace their aim.
> Peace both the duty and the prize
> Of him that creeps and him that flies."

This he thought one of the sweetest poetical tid-bits within his knowledge. On we walked till confronted by a couple of islets, which reminded him of Byron's verse:

> "The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,
> Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, has set."

After sitting down on a fallen decayed pine-tree, he propounded a conundrum, "Why's this pine like a good Christian?" Our failure to reply brought the answer, "Because it will never repine." This humorous remark led to a delightful conversation, the bright side of Christian life and the value of Christian biography to personal experience.

Wesley's Journals, William Carvosso, Hester Ann Rogers, and other biographies were emphasized as being for this man of culture (apart from the Bible) the best guides to holiness and best tonics for Christian experience. In tender and touching words the life to come was referred to, and the day wished for when the shadows gathering around theological controversy, and the smoke and roar of the fiercely raging combats between truth and error, would be dispersed. In the meantime, it was the duty of Christians to watch, and wait, and work—"to endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Luther's version of this text was given, "He held on to Him whom he saw not as though he saw Him." The warbling of a "feathered songster" brought under contribution here Shelley's "Skylark":

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

The pessimism of this splendid genius was put in fine contrast with the experience which inspired the poetry of the Bible and the hope of the believer in Jesus Christ.

Coming within sight of the shores of old Ontario, a stanza or two was quoted from Whittier's "Hampton Beach":

"The sunlight glitters calm and bright
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs, and wastes
Of sandy gray.

"Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes his fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow;
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life, the healing
Of the seas.

"So when time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the
Vastness grow."

Passing down the edge of the village, the tall chimney of a ruined distillery reared its gigantic proportions before us, when immediately Pollock's description of Byron was recalled, "Well built and tall," etc. The simile was quite appropriate, for, like the unamiable lord of English poesy, the industry thus commemorated was chiefly noted for the injury it had done.

Now, emerging from the ravine, the "Point" re-appears as bald as an eagle, and the fund of poetical lore is again called into requisition, this time Coleridge, in his "Mont Blanc before Sunrise," giving the apt words:

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc.
The Arve and the Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful form,
Risest from out thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark substantial black,
An ebon mass; but when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity."

Tired and hungry, we walked home, my heart warmed with a holier ambition, and much the richer for the experience of the ramble. To be in the presence of such a spirit is to breathe the inspiration of God's best revelation on earth. He was a rare man —as great a rarity outside the College hall or class-room as when pouring floods of light into the young hearts which were to be the moulders of the manhood of this generation. It is beyond our power to add the merest leaf to the well-merited and hardly-won olive wreath. His great life is not extinct, nor will it be. He has already entered into the solution of the mysteries and truths to the elucidation of which he devoted his life; and we, standing on this side the "narrow frith," trying to look into the obscure immensity, can but pay tribute to the memory of a sainted man, while we already have "entered into his labours."

"Living, above the clouds he soared;
From realms of upper air
His mighty eloquence be poured—
Dying, he lingers there."

INGERSOLL, Ont.

THE HISTORY OF A STAR.

BY GARRET P. SERVISS.

ONE of the strangest discoveries made by Sir William Herschel was that of "fire mist" in the heavens. With his giant telescopes he could discern, besides unknown planets, stars and nebulæ, certain faintly luminous spots in the sky caused, apparently, by the existence of scattered nebulous matter. This mysterious appearance seems now, under Mr. Lockyer's new meteoritic theory of the constitution of the celestial bodies, to range itself quite naturally in the regular sequence of phenomena by which we are able to trace the life history of the universe. But it is only fair to recall the fact that Herschel himself assigned to the nebulous mists of celestial space a place in the development of the material creation precisely like that which they occupy in the new hypothesis. Only, Herschel dealt with a supposed self-luminous substance of a highly attenuated nature, instead of with swarms of clashing meteors or meteoritic dust. According to either theory, however, we find in those glimmering clouds of space one of the earliest forms in which the great celestial bodies make their appearance—forms no more resembling the blazing suns or the encrusted planets ultimately to be developed out of them than an acorn resembles an oak, but representing a stage of creation as far transcending in remoteness of time the first geological period of a body like the earth as that surpasses in the ratio of antiquity the records of Adam's career in Eden.

In the Nineteenth Century for November, Mr. Lockyer has published, under the caption adopted for this article, what is perhaps the best popular statement he has yet made of his meteoritic theory. It is a theory that has not been accepted by all astronomers, and in some of its aspects has been sharply contested; but it supplies an orderly account of phenomena that have not been so well linked together in any other way, and in many respects it is a decided advance upon the old nebular theory of our origin.

The earth is journeying through space in two ways. First it is circling around the sun, going more than a million and a-half of miles in a day. But the sun itself is in motion, flying at the least half a million miles in a day in a direction not quite at right angles to that in which the earth travels, and the earth has to accompany the sun. In consequence, our planet is really gyrating through space in great spiral sweeps around the sun, and so

advances from the southern toward the northern part of the firmament. If the atmosphere were renewed every day, we should be constantly breathing the air of new regions. And, in fact, there is one way in which we do come in contact with the contents of the unknown parts of space into which we are hourly advancing, although we may be unconscious of it. That is by the fall of meteoritic matter upon the earth. Taking no account of the ether, space is no more absolutely empty than the air of a room is perfectly clear of impurities. As the air is filled with floating dust, so interstellar space abounds with dust of a different kind, the scraps of the unfinished universe. As the earth speeds along, this dust of space continually falls upon it, the larger particles catching fire from friction as they rush into the atmosphere, and thus appearing as falling stars or meteors; the finer grades simply sifting down through the air, and making their presence visible on the snows of mountain peaks and in the ooze of the ocean's bottom. Occasionally a meteorite more massive than its fellows survives the fiery passage through the atmosphere, and falls a blazing mass upon the earth.

It was a striking idea of Mr. Lockyer's to take one of these messengers from outer space and submit it to the analyzing powers of the spectroscope. Why might not this tiny inhabitant of the heavens fallen upon the earth have some secrets to reveal concerning the constitution of the other bodies from the midst of which it came? Upon the result of this experiment Mr. Lockyer founded his theory. The result of the experiment in brief was, that when a meteorite was reduced to dust, and that dust was submitted in the laboratory to a low temperature, and the light emitted by it was examined with the spectroscope, its spectrum was found to be indentical with that given by the faintly glowing nebulæ seen in the heavens. With higher temperatures the meteoritic matter gave spectra agreeing with those of many of the stars. The resulting theory is that the nebulæ are clouds of meteorites or meteoritic dust heated, and so caused to glow, by their mutual collisions, and that many stars are not globes of gaseous matter like our sun, but meteoritic swarms so compacted that a fierce light is caused to blaze from them by the constant and violent clashing of the meteorites. With this idea in mind we can then range the nebulæ and the stars into a continuous series, according to the degree of density that the meteoritic swarms have attained, and the consequent intensity with which heat and light are developed in them. Their varying spectra give a clew to their condition in these respects.

Beginning as far back as we can go, we find that the wonder-

ful power of photography takes us a step beyond the utmost reach of the most powerful telescopes. There are nebulous objects in the heavens fainter even than those mysterious clouds of fire-mist that the enormous reflectors of Herschel revealed to his astonished eyes. The forms of nebulæ that the most gigantic telescopes cannot reveal to the eye have already impressed themselves upon photographic plates exposed to their strange radiations. The reason they can thus be discovered even when too faint to make any impression upon the eye is because the photographic plate possesses the property of accumulating the effect of radiations falling upon it, which the human retina cannot do. The longer the plate is exposed, the more it detects. According to the theory we are considering, these photographic nebulæ must be regarded as swarms whose component meteorites are so scattered that collisions are comparatively rare, and the consequent radiation is so slight as to be unable to impress the eye with a sense of light.

Next come the nebulous mists of Herschel, in which the condensation has progressed a step further and the meteorites are firing up with the heat of more frequent and more violent collision; then the various classes of brighter nebulæ, wherein the condensing process has become more pronounced; next star-like swarms so compacted that as seen across the enormous spaces separating them from us they cannot, by the eye alone, be distinguished from stars resembling the sun. The stars divide themselves into several classes, each successive class being characterized by a spectrum which indicates that it is denser and hotter than the preceding class, until we reach the hottest stars of all, in which the meteorites, rushing and swirling and grinding ever closer and closer in the resistless embrace of gravitation, have, in consequence of the resulting heat, been reduced to vapour.

It is believed that our sun has not only reached but even passed this stage, for, as we shall see, there is a downward as well as an upward course in this strange history. Following the hot and gaseous stars, we find another series, in which the evidence is of decreasing energy and of gradual extinction. The heat is radiated away into space, the outside of the star cools first, a cloud-like shell surrounds it and slowly extinguishes its radiation, the whole character of its spectrum changes, it glares with a red light, showing the absorptive influence of the gases that are, so to speak, smothering it, and finally it shines no longer. According to Mr. Lockyer the fate that awaits our sun (and it has already progressed half-way down the shady side of solar existence) is to be put out by an excess of carbon vapours in its atmosphere. But

after a star has thus been extinguished, the process of cooling and condensing goes on within its core until it is changed to a solid globe of metals and minerals like the earth and the moon. Such is the life of a star.

The stars we have been describing exhibit a regular sequence of events throughout their history. They are the orderly and well-regulated citizens of the celestial empire. But space contains erratic stars which cannot be classed with our own benignant, well-mannered, and still sufficiently warm if rapidly aging sun. They are the variable stars, which in many cases increase and decrease enormously in brightness in more or less regular periods, and the so-called new stars which suddenly blaze out in the heavens and then slowly fade from sight, never to appear again. The meteoritic theory undertakes to account for these irregular varieties of stars also. According to Mr. Lockyer's idea, variable stars are formed by two swarms of meteorites, one revolving close around the other in an elliptic orbit, so that when their centres are nearest together, more meteorites come into collision than when they are farther apart. The outburst of a new star he supposes is caused by the meeting of two elongated swarms in space, like railroad trains coming into collision at the crossing of two roads. At the point of meeting there will be a dazzling display of light, owing to the crashing together of the meteorites, and this will last as long as the swarms are passing their common meeting-point, after which the "star" will disappear.

It has long been known that comets are condensed swarms of meteors, and Mr. Lockyer, of course, includes them in his theory. The most mysterious thing about a comet is its tail, which is evidently composed of something that the sun drives off from the body of the comet as it approaches. As the comet swings around, the tail always keeps on the side away from the sun. It is significant that comets which have come permanently under the government of the sun's attraction, and continue to revolve around it in regular periods, gradually lose their tails, the apparent reason being that the material which the sun rejects finally becomes eliminated from them. According to the Lockyer theory, the tails of comets are probably composed largely of gases existing in meteorites, and which can be driven out by comparatively slight heating. This gaseous matter is repelled by the radiant energy of the sun, which is the very life blood of the solar body, since it also prevents the collection of absorbing vapours in its atmosphere. When the energy begins to fail, the permanent gases begin to close in upon the doomed star, and its final extinction is only a matter of time.

How different is the aspect in which such studies as these

present the universe to our view from that in which it appeared to men in former times! Then the celestial bodies were looked upon as something differing in their very essence from terrestrial phenomena. A complete distinction was imagined between the heavens and the earth. But now we see that they are continuous—one in composition, identical in origin, united in destiny. We are in touch with the whole creation. Stars have a beginning, a development, a noontide of life and energy, a period of decline, and an ending that we may call their death, like all other things; and, thanks to the telescope, the spectroscope, and the photographic camera, there is not a stage in their marvellous history in which we cannot recognize the operation of Nature's familiar laws transforming the common substances that compose the earth into all the wonder works of the heavens.

A CONSECRATION OFFERING.

Lord, here's a hand!
Oh, take this hand and lead me at Thy side,
For I would never ask another guide;
I lift it, Lord, withdrawn from other hands,
For thee to grasp and lead in Thy commands.
Lord, take this hand!

Lord, here's a heart!
Thy temple it should be. Good Master, rout
All mean intruders; turn the dearest out,
And only let Thy own true priesthood in;
Be Thou the keeper; keep from every sin.
Oh, take this heart!

Lord, here are feet!
Feet Thou Thyself hast washed from every stain,
Feet that have slipt and been restored again;
Move Thou my feet that I may ever lift
Their steppings at Thy will, unfettered, swift;
Oh, take these feet!

Lord, here's a life!
With all its possibilities of ill,
Or boundless good—as Thou my God shalt will;
If Thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be;
If Thou withhold—Lord, all must come from Thee!
Oh, take this life!

Lord, here is all!
My hope, my love, my prospects, all I bring,
A humble offering to my gracious King;
My barley loaves and few small fish I place
In Thy dear hands; accept them in Thy grace.
Oh, keep my all!

KATHLEEN CLARE,

AN IRISH STORY.

III.—KATHLEEN'S DILEMMA.

Kathleen looked up quickly into her father's face, and she saw the look of pleasurable interest pass from it, and a sarcastic smile curl his lips, as he said,

"My dear Dr. Arundale, you speak of God as if you really knew Him. Now I must say this surprises me; I should have judged, from your evident deep research into knowledge, that you would never admit as a fact that which has never been scientifically proved."

"God's Word tells me," said the young man, earnestly, and with evident pain in his tones, "that the world by wisdom knew not God, and therefore in these things I trust not to my poor blind reason, but to God's revealed Word; that alone is the anchor for the soul."

"There, again, I confess you astonish me," said Mr. Clare, waving his hand airily. "Surely in this day of advanced thought you cannot expect a reasonable man to give credence to those old-world fables."

"There's going to be a storm on the lakes," thought Kathleen; "his eyes are not always calm and sunny. How strange for any one to be so moved over a mere opinion," for she noticed, with wonder, that at her father's cold, sarcastic words the young man's eyes grew dark with intense feeling, and that an indignant flush rose to his brow, and burning words were rising doubtless to his lips, but just at that moment his eyes met Kathleen's look of surprise, and, controlling himself, he said, quietly—

"Surely, Mr. Clare, this is no time for such painful discussions."

"If you are referring to the presence of my daughter, Dr. Arundale, you need be under no apprehensions," answered Mr. Clare. "My theory with regard to my children is to leave them utterly unbiased as to these so-called religious opinions. So far I have taken pains to guard them from imbibing any of the prevailing superstitious notions of the day; and I flatter myself I have done so thoroughly, even at the expense of some personal persecution from our well-meaning but fanatical community. The consequence is that as they grow up to an age when they are able to reason on these subjects, they can do so unhampered by years of superstitious training. The soil of their young minds, my dear sir, will be, so to speak, in a virgin condition. With regard to Kathleen there, I judge she is arriving at an age to understand somewhat of these matters now; I hold myself, therefore, at perfect liberty to discuss them before her."

An expression strangely sad and pitying was on the young doctor's face as he gazed from the father to the child. Oh, the pity of it, the sad, sad pity of it! he could have wept over the

sight—a godless father calmly and complacently leading his children into hell! for this was the bare fact, however euphoniously the father might put it.

Somehow that look of deep sadness sank down into Kathleen's soul, as no words would have done. Why did he gaze at them like that? Even Mr. Clare grew uneasy under it. He had heretofore been always opposed hotly, furiously, and he had taken a pleasure in refuting all their (to him) time-worn arguments. But to have his words received with a pity that was evidently real and deep, rather threw him off his balance, and he said somewhat testily—

"Well, what do you think of my theory, Dr. Arundale? A rather novel one, I flatter myself."

"I pray God," said the young man in tones deep with intense feeling, "to overthrow your theory, and save you and your children from its dire consequences, but you must not expect me to reason with you, Mr. Clare; I cannot argue outside the Word of God, and this you profess to disbelieve."

What Mr. Clare's answer to this might have been was never known, for at that moment a sound broke upon their ears, as of the trampling of many feet, and the sound of many voices, all talking and shouting excitedly together. Kathleen's face grew white and then red; her prophetic soul at once leaped to the only solution of those tempestuous sounds. It was the return of the children two hours before their time.

They were making for the dining-room, that was evident, and in another moment they charged down upon the door; it opened with a suddenness startling to the uninitiated, and, stumbling one over the other, the five children seemed to take a simultaneous header into the room, dismay and consternation written on their hot, excited little faces, and each, alas! waving in an uplifted hand a sanguinary head and neck of a martyred pigeon.

"Kathleen!" they shouted, "Kathleen! Let me tell her, Pete!"

"No, I'm going to tell her, I found them first!"

"No, you didn't!"

"Kathleen! Kathleen! somebody's gone and killed every one of your pigeons!"

"Yes, dear little pigeons all gone!" chimed in little Bud, who still clung desperately to Pete's back, and she gazed down sadly at the upturned, glazed eyes of her trophy. Then a dead silence fell upon the group, for just at this moment they discovered the presence of their father and his visitor.

"Kathleen," said Mr. Clare, turning to gaze sternly from the dirty, hot, excited little group to poor Kathleen—oh, never, never, she thought, had they looked so tattered and shabby, and never, never had Jack and Jill's legs looked so long and their frocks so short—"what is the meaning of this most unseemly interruption? and," he went on, as the dilapidated state of the children's clothing seemed for the first time for some years to dawn upon him, "I think you must have been sadly remiss in

your duty as my eldest daughter, lately, or you would not allow your brothers' and sisters' toilets to present such a very remarkable appearance."

Poor Kathleen! she turned one beseeching, pitiful glance of reproach at her father, and then hurried from the room, literally sweeping the children on in front of her without speaking a word to them—indeed, she could not speak. She waved them on until they reached the apartment they called their own—nursery, school-room, play-room, all combined; it presented a battered, broken-down appearance, but it was their own to revel in as they liked, and as such they had a special love for it.

"Now," said Kathleen, turning upon them with blazing eyes and cheeks, "now I hope you're satisfied; you've disgraced me for ever—for ever, remember, for I'll never hold up my head again as long as I live. You heard father, I hope, tell Dr. Arundale that it was my fault—my fault that you haven't a decent thing on your backs; me, that's toiling and working, and stitching your rags up from morning till night. Oh, what, what must he think of me, sitting there dressed up in a fine white muslin, and my poor little brothers and sisters, forsooth, left neglected and uncared for! Oh, it was too, too cruel of father!" and, grief suddenly taking the place of her anger, the girl sank into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

The children gazed at one another in consternation. They had often been naughty before, but never did they remember making Kathleen cry—their bright, hopeful, laughing Kathleen, who was the help and comfort of them all!" "I say, Kathleen," cried Pete, rumpling up his shock of brown curls in desperation, "you might dry up, and tell a fellow what he's done."

"Done!" cried Kathleen, in melodramatic tones, "why, you've broken your word for one thing; didn't you promise me on your honour that you wouldn't come home till five o'clock?"

"And isn't it five?" said Pete, gazing round innocently. "If it isn't it ought to be; we thought it must be long after five, because we felt so awfully hungry."

"Hungry!" cried Kathleen, ironically. "Pray what did you do with all that food I gave you for your dinner and tea?"

"Why, we sat right down under the hedge as soon as we got down the lane and ate it all up. Jack and Jill said as the parcels were so heavy that that would be the best way to divide the weight."

"Ate your day's food up in ten minutes after leaving the house! Well, I don't know how you could do it."

"Oh, we did it quite easily, Kathleen," cried Bob, the second boy, "but we are real sorry we came home so soon and vexed you; we are, indeed; but it's my solemn opinion, Katie, dear, if we hadn't come then we should never have got home at all, the pangs of hunger were just killing us."

"Me tried lots of dandelion clocks," cried Baby Bud, tearfully, "and they all said it was five."

"There, children, there!" said Kathleen, all her anger vanish-

ing, as she looked round at the tearful, disconsolate little group, "you didn't mean to be very naughty after all, and it isn't your fault, poor little things, if you aren't fit to be looked at, so wipe up your tears, and I'll get you something to eat," and crushing back the feeling of bitter injustice that would keep rising in her heart as she thought of her father's words, she smiled round upon them again, which was a signal for an outburst of hilarious joy which lasted to a most trying degree all the afternoon.

What had become of the visitor she knew not; indeed, she hoped he was gone, and that she might never see him again. A hot flush of shame dyed her cheek whenever she thought of him. Oh, what must he have thought of her! At last, in the peaceful evening hours, when the children's voices were hushed and the house was still, Kathleen stole away to the front gate to watch, as she often loved to do, the sinking of the sun.

How glorious it looked, she thought, that stupendous orb! How like some mighty monarch it seemed, wrapping round him his royal robes of crimson and purple as he retired for awhile oppressed with the very grandeur of his state. She held her breath as she watched his kingly departure, and all her own petty cares and troubles seemed to sink into utter insignificance as she witnessed that daily recurring miracle, the setting of the sun.

"Can you, in the presence of such a scene as this, say there is no God?" The words were uttered in a low, solemn voice, and Kathleen started and turned to see Dr. Arundale standing beside her; for a minute or two he had been there, studying with intense interest the girl's changeful, eloquent countenance.

She looked earnestly at him for a moment, and then her eyes sought again the sinking orb. But she spoke not. Silence arose not from any mere girlish feeling of shyness—that had all gone, merged in the spirit of the scene that had with its mighty grandeur entered deeply into her soul; it was rather as if a flood of thoughts had arisen to which she could not give utterance.

Calmly and patiently Dr. Arundale waited beside her, and at last her answer came; slowly and steadily the words dropped from her lips.

"Dr. Arundale, I do believe in a God; to doubt it in the presence of these His silent but mighty witnesses," and she pointed to the departing sun, and then to the blue azure, out of which countless stars were beginning to scintillate—"to doubt it in the presence of these would be unreasoning madness. I do not doubt Him, nor His greatness, but I doubt—nay, I more than doubt—I see no evidence whatever of His love and mercy. To me He is a hard and cruel God!"

"Hush!" she went on, lifting her finger as he was about to speak, and he saw her face was pale with intense earnestness, "hush! you have asked me to speak, and I will do so; it will ease me to give utterance at last to thoughts that seem at times as if they would burn my heart away. I am only young, not much more than a child, but I have looked round and have seen things

that make me ache here," and she pressed her hand to her heart, "till I can scarcely bear it. See! see there!" she cried, suddenly pointing before her. "There, that is what I mean, the world is full of that."

Out from the gathering gloom a hawk had flown suddenly. There was one sharp cry of pain and terror from a sweet-voiced bird, whose song had just been making the night melodious. There was a flutter, a struggle, and the voice was hushed forever. Kathleen clasped her hands together, as she said, in tones sharpened with pain, "Oh, that is what I see everywhere—the strong preying upon the weak, the rich oppressing the poor, the innocent suffering with the guilty; even the cry of the poor dumb brutes must rise as high as heaven, calling upon God to avenge the wrongs done to them at the hands of man. But does God care? No! no! He hears not, He heeds not! In a house down there in the village," she went on, pointing toward it, "a young mother is sitting beside her little baby, wild, white and speechless with agony, because it has been torn from her; not far from there a father is lying dead, called suddenly away, leaving his wife and helpless children to starve or eat the bitter bread of charity. Oh, why, if all power lies with God, does He tear the wife from the husband, the babe from its mother, and, ah me!" and here the girl's voice sank to a sob, "the mother from her children? Why did He take our mother from us when we need her so much, and are so desolate without her?"

The girl's voice sank into silence, and she buried her face in her hands, trembling and frightened with the strength of her own feelings.

And this, thought Dr. Arundale, is the soil that Mr. Clare boasted had been left in such a virgin state! Already had Satan sown it thickly with seeds of doubt, enmity, and unbelief.

"Child," he said at last, and Kathleen was almost startled, his tones were so full of compassion and grief—"do you think God's heart is less tender than yours, and that He does not feel, infinitely more than you can do, the cries of His groaning creation?"

"Then why, oh why, does He not come down and put things right?"

"Did you not know, then, that God has been down, that in His tender love and grace, He veiled his Godhead in humanity, and walked about our very streets? Have you never heard how every grief and sorrow fled before Him, and how He came to set all things right, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty the captive, and to fill the whole earth with joy and gladness? Have you never heard all this?"

"Never!" cried the girl, in tones of deep astonishment. "I have never heard anything of the kind!"

"Have you never heard how the God-king came to His own, and how man cast him out and spurned both Him and His rule?"

"I have never heard it, never!" cried Kathleen, clasping her hands, and speaking now in tones of humble contrition.

"Can you," he went on, "think it strange if God's fair earth is blurred and blighted by every kind of oppression and misery when its rightful King is away, and His place usurped by a hard and cruel tyrant?"

"Who is this shameful usurper?" cried Kathleen, breathlessly.

"The 'Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;' he who has been working in your heart, poor child, turning you from your cast-out King."

The girl looked up almost fearfully into the young man's face. "Is this all true, and has God left us for ever?"

"No, ah, no! He deigned after His cruel rejection to send down a message of infinite tenderness and grace, offering pardon and peace to all those who would believe in it."

"What is that message?" she cried. "Can you not tell it me?"

He drew a Bible from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Will you take this book, Miss Clare? It is God's own message to you."

The girl stretched out her hand eagerly, and took it, but when she read its title she shook her head sadly, and handed it back to him again.

"You don't know how hard it is for me to refuse to take it," she said. "I have longed more than you can perhaps understand to read that wonderful old Book for which so many have died, and after what you have told me I want to read it more than ever; but I may not do so; for I have promised my father never to take it from the hands of a stranger."

"God's Word ought to be more to you even than your father's, and for His sake I implore you to take it."

"What you say may be right," said the girl, wearily. "I do not know, I cannot tell, I am very ignorant and despised, a poor unbaptized heathen, you know, they call me about here"—this half-sadly, half-scornfully—"but this at least I know, I have promised, and I cannot tell a lie," and turning quickly, she left him standing alone under the stars.

IV.—A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

Mr. Clare was seated in his study surrounded by numerous railway charts and papers; he was reading with absorbed attention his letters, which had just arrived by the morning's post. Standing in front of his desk with the air of a culprit was Kathleen, hoping that in time he would become conscious of her existence, and grant her a little of his attention.

"Now, Kathleen, what do you want?" he said, at length, looking up with knitted brows; "how often have I told you that my time is too valuable to be fretted away by these constant interruptions?"

"I am sorry to have to interrupt you, father," began Kathleen, timidly, "but—but, if you please, could you give me a little money for the house?"

"Money! money!" with an annoyed and worried expression, "Well, how much do you want, my dear, or rather, how little? for as I constantly strive to impress upon you, I am not able to do all I would for you just at present. Now speak up, my child, what do you want?"

Poor Kathleen! What didn't she want? She thought of the children's boots, with their toes open to the air of heaven; she thought of their clothing, which had reached the last stage of cohesion; she thought of the butcher's bill, and the baker's bill, and, oh, a score of other things that she wanted money for!

"What a trying creature you are, Kathleen!" cried Mr. Clare, angrily. "I ask you what you want, and you stand staring at me as if you were dumb. But I cannot waste any more of my time over you; take that, and mind you make the most of it," drawing out a sovereign. "I don't know when I can give you any more just at present."

Kathleen gazed nervously at the sovereign, and then in desperation broke out,

"Oh, father, I really can't do anything with that; the children want boots and clothing; and, oh, father, the butcher won't leave any more meat, and the baker wants his money—and—"

"For mercy's sake, child, stop, if you don't want to drive me crazy! It's a strange and trying thing," he went on, gazing round with an injured air to an imaginary audience, "that a man within a mere step of a handsome competency, should be worried and harassed by mean, contemptible trivialities like these. I only ask for a little time, and even that cannot be accorded to me."

"But, father," said Kathleen, piteously, "the children will keep getting hungry all the time, and their things will wear out."

"Now, look here, Kathleen," said Mr. Clare, drawing out a letter and putting it before her; "you are no mere child now. Read that and see for yourself how near your father is to being a rich man. You see what my agent in London says," and he read from the letter: "'Your magnificent scheme is on the very verge of being completed; indeed, you may hold yourself in readiness any day to receive the directors of the company, who will call upon you to treat about the land,' etc. I always knew I should succeed, my dear; it's a perfect miracle that I haven't done so long ago."

"What is that he says lower down in the letter?" said Kathleen, who had continued reading down.

"Oh, that's about a fee he wants; of course, you don't suppose I can employ a clever London agent and give him nothing?"

"But twenty pounds, father," sighed Kathleen, "that seems such a great deal."

"Twenty pounds," laughed Mr. Clare, who had by now quite recovered his good humour, "and what is twenty pounds, or a dozen twenty pounds, when thousands are at stake? You must

give a sprat to catch a mackerel. But you are a woman, my dear, and I never knew a woman yet who could see farther than the end of her nose. But there, cheer up, little Katie, and give me a little more time, and you'll see yet what I'll do for you all. You know I'm not a mean man, Kathleen; there's nothing I wouldn't give my children if I'd got it."

"I'm sure there isn't, father," said Kathleen, earnestly. "And do you really think we shall soon be out of our troubles?" and she felt the old hope which had been dashed so often bubbling up again high at her heart.

"Think, child? I'm sure. And now, dear, just see if you can't get the children to hold on a bit longer to their old boots and things. You see for yourself, child, how nearly I am out of my difficulties?"

"I don't know, father, I'm sure," said Kathleen, doubtfully. "I said the very same thing to Bob this morning, when he told me his boots were worn out. 'Hold on to them, Kathleen?' he said. 'I'd do so with the greatest pleasure, but the trouble is they won't hold on to me!'"

"Why, it only seems the other day that I set them all up in boots; it seems to me they are very extravagant children."

"Indeed, father, it's longer than you think. "Why, do you know"—and Kathleen lowered her voice, and blushed with shame—"I've found it out quite by accident that dear old Biddy has used up all her savings over the children and the house. When I remonstrated with her, she said, 'Sure, and isn't it all in the family? Never fear but the master will give it all back again when he comes into his fortune.' I didn't like to tell you, father, but it is only right you should know."

But, instead of the grieved and indignant expression that she expected to see overspread her father's face at the thought of the old woman's hard-earned money being used upon his family, she saw a complacent smile hovering about his lips.

"Poor Biddy!" he said. "We must see, of course, that this does not happen again; but I must say she is a wiser and more far-seeing old woman than I took her to be. She couldn't possibly have made a safer or more lucrative investment of her little hoard, and I'll make a point of seeing that she receives a fine percentage upon it."

Kathleen looked at her father in wondering dismay. Surely he must be labouring under some strange hallucination if he could look so complacently upon that which she felt to be such a degradation. But he did not see her astonished gaze; in fact, he had quite forgotten her presence as he bent with his usual absorbed attention over his papers. With a weary sigh Kathleen left him to his dreams, and, with a look of care which all too soon had stamped itself upon her fair young brow, she descended once more into the arena of life to do battle there with the thousand and one petty, but none the less harassing, miseries inseparable from an impecunious household.

But underlying all this, as she went about that day from duty to duty, she was conscious of a new source of anxiety; a feeling of wretchedness had taken possession of her heart, and she could not shake it off.

It had been caused by the words of the young doctor the evening before. They had opened up to her strange new regions of thought, and the more her mind wandered into those regions the more uneasy she became.

What if it were all true that he had told her? What if God, instead of being the far-off, inscrutable Being which she had judged Him, ruling the world He had created by pitiless laws which swept on to their own fulfilment unheedful of all the agonizing suffering which they entailed upon their helpless victims—what if He were tender, merciful, pitiful?

Oh, if she might only know the truth! Was that Bible which only last night had lain for a moment in her hands, actually a message from God? Her father did not believe it; he spoke of it as "old-world fables," and he was so clever he ought to know. But then her father did not seem to believe in a God at all—and there she could not go with him. In her judgment it seemed far more unscientific to disbelieve in a God than to believe in one; and if there were a God, which she could not doubt, what more reasonable than to suppose He would in some way or other communicate His thoughts to His creatures? Dr. Arundale believed in Him and His messages, too, she had no doubt of that. How tenderly and reverently he spoke of Him, and with what pity he looked upon her father and herself, because they knew Him not!

An undercurrent of thoughts like these had been passing through Kathleen's mind all day, but as she sat in her own little room in the soft hush of the evening hours she determined resolutely to put all these weary, tiresome questionings away from her. All her mind and heart must be given now to the perusal of another message which still lay sealed upon her bosom, a message which she would be surely able to comprehend, written by a hand of flesh and blood, and indited by a tender, loving mother's heart.

She had fully intended reading it the evening before, but after leaving Dr. Arundale her pulses were beating and her mind surging with the new and exciting theme which he had presented to her, so with a sigh she had put it away. This message from her dead mother she felt to be too sacred and solemn a thing to be read with a mind wandering on other things. All day it had been impossible to get an hour's quiet, so this had really been her first opportunity.

Kathleen seated herself beside her opened window, and not without a trembling at her heart, drew out the letter and gazed long and wistfully at its superscription. Then she raised her eyes and gazed past the crimson clover meadows over which larks were rising, to the dark wood in the ravine, to where that silent grave was, so lonely save for the sweet bluebells that nestled around it, and for the nightingales who sang above it the whole night long.

They were singing there now; she could faintly hear their sweet, rich notes in the distance, and with their song in her ears, and with the solemn hush of the evening breathing around her, she broke the seal and read:

"How shall I begin to write to you, Kathleen, my first-born daughter? How shall I essay to put into words the thoughts that night and day are swelling up in my heart as I think of you? For they have told me at last that the time is very short ere I shall be taken from you, and I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in. You scarcely know your mother, my little Kathleen; on account of my long illness, and it may be for other reasons, my children have been kept almost altogether apart from their mother, so that much that I have yearned to instil into their young minds has been left unsaid. Oh, my little children, how can I leave you? Who will cherish you when I am gone? Who will lead my little lambs to the feet of the great Shepherd——"

Here the letter broke off, and by the blur upon the page Kathleen knew how the tears had poured down upon it.

"Oh, my mother, my mother, how you loved us!" she cried, her own sobs coming thick and fast; "no one has loved us like you!"

Then, with her eyes dim with tears, she read on:

"My agony is over now, and I can write calmly, for I have been to my God, Kathleen, and He has brought my soul into rest.

"It seemed so hard, so well-nigh impossible, to give you up, my children; to think of leaving you here alone, that I would fain have gathered you all to my breast, and cried with a wild and bitter cry, 'Oh, God, let them die with me!' But that is all past now, I have placed you in the keeping of my God, Kathleen—my Saviour God, He upon whose breast my head is pillowed now in perfect peace. Oh, if I could only tell you what a tender, loving Friend He has been to me all the days of my life—how He has saved me and kept me, and how in the very face of death He fills me with joy and gladness!

"But my strength is failing, and I must hasten on.

"Kathleen, it is, under God, to you that I leave the charge of my children. Yes, to you; for God has given me faith to believe that in His own time and way He will bring you to Himself. Then, Kathleen, it is to you I look to tell my children of their mother and their mother's God, of the Saviour who died for her and them. Oh, tell them of their never-dying souls, which must one day stand before a holy God, to be judged for all they have done. Is this all strange and new to you, my child? Have you never yet been led to your loving Saviour's feet? Have you never trusted Him? Have you even learned to doubt Him? Ah, me, this may be even so. Oh, my child, doubt Him no more; I adjure you with my dying breath, never doubt Him more. He is the only true, eternal God, tender, loving, merciful. I know Him, I have proved Him. With this letter I am leaving you my own Bible, God's Word; receive it, accept every word of it, it is true

as God Himself. Whatever trouble you are in as to this life or the life to come, come to it and you will find a way of escape. My strength is almost gone. Farewell, then, my child; what can I do more but commend you to God and the Word of His grace? In the words of His servant of old, I can fully say, 'Lo, I die, but God will surely visit you.' YOUR MOTHER."

Kathleen sat, dumb and dazed, gazing at the last lemon streak of light dying out of the sky.

She was in many things a child when she began to read this letter; now she felt as if her childhood had suddenly left her forever.

"I shall never, never be a child any more,"—these were the first words she uttered; then, in the same strange, mechanical way, she went into the children's rooms and wandered from bed to bed, and gazed down at them as they lay sleeping in different attitudes of childish grace and loveliness.

"Poor little things!" she said, "poor little motherless things! You have got souls that are going to live forever, souls that are going to stand before God to be judged for all the things that you have done, and in all the world there is none to care for you and lead you right, only me, your poor Kathleen; and I am dark and blind. Poor little children, so dark and blind! oh, where shall I go that I may find the light?" And borne down with the terrible load that seemed so much more than she could bear, Kathleen sank upon her knees beside the children with groanings that could not be uttered.

WHAT THEN?

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON, B.A.

A SLEEPING, sturdy baby boy,
A father's hope, a mother's joy—
What then?
A little helpless, guileless thing;
The angels pause on kindly wing
Around that bed some spell to fling—
What then?

A conscious feeling all its own,
Two tiny feet that walk alone—
What then?
A parent's thoughtful, wise control
Must guide that pure and spotless soul
On life's rough road to life's last goal—
What then?

A boy's young heart, with health's caress,
Each hour is bright with joyousness—
What then?

No cares, no anxious doubts or fears;
Oft on his face when trouble nears,
A rainbow shines 'twixt smiles and tears—
What then?

A year or two when mischief strays
Along the path of school-boy days—
What then?
A little knowledge, more of fun,
And soon this rapid race is won,
This passage of the journey done—
What then?

A waking up to sterner life,
A dawning sense of coming strife—
What then?
A bright, brief hope of future fame,
Of building up a noble name.
Where brighter hope? Where better aim?
What then?

Now struggling in the world's mad race,
Now striving for the foremost place—
What then?
How often has the tale been told,
Some toil for bread; some bid for gold;
And some grow rich, but all grow old—
What then?

The summer-time of life is past,
And white-haired winter comes at last—
What then?
While o'er each dull and failing sense
Death steals with his grim recompense,
And white-robed angels bear us hence—
What then?

Around the judgment seat we stand,
Vast multitudes on either hand—
What then?
The heaven's choir is hushed and low,
We wait for weal or wait for woe;
Does Christ our Saviour only know?
What then?

Ah, no! not so, it cannot be;
On earth we read the mystery,
And in the light of faith we guess
At heaven's lasting loveliness.
Who fight the good fight well shall know
The joys of heaven here below,
Shall in their hearts the future see,
And feel in the eternity—
What then?

TORONTO, January, 1890.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

III.—A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Amos and his son met in the morning with more ceremony than Joe intended or desired. In fact there was both sorrow and some thoughts of surrender in his heart when he said, "Good-morning, father."

"Good-morning, sir. Take a cup o' coffee, and then we will finish that bit o' business we commenced last night."

The cool, civil greeting hurt Joe far worse than either angry reproaches or angry silence could have done. Not once during the meal did he utter the young man's familiar name. It was no longer Joe, and the substitution of the word sir was too marked to escape notice. It was a very wretched meal, and soon over. Then Amos took a cheque from his pocket, and laying it down by Joe's side, said, "Tak' that bit o' paper to Thornton. He'll give thee its value in Bank o' England notes."

"Thank you, father."

"Eh! but thou would hev been welcomer to a hundred times as much if ta would nobbut hev stood by my side while I wer' living, and in my shoes when I wer' dead. But when a bird hes found out as one nest won't do for it, happen it's right to mak' itsen another. Good-bye, sir."

"Father! Don't leave me in that way."

"Dal it, lad! T' way is good enough for t' occasion. Ingratitude and disobedience seem to be rooted in children, and what is bred in them is none easy to get out. Well, well, things being as they are, I may as well tak' to them at once."

Martha Thrale had not appeared at the breakfast table. She had a sharp tongue, and was ready to use it, and she feared to make bad worse by some inappropriate remark, which would irritate her brother-in-law and call forth Joe's championship. She hoped, if left to themselves, some compromise would be arrived at, or, at least, that the parting might be made with a more kindly and hopeful tone for the future.

And with that pitiful instinct of womanhood which has learned to appeal to a man's lower sensibilities, she had prepared with care the breakfast dishes Amos particularly liked, had seen that the room wore its pleasantest aspect, and that every trifling circumstance should be conducive to a mood of satisfaction.

Amos took no note of any of these small attentions. Had one of them been neglected, he would probably have called the whole house to task for the omission; but the comforts ready to his hand he seemed to be unconscious of. And Joe was too anxious

to notice anything beyond his father's stubborn coldness and his aunt's absence. There was also a feeling in his heart that this was the last meal he would ever eat in Bevin Hall, and that it was a very unhappy one.

Amos left the table first. He took off his slippers, tossed them across the hearthrug, and laced his mill boots with trembling but deliberate hands. He had no more to say to Joe; and he seemed to feel his presence an annoyance. It was not difficult for Joe to be aware of this sentiment, and the young man said, "I am only waiting for Aunt Martha, father. I will not trouble you any longer than is necessary."

"That is as it sud be. When two can't hit on, why, then, t' sooner they part t' better for t' both o' them."

Then he lifted his head, stamped his feet well down into his boots, and taking the morning paper from the table, turned to leave the room. Joe intercepted him, and said, "Shake hands, father, at any rate."

But he turned his back squarely on Joe's offered hand. He would not see the tears in his son's eyes or the anxiety on his face. He hurried out of the room and the house, and spoke to the waiting coachman in a voice that made the man wonder what was coming next.

Martha understood his manner only too well. She perceived at once that her little plans and hopes were a failure. As soon as Amos was clear of the house she went to her nephew, though she was not pleased with him for the hurry and decision of the attitude he had taken. Why had he not waited a little, compromised a little, given up a little, as a son should have done to a good father?

But she was determined to stand by Joe—right or wrong, she meant to stand by him. Her love for the lad, and her promise to her sister, included all the devotion she understood by "standing with" any person or principle. And Joe very soon made her see things very much as he saw them. She looked into the young fellow's handsome face and tearful eyes, and wondered however his father could "bide to turn his back on such a son." She thought his refusal to shake hands with Joe "a shameful bit o' pride and hard-hearted cruelty." She came very speedily to the opinion that "Amos had no right to offer up his son's life, as well as his own, to the welfare of Bevin Mill, a big smoking monster as it is!" She added angrily, "Wife and child might feed t' fires that keep it going rather than he'd see it stop. Joe, my lad, thou art right in t' main, and I'll stand up for thee through thick and thin. Whatever is ta going to do now?"

"I shall take some rooms in Market-Bevin, and read law with Perkins."

"Varry good, if Perkins will have thee."

"No fear of that, Aunt Martha. I shall have a good bit of money to pay him, no doubt; but I should have to pay a stranger the same. I am none fond of strangers."

"Thou might happen find thysen better off among strangers."

"Market-Bevin is my native town. I won't let father think he can turn me out of it as well as out of his own house."

"Thy father is a big man in Market-Bevin. Thou won't find it easy to live there if he sets himself against it."

"Why should he? Studying law with Perkins is not a crime, I hope."

"Mebbe not; go and see Perkins. I think he'll open thy eyes a bit. And then, if ta wants rooms, go to Ann Guiseley's; she hes some to rent, and she'll cook thy victuals as they sud be cooked, for I taught her mysen."

"When will you come and see me?"

"I'll hev a talk wi' thy father when he comes from t' mill to-night; and I'll let thee know all about it as quick as iver I can?"

"Then I will go and talk with Perkins at once; for I could see that father does not want me here any longer. And this afternoon I will remove my clothes and books and such trifles as are really mine."

It might be thought that a young man among life-long friends, and with £5,000 in his pockets, would find a open door into life. But Joe's first experience was not a flattering one. Perkins was in when he called, but he kept Joe waiting in his outer office until every particle of his enthusiasm and self-reliance seemed to have evaporated.

And when he heard of the quarrel between father and son he became very cold and cautious. It was by no means to his advantage to put himself in opposition to Amos. The master of Bevin Mill was of an extremely litigious temper, and had for many years been the source of a considerable yearly income to Perkins, and was likely to continue to be so. The whole of Joe's £5,000 would not have bribed him to find a vacancy in his office. He even turned mentor, deprecated the step Joe had taken, and advised him, as a friend, to go back to his father and make his peace with him.

"He is a bit masterful, ivery body knows that, Joe," said Perkins, with a smile he meant to be conciliatory; "but if two men ride t' same horse, one must ride behind; and that is thy place, Joe?"

"Unless I ride my own horse."

"For sure! Only, thou will need a varry strong nag to carry thee where ta wants to go. Put up wi' thy father a bit, lad. He hes gotten that used to telling folk they must do this, and they musn't do that, that he thinks t' varry stars sud do as he bids 'em."

"But, Perkins, I am a man now—I have a right to my own opinions."

"A pity on thee, Joe! If ta can't learn to smile as t' wind smiles, thou wilt varry soon take cold, ay, varry soon take cold. Well, a good-morning to thee. I'm particularly busy at present."

Thus Joe got his first rebuff from a stranger. He felt it hard to bear. Angry and humiliated, he talked over the interview with Martha in no reasonable mood, and as Perkins was also one of her aversions, she gave Joe perhaps an unwise amount of sympathy.

Besides, it nearly broke her heart to see him packing his trunks, "turned out o' house and home just because he couldn't frame himsen to give his life to t' mill." And when Joe had really gone away, when his room was left desolate and dismantled, she sat down in it, and wept bitterly.

"I'll niver stop here any longer," she muttered. "T' light of t' house hes been put out. It hes been slave and save, and worry and fret and bide his tempers, and do his bidding for twenty-four years. That is about long enough for any woman to put up wi' him. I promised Ann that I would stick by Joe, and I am going to stick by Joe. I'll not hear a word wrong of Joe from anybody; and Amos will find that out sooner than he thinks for."

All day long her fits of crying were interrupted by such communions and conversations with herself. Amos never suspected such a state of feeling. On the contrary, he was certain that he would at least have Martha Thrale's sympathy; for he knew that she had always been opposed to any plan which would take Joe permanently from under her care.

So he was glad when the day was over. It had been, perhaps, one of the most wretched in his whole life. Among the clatter and clash of a thousand looms he had not been able to forget his sorrow, even though the hands had given him unusual opportunities of relieving his irritation. But the weariest day comes to a close, and he stood, at last, outside the mill gates, holding the big keys in his hand, and vacantly watching the groups of chattering lads and lasses strolling over the moor to their homes.

A strange reluctance to go to his own home was in his heart. He had no need to inquire of it. He knew that he dreaded the lonely dinner-table; for Martha Thrale, in the way of men's talk, he counted as nobody. He had always conversed with Joe about politics, about the local spinners and manufacturers, their ways and doings, their trade and their solvency, their gains and losses. He did not call it gossip, but it was the talk in which he delighted; for he considered that other people's business might have a good deal to do with his own.

Several things had happened that day which, in the usual course of events, he would have enjoyed discussing with Joe. Then he recognized with fresh anger that not only in the mill, but also in his home pleasures, Joe's disobedience was a grievous curtailment of his life. So when he saw Martha's red and swollen eyes he had a moment's regret even for her."

"No wonder thou hes been crying, lass," he said; "it's enough to make thee cry. After a' thou hes done for him, too! Whativer does ta think of his ways! It caps a' I iver heard tell of!"

She looked up at him with flashing eyes.

"I hev been thinking of thy conduct all day, Amos; and I'm bound to say I think thee a godless, heartless old man as iver was."

"Why-a! Martha!"

"I do. And thou needn't frown at me, for it's true—true as

gospel. When did thou iver love aught but gold? Thou let my poor sister die without one word o' love or regret. I sent to t' mill and told thee she wer' dying one day, and thou wert too busy to come. Thou niver did aught to win thy poor boy's confidence and respect, and now, to top iverything, thou turns him out into t' streets. Poor lad! Poor Joe!"

"Does ta think that nobody suffers but thee and Joe? I hev some feelings too, I reckon."

"Not thou! And if ta hes, don't thee come to me for comfort or sympathy. I hev none for thee. Go to thy money bags. Thou hes sacrificed iverything for them. And if ta does not repent varry soon, thou wilt die wicked and alone!"

"Martha Thrale, will ta stop? Hes ta lost thy senses, lass?"

"No, I'll not stop till I hev my say; thou wilt die, Amos, without a kind hand to close thy greedy old eyes, that hev niver looked up to heaven, nor a bit higher than t' top o' thy mill chimney. That is what I think o' thee, Amos Braithwaite."

"Thou isn't thy own sel' at all, Martha. Thou art sick, my lass."

"I am better ivery way than thou art; and when thou comes to die, thou'lt be forced to leave ivery penny o' thy brass behind thee—ivery penny of it, Amos, and go where money is of no account at all."

"Hev done wi' thee, Martha. Hes ta lost thy senses? Whativer does ta want?"

"I want thee to do summat to bring back thy only child before it be past thy doing."

"I'll not lift a finger to bring him back. Not I."

"Varry well then, thou wilt hev to tak' t' consequences."

"Ay, I'll tak' them."

"My sister Ann—"

"Let thy sister Ann alone; and mind this! I'll not hev Joe Braithwaite's name spoken in my house by thee nor by any ither body. And I'll marry again if I want to. And I'll hev such friendship as is going these days. If Joe Braithwaite can do without me, I can do without him, varry well, indeed! Why-a! I hev made half a million o' money, or near by it, and I hev made mysen a man."

"For sure thou hes, and a right mean job thou hes made o' thysen. When thou was at it, thou might hev done it a bit better, I think. There is varry little reason to crack up thy cloth, if ta mak's it no better than thou hes made thysen. And what is half a million o' money? I'll warrant our Joe will mak' more than that before he is thy age."

"Thou wilt hev to leave my house if ta goes on this-a-way!"

"I am going to leave it. Does ta think I would stop wid thee, and poor Joe driven into t' street? If I did, I would be a disgrace to mysen, and to all t' Thrales, living or dead. And thou can pay me my wages this varry hour if ta likes, for I'm fain to get out o' thy house."

"Does ta mean what ta says?"

"Yes, I do that."

"Then get thee ready and go. I hevn't such a thing as a favour to ask o' thee."

So that evening, as Joe sat very disconsolately in Ann Guiseley's best parlour, he was joined by Martha Thrale. She came in about eight o'clock, flushed and excited, and still trembling from her unusual interview with Amos? This sudden and violent breaking of the last tie between himself and his father affected Joe very much. He was almost inclined to blame Martha for her want of patience.

"If you had stopped beside him, I should have had some one to say a good word for me," he said reproachfully.

"Ay, lad; but why, then, didn't thou stop and say thy own good words?"

"What shall I do, Aunt Martha?"

"Here is Ann Guiseley coming wi' a cup o' tea for me, and much I need it; while I drink it I'll tell thee what I think. It's plain that Josiah Perkins does not want thee."

"He is afraid to offend my father; and I dare say that every one in Market-Bevin will feel very much as Perkins does."

"It's more than likely. Well, then, I am going to Leeds. I shall take a house and furnish it, and let such of t' rooms as I don't want. There's Halifax Brothers, lawyers, in Leeds. I reckon as they hev as good a name as old Perkins."

This suggestion pleased Joe very much. It took him out of the immediate neighbourhood of his father, and yet was not far enough away from his life-centre to give him a feeling of loneliness or remoteness. In all its phases the plan was thoroughly discussed between them that night, for Martha was a woman not only of rapid thought, but also of rapid action. Within a month she had a very handsome home in Leeds, and Joe had been properly articled to Halifax Brothers, solicitors.

There was no firm in the West Riding that had a higher reputation in civil cases requiring a shrewd cleverness just touching something that might be called by a less respectable name. But if Amos Braithwaite had wished his son to be a lawyer, then Halifax Brothers would have been the ideal masters at whose feet he would have desired him to sit.

When he heard from Perkins where Joe had placed himself, he felt a real sentiment of respect for his son.

"It's a move as might hev been expected o' my son," he said. "T' lad is no fool; and if he wants to make his brass by ither folks' cheatery and quarrelling, there's nobody i' Yorkshire that could better teach him to steal by line and level than Tom Halifax can."

IV.—THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

It was true that in his sudden determination to become a lawyer, Joe had pleased Martha as little as he had pleased his father. For if Amos had pleased to place his son among the nobles of the Bradford House of Woollen Lords, Martha had her dreams of seeing her nephew hold forth to admiring thousands from a Wesleyan pulpit.

But Joe, as he grew to manhood, drew away from the chapel, and affected to entirely disapprove of Methodist faith and discipline. His disagreements with his aunt on this subject had privately given Amos much amusement. He enjoyed this form of Joe's dissent, and was accustomed to say, "Joe, and ivery other lad wi' his common-senses, ought to hev perfect freedom of opinion. That was t' varry spirit o' dissent, and if Joe was a dissenter, then he wanted him to know 't' ifs and t' ands,' and 't' ins and t' outs' of t' chapel he went to. He was a Church o' England man himsen, but he hed nowt to say against his son being a dissenter if t' lad liked following his aunt instead o' his father."

So no one could deny that in religious matters Amos was grandly tolerant. It was in business affairs he regarded dissent as an unpardonable offence. Joe's right of private judgment stopped at Bevin Mill. Martha's views were essentially different. She thought Joe's wealth and position gave him splendid opportunities for honouring the cause and the connection she loved. She did not think he was doing right to evade the responsibilities of his birth. But she was quite ready to support him in his refusal to offer up his life to the advancement of Bevin Mill.

Consequently, when he suddenly declared his intention to be a lawyer, Amos and Martha, both alike, suffered a keen disappointment, only Amos allowed it to canker his whole life, without let or hindrance, or future hope, and Martha accepted the inevitable, and tried to make the best of it. For it is characteristic of good women that when they cannot get what they want they try to be pleased with what they can get.

Martha did her best to accept the law and Tom Halifax, though she by no means approved of Tom Halifax. Hitherto she had only known him by report, as a shrewd lawyer, whose legal fencing and clever repartees were the popular after-dinner talk of farmers and business men. But he took that sudden and warm liking for Joe which middle-aged, gay bachelors often take for handsome young men. He was dissatisfied without his society, and eager to initiate him into all his own pleasures.

And the son of old Amos Braithwaite easily made himself popular and welcome, especially with mothers who had large families of pretty, marriageable daughters. He was fine-looking and agreeable, the probable heir of half a million of money, the favourite

and friend of the pet lawyer of the locality. It was likely enough he would become a partner in the firm of Halifax Brothers, and most of the women believed that he would very speedily regain his father's love. The men, however, or at least such of them as knew Amos Braithwaite, were less sanguine.

"He'll do nowt o' t' sort," said Ezra Deaconson to his wife as she was speaking of Joe's attentions to her own pretty Mattie. "He'll do nowt o' t' sort. Thou doesn't know Amos Braithwaite, or thou would never say it. I hevn't seen him mysen for years and years, but I can reckon him up pretty well. If he has turned his back on his son, there's nothing but t' almighty hand o' God could mak' Amos face about."

"I don't think that bad of him, Ezra. I hev spoke with them as knows Braithwaite varry well, and I hev heard 'em say, thet if you can only get on t' right side of him, you'll find a kind heart below his stubborn will and gruff speech."

"What by that, Martha? What by that? Did ta iver hear tell of any who did get on t' right side o' him? I'll warrant thou hesn't. Thou keep our Mattie away from Joe Braithwaite; t' little lass will hev too much brass for that young man to handle."

"Deary me, Ezra! Brass seems to come into ivery thought, sweethearting and all. It is a wonderful thing!"

"Ay, it is; when a man knows how to use it."

"Tom Halifax was saying that there is talk of Amos Braithwaite marrying a young woman and going in for a bit o' pleasure in his old days."

"Amos is none such a fool. Amos knows well enough he'd hev no pleasure outside his mill. Without t' looms he'd be about as miserable as a gambler would be without his cards. I did hear summat about Lottie Greenwood and Amos, but I set little by wedding talk, till I see t' wedding. Wherever women folk are concerned hearsay don't do for me; I wouldn't swear even to my awn eyesight."

The report, however, which coupled the names of Amos Braithwaite and Lottie Greenwood was not without foundation. He had said he would marry again, and have such friendship as was going. In the first smart of his desertion, it seemed to him the surest way to show Joe that he had cast him off forever, and also to insure such domestic comfort as he wanted.

Now, if he had been looking for wool, he would have known exactly where to go for the quality he desired; but he felt like a man in a strange world when he wanted a wife. It happened, however, that he had one day an occasion to call on Jonathan Greenwood about some special hands, and as they sat talking Lottie came into the room. She was fresh and rosy from the breezy walk upon the moor, and her bright black eyes, and fine colour, and buxom form attracted Amos.

He stayed to tea and played a game of whist afterwards, and Lottie was his partner. When he went home he was considerably under the fascination of her bright eyes, and he kept saying to

himself, "There will be no fear of a girl like that turning sick on my hands, and mebbe I might hev a bit o' house-comfort wi' her, if I could only frame mysen to marry again."

For a month things progressed very favourably. He had not asked Lottie to be his wife, but he was on the way to do so one night when he met an old acquaintance on the road. He offered him a seat in his gig, and they fell into conversation. Amos himself introduced the subject of the Greenwoods, and the man, who really knew nothing of his intention, went backward in his own memory to find a reason for his evident desire to talk about them. Then he remembered that Joe Braithwaite had once been an admirer of Lottie, and he said, "Happen thou art trying to put things right again between thy Joe and Greenwood's pretty lass?"

Amos looked sharply at the questioner, but it was evident the remark had been made in good faith, so he replied, with well-assumed indifference, "Not I. I niver bothered mysen wi' Joe's love affairs; I'd hev had a lot to do if I'd tried thet job So Joe were sweet on Lottie Greenwood? I niver heard tell o' that."

"Joe's hed lots o' sweethearts."

"I dare be bound he had; but I niver heard o' Greenwood's daughter before."

"Oh, but you know they wer' varry thick once on a time. Folks thought they would marry, but they didn't."

"No, they didn't. Thet's so. Mebbe t' lass wasn't fond o' Joe. Mebbe she jilted him. Girls have jilted finer fellows than Joe Braithwaite, I'll warrant."

"It wer' Joe's fault, I reckon. Lottie Greenwood was uncommon fond o' him, I heard. And t' old folks wer' varry set up wi' t' idea. They had parties and stirrings on a grand scale for them. That showed how fain for t' match they wer'; for they are a scraping, careful pair, aren't they?"

"I fancy they are. But a love for brass is common enough. I'd like a bit more mysen. If ta will step down now I'll bid thee good-night, for I'm bound for Greenwood's, and I'm obliged to thee for telling me about my Joe and Lottie. I shall look a bit closer at her to-night. Why! she might hev been my daughter?" And Amos laughed loudly, and whipped up his mare like a man in a great hurry.

And the acquaintance whom he dropped laughed too. "Old Cobwebs knows a' about wool," he muttered; "but if he goes to bothering wi' women, he will find out varry quick what an ignoramus he is."

Amos had already begun to suspect it. He was congratulating himself for offering Hartley a ride, when he entered Lottie's presence. She happened to be quieter than usual, a little sad and sentimental. It was a mood Amos could not understand, and which had not pleasant associations. Besides, it instantly struck him that Lottie was perhaps fretting a little for Joe. The thought made it very easy for him to speak.

"Lottie," he said, "did ta iver know Joe Braithwaite?"

"Yes, I knew him. He used to call here often, once."

"Was he in love wi' thee?"

"Perhaps he was."

"Was ta in love wi' him?"

"You shouldn't ask such questions."

"Ay, but I should," he was looking steadily at her. "Thou quarrelled wi' Joe, didn't ta?"

"I think Joe behaved badly."

"I hev no doubt he did. It comes easy for Joe to behave badly. And thou wanted to be even with him, didn't ta? If ta married me, thou could pay him back, couldn't ta?"

"Joe is a bad son. Joe is true to nobody."

"Ay, he is a bad son. I told him I'd marry again, and I hed some thoughts o' asking thee to be my wife."

Lottie looked up, and then down, with a most encouraging smile.

"But I hev changed my mind since I heard tell o' Joe. I don't want any cast-off sweetheart of Joe's. So we'll be off wi' that bargain. There are plenty o' matrimonial failures, without us makin' another on t' black list, I'm sure."

Naturally Lottie was at once indignant. She told Amos very decidedly that she had never had the slightest intention of marrying him. And Amos was delighted to have her look at the situation in that light. It put the blame of the rupture just where it suited him to have it. For, though he expected men to twit him about wearing the willow, etc., he knew that he could bear that accusation far more comfortably than a legal inquiry, which might cost him golden guineas to heal the hurt his fickleness had given Miss Lottie.

This was the only experiment Amos made looking toward domestic or social happiness. He congratulated himself that it had been a failure, and henceforth he determined to seek neither the friendship of men nor the love of women. He virtually closed his house, for he confined himself to the parlour in which he ate and the room in which he slept. And he dismissed all the servants, excepting the old woman who cooked his food, and her husband, who attended to his horse and gig, and pottered about the garden at odd hours.

Then he devoted himself, body and soul, to the mill which Joe had despised. He built wings to it, and added a story, and lengthened the chimney until it overtopped all the chimneys far and near. He filled it with the finest machinery. He employed only the most competent hands. He utilized every drop of water and every ounce of steam so cleverly that people said, "If there were only the power of a blue-bottle fly owd Braithwaite would turn it to account." He was always busy and active and apparently so cheerful that no one suspected him to be at heart an unhappy and bitterly disappointed man.

In the meantime, Joe was taking his existence with a large measure of content. Aunt Martha watched over his comfort with

that priceless commonplace love which does not disdain the oversight of very inferior details, which can superintend meals and oversee stockings and buttons, and is not to be frittered away by continual small demands on forbearance and sympathy. For in scarcely any respect did Joe fulfil Martha Thrale's personal hopes and desires He turned out to be a society man instead of a chapel man. He went to balls and parties, he dressed elegantly, and visited in the grandest houses. He was a kind of leader in a very fashionable set. And of course £5,000 could not last forever, even when a man is nowise troubled about board and lodging bills. So, at the end of four years' dressing and visiting and driving, Joe's credit was no longer represented by four figures, for he had dipped deeply into his last thousand. However, he was then ready to go into business, and he felt sure that the large circle of friends he had made would repay the expense of making them. He furnished a handsome office and announced himself to the public as Attorney-at-law. But Yorkshiremen are proverbially cautious, and a handsome, good-natured, fashionably-dressed young man was the very antipodes of their ideal lawyer. Joe could not look crafty or wise under any circumstances, and during the first year of his professional life he did not make sufficient money to pay his office rent.

Nevertheless Joe did not in any way think of curtailing his expenses. When the summer holidays arrived, he went as usual to a favourite watering-place. He admitted to himself that it might be the last summer he could afford the luxury, and he determined to make the most of his pleasure. No face was so bright, no heart so gay, no one so entertaining and so popular.

In the height of the season there was a report that stirred the heart of every young man in Harrowgate; Miss Edith Bradley was coming. She was said to be beautiful, and she was known to be immensely wealthy. She was only twenty-two years old, and therefore not past the age in which women are apt to think the world well lost for love.

Joe had heard before of Miss Bradley; not so much of Miss Bradley as of her father. Old Luke Bradley had always been a Mordecai to his own father. There had been a deep and long-cherished grudge between the two men. Both of them had loved Ann Thrale, and Amos had won her. After her decease, Luke had spoken warmly concerning the indifference of Amos to her comfort while she was living, and to her memory when she was dead. He had emphasized his opinions by many well-directed interferences with the business of Bevin Mill. He had bid wool up when Amos wished to buy. He had bought off hands Amos wished to retain. He had dropped words and looks before probable customers which had doubtless lost Amos many a sovereign. He had run against him for local offices, and always defeated him; in short, he had been a stumbling-block and an offence in every business plan and in every social ambition which Amos had conceived.

Joe remembered well the reticent satisfaction which the news of his death had given at Bevin Hall. Amos had not, at that hour, spoken a word expressive of his feelings; but all the same he had not been able to hide his sentiments. He might just as well have said then, what he said a few days afterward: "He'll hev to abate himsen a bit now. He'll find out thet Luke Bradley can't order things as he fancies 'em, for wherever he is, there's sure to be bigger folk than he iver was. My word! How he used to jingle t' guineas in his breeches pocket, and then step out to t' music they made."

Joe remembered all these things. He had felt thoroughly in sympathy with his father's sense of injury from Luke Bradley, yet he had a vague curiosity to see this daughter of their enemy. The feeling was, perhaps, something more than a curiosity; it included a dim and depressing presentiment about her, a consciousness which was stronger than his curiosity, and which found a tangible expression in a reluctance to meet her.

And yet, unless he left Harrowgate, a meeting was inevitable. The question soon resolved itself into two points, neither of which he had any desire to face. First, if liked Edith Bradley, he would feel like a traitor to the past, and to his father, and he would most likely cast away the last chance of a reconciliation with him. Second, if he did not like her, it was probable the feeling would be mutual, in which case Edith might say and do little things which would make his longer stay an unpleasant, perhaps a mortifying, ordeal.

So he resolved to shorten his holiday. He was nearly out of funds, and it was evident his affairs were reaching a crisis. He took a quiet stroll in the gardens to consider his future course, and as he wandered thoughtfully under the trees he saw two ladies sitting in a little alcove in advance of him. One of them he knew was Lilian Gates; he recognized her short, slight figure and shrill laugh; the other was Edith Bradley.

He knew it, though he could not have given a single reason for knowing it. Retreat was not possible, for the ladies must have seen him. He dreaded Lilian's witty explanation of his position. He would not have Edith Bradley think he was afraid to meet her. So he advanced slowly, bearing with a studied nonchalance their critical eyes. Lilian received him with a frivolous badinage that was reassuring, and he heard her go through some form of introduction, and perceived that a tall, noble-looking woman was bowing graciously in response to the words uttered.

Under no circumstances had he ever been so abashed before. But presently he threw off his unusual constraint, plunged boldly into conversation, and ere long ventured to look into Edith's face. He saw that she was a very handsome woman, with soft, large eyes, emphasized by dark, level brows, and thick bands of black hair, hair which had naturally the wave and ripple most women simulate by art. She affected Joe as some gorgeous tropical flower might have done.

He did not, however, remain long in her presence, for he was

troubled about his dress and appearance. He was sure that never before had he worn so unbecoming a coat, or done himself so little justice. All thoughts of leaving Harrowgate were gone as if they had never been. He felt that he would be miserable until he had done something to redeem the unfavourable first impression which he was convinced he had made upon Miss Bradley.

But Edith did not seem to have been at all unfavourably impressed. On the contrary, when Joe was out of sight and hearing, she said softly, "What a pleasant man! He affects one like sunshine dancing in a room on a changeable spring day."

"He is a very handsome man," answered Lilian. "The girls all admire his glinting blue eyes and delightful temper. He is a great favourite."

"And has he any special favourite? Perhaps you are his favourite, Lilian. That is the reason you wanted to come into the gardens. You knew he would meet you."

"No, indeed, Edith. I fancy his love would be hard to win; and may be it would not repay the girl who would be spendthrift enough to squander her own on it."

Then Edith rose as if the subject no longer interested her. "Let us go into the house," she said. "It has suddenly become dull. Is it going to rain, I wonder?"

GOD'S GLORIOUS PROMISE.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

"I WILL never, never leave thee!"
Blessed words of hope and peace,
Given in trouble to release me,
Sent to bid my doubtings cease.

Words of mercy never changing,
From the throne of endless might,
Comfort notes in all our ranging,
Turning darkness into light.

Lines enlaced with holy splendours,
Fraught with everlasting cheer,
Coming from a source so tender,
Bidding me no longer fear.

"I will never, never leave thee!"
On this truth my soul shall rest,
Never shall this ground deceive me,
Rock of Israel ever blest!

Let me hear them in my sighing;
Let them keep all murmurs down;
Let them lead me when I'm dying
To the everlasting crown!

THOMASBURG, Ont.

THE WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT.

The venerable Dr. Douglas, who has spoken so many brave words for mankind, who has so often boldly rebuked wrong in high places and in low, who has manifested a heart of tenderest sympathy with the sinning, the suffering and the sorrowing, never spoke braver words, never more scathingly denounced brazen-fronted vice, never uttered a more tender and heart-touching appeal for the victims of man's selfishness and sin, than in his address at the White Cross Meeting at Montreal, on January 13th. It was one of the most eloquent addresses of his life. It was the most tremendous indictment we ever read of a foul and loathsome evil that poisons the springs of many lives, that like a hideous cesspool, lurks beneath the fair-seeming surface of fashionable society, often where least suspected. His denunciation of the violators of God's law of purity are like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. The appalling revelations of vice in high places in the heart of the world's civilization show the inveterate taint of animalism in a society that assumes to set the fashions for mankind, and show also that such plain-speaking as that of Dr. Douglas is not unneeded even in Canada. We would that the words could ring and echo in souls of all against whom their burning accusations lie; that they might arouse virtuous society to spurn as lepers all who are marked with the brand of the beast, who are tainted with this taint of hell.

The white cross and the white shield are appropriate symbols of the Epworth League, one of whose objects is to maintain unstained innocence in life, and to lead to that purity of heart without which no man shall see God. Let us have in all our Sunday-schools and churches a White Cross Legion, which shall pledge our young people to the utter avoidance and abhorrence of all reading, all amusements, all so-called art, that can stain the snowy garments of the soul; that they may be kept unspotted from the world, that having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they may walk with Him in white on earth, that they may be found worthy to walk with Him in white hereafter.

We regret that we have space for only the opening and closing paragraphs of Dr. Douglas's soul-stirring address:

I am glad that this meeting follows the week of prayer, for certainly no mission more imperatively demands to be preceded, accompanied and followed by prayer than this perplexing and difficult work of prevention and rescue. I would regard myself as happy if the task of discussing the White Cross movement had been entrusted to other hands. The entire subject is so compassed about with the repellant, is so shrouded in revolting darkness and abhorrent to every instinct of purity, that I ever shrink from the responsibility of letting in the light and holding it up for public reprobation. Nothing but the desire to at least abate an evil, a growing evil, which is honey-combing and, indeed, dislocating the social life of the community, prompts us to stand for the protection of innocence and the denunciation of those who are with malign and selfish intent playing the part of destroyers.

In the performance of this unwelcome task we are consoled by the reflection that we stand with some of the noblest spirits of our age. We stand with that peerless woman, Josephine Butler, who, with heart bereft, has, from the Bay of Naples in the far south to the mountains of Donegal in the north, lifted up her voice for the defence of innocence and the rescue of the perishing. We stand with William Stead, that great journalist who launched the shafts of dismay into the ranks of the aristocratic profligacy which is the ulcer and gangrene of English society. We stand with that rarest of patristic scholars, Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who with magnanimous spirit

led the van in the conflict against the advancing hosts of social demoralization; and we stand with Frances Willard, who, to the graces of a refined and Christian womanhood adds the culture of the scholar, the sagacity of the statesman, and the eloquence of a Portia; her finished periods and entrancing spells having kindled the enthusiasm of tens of thousands along every valley, across every prairie, and around every shore on this American continent. In such alliance we, the advocates of the discredited White Cross movement, find an inspiration for confidence and an example for courage in the warfare.

It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold that if from the Greek we learn the grandeur of intellect and the science of beauty, it is from the Jew that we have derived that choicest gift of God to the race, the institution of the family. The institution of the family! What is it? It is the corner-stone of every Christian state. It is the asylum of all virtue, and that white rose of purity under whose fragrance all that is sweet, beautiful and divine in society has been fostered. To protect the family in its integrity and virtue, to bear aloft the ideal of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavour of any man on this footstool divine.

We are here to level our impeachments and emphasize our denunciations against the conspiracies that are at work to degrade public sentiment and destroy the virtuous life of society. We are here to impeach the academies of music and theatres, high and low, as at war with virtue and the sanctity of the family. Look at the modern drama. Let any man take up the list of plays blazoned on our streets, and, as a Boston critic of the stage has well said, "there is scarcely one but reeks with foul travesties of social honour and virtues."

It is time some should lift up their voices in our city against the influence of our modern stage. Over the portals of every "academy of music" and every theatre may be written in burning characters the insignia, "Who enters here, shall know sweet innocence and purity of thought no more." That blighted flower, can it ever bloom again? I say, never.

I impeach those booksellers and news vendors as at war with virtue, men who stand behind counters and deal out the black-lettered literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of Christian families; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pimps and vagabonds, and profligate and outcasts, creations these of the Braddons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all garnished with the splendour of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every chamber of imagery and leaves immortal memories that no regenerative power can efface in life.

Into every family, in form of novel or sensuous newspaper—the cesspools into which pours the moral refuse of the city—into every family this printed pollution is insinuating itself, and like the tainted hand, once clasped, leaves you a moral leper forever. The time has come when a moral censorship should be exercised over this class of literature in the household, and a boycott be proclaimed against every book store, every news office, that gives forth its poison to set our youth on fire of hell. Such marts of literature should be placarded in our houses as the moral pest-houses of society. I ask this audience to endorse this principle and practise the precepts. Will you do it?

I warn you, mothers, stand by your boys in the time of their moral strain; stand by your home. Never a summer passes which does not record some social disasters, which find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.

They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now rolls between,

And neither rain, nor storm, nor thunder
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

While it is the mission of the White Cross movement to utter its protest against all evil, against those infamous and reckless divorces which are disintegrating American society and invading our Canadian homes; while it hurls its invectives against those who fling abroad their vile badinage in office, in workshop and street, for the corruption of youth; it comes with its tenderest compassion for the wronged, the wasted and the degraded. Oh, yes! to those whose life's roses are turned to ashes and dust, and those from whose sad hearts the music is fled, it offers a door of hope and recovery in the arms of Jesus, who with divine delicacy said to the Magdalene, "Neither do I condemn thee; sin no more."

This White Cross movement proposes to vindicate the honour and rights of woman to equality of social status. It condemns that injustice in society which condones the stronger and aggressive offender who carries a villain heart, while it knows no forgiveness for the victimized and the wronged. This movement proposes to labour for the elevation of woman in every sphere. It demands for her the highest culture which the schools can give. It would open for her a door into the practice of every profession, secular or sacred, for which she is fitted. It proposes to place her on an equality of independence that she may not stand in patronized weakness as a thing to be trampled under foot, but in all the self-reliance, strength, grace, tenderness and beauty of exalted womanhood.

I ask this audience to stand by the lady who has given her culture, her social status, her consecrated Christian womanhood and laid it on the altar of service for the perishing in our midst; who in the midnight hour is labouring to gather up the poor lost sheep in the lanes and alleys of our city. I think of women of fortune who have lived on the slope of our royal mount. They led the fashions; their names were listed in the ball; their fluttering tapestries were recorded. Where are they? Their names have gone into an oblivion as entire as the poor pauper who was buried in the ditch. But the name of E. G. Barber shall be remembered along the generations on earth, and by redeemed ones in heaven to whom she has stretched out the helpful hand of sympathy. Her name and example are luminous throughout the Dominion.

I have heard the magnificence of Sumner and the brilliance of Conkling, the orators of the American Senate; I have listened to Gladstone in the English Commons, and Salisbury in the Lords, and to the pulpit lights of the generation that is passing, but I never was so thrilled by the power of eloquence as when I listened to one of the freed slaves addressing a great Conference in the Southern city of Atlanta. That humble Negro, all tremulous, came upon the platform and spoke:

"Mr. President, when I came into this church I was met by the Governor of this commonwealth of Georgia, and how did he greet me? Though I had been a poor slave all my life on a plantation, yet that Governor of Georgia, seeing I was exhausted, went and brought me a glass of pure cold water. When I took that water from his hand, I felt like David when the young men brought water at the risk of their lives from the fountain nigh the camp of Saul; I felt as if I wanted to pour it out as a libation before the Lord in thanks that the brotherhood of man was coming on apace."

What Governor Colquitt did for the poor Negro, that our White Cross mission proposes to do for the lowly and the lost. It offers to their lips the healing waters of salvation, and in the eternal years many redeemed ones will pour out their thanksgiving as a libation before God for the work of this beneficent mission. Who will join in this service of rescue? Who will, out of the fulness of grateful hearts, make an offering to save some lost daughter, somebody's child, and lead them up at last to hear "the bells of the holy city—the chimes of eternal peace?"

Current Topics and Events.

Report of the Secretary of Education.

The fifth annual report of the Educational Society is a very encouraging one. The income of the Society is steadily increasing. Three years ago it was less than $8,000. Now it is over $19,000, and it is destined in the near future to be very greatly increased; $30,000 is not too much to expect within three or four years more. It is now very nearly equal to the interest at five per cent. on an endowment of $400,000. And no endowment can be half as good as the sympathy and intelligent liberality of the patrons of this Society. The rate of interest on endowments may fall, but the givings of the friends of higher education among us may be expected to increase from year to year, and the value of their prayers and sympathy and hearty co-operation cannot be estimated in money.

Notwithstanding the unanticipated difficulties which he has met, the success of the indefatigable Secretary of Education, in rolling up a Building and Endowment Fund for Victoria College, as a first-class institution in Toronto, in federation with the Provincial University, is something never known in Canadian Methodism before. For this purpose, apart from Mr. Gooderham's noble bequest, he has raised the very large sum of $264,519, subscribed by 3,575 persons. But for the legal embargo upon his efforts he would, of course, have secured a very large additional sum.

The remarks made as to the value of endowment as compared with annual subscriptions, apply with equal force to the federated college as to the theological departments of the Methodist college. We are well able to go on with the federation scheme, even on the largest and most liberal scale that its friends desire. To hesitate to do so argues great lack of faith in the Methodism of the future. As well might the Missionary Society refuse to carry on its gigantic operations, because it has not an endowment of $4,000,000, as for us to distrust the intelligent piety of the Church of the future. Without a dollar in the treasury, the Missionary Committee votes appropriations of over $200,000, trusting in God and in the Christian liberality of the Methodist people of this Dominion. A little more of the same faith and confidence in God and His people, would make our grand educational enterprises seem less arduous than they are.

Recognition of Canadian Authors Abroad.

It is very gratifying to find that Canadian authorship and scholarship often find in the great literary centres of the world that recognition which they sometimes fail to receive in their own country. The New York *Christian Advocate*, the most widely-read organ of Methodism in the world, thus speaks of Dr. Carman's recent volume on "The Guiding Eye:"

"The author's style is eloquent and persuasive. Many pages tempt the reader to quotation. In the first chapter upon the statement and relation of the doctrine of the Spirit's guidance, Dr. Carman, after reviewing in fine and well-chosen words the prominent doctrines of the Church, comes to this one as encompassing all, the doctrine of the indwelling Spirit in the hearts of believers; the ever-enlightening Spirit, directing Spirit, prompting Spirit, chastening Spirit, instructing Spirit, revealing and upholding and guiding Spirit, the uniting and helping Spirit, that the humble, faithful, teachable soul may advance from knowledge to knowledge, from strength to strength, from joy to joy; may prove in ever-opening opportunity and exercise that

'eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him,' and what is the exceeding great riches of His grace toward us in Christ Jesus. It is the doctrine of the divine companionship and leadership of His people; the aid and fellowship, the light and peace of God in all the paths of truth and duty; those paths in which it is the health and the delight of a rectified soul ever to walk. It is the great doctrine of true unity and co-operation in the great enterprises of the kingdom of Jesus Christ; in the motives inspired, the dispositions inwrought, the capabilities discovered and developed, the progress achieved and the reward secured; it is at least something of heaven below, the fulness of the 'kingdom of God *within you.*' With the desire to correct extravagant views upon this doctrine, as well as to rebuke denunciations of these views, Dr. Carman sends forth this volume."

In a full notice of Prof. Workman's "Text of Jeremiah" the *London Quarterly Review* remarks: "Professor Workman's volume is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a difficult question of Old Testament criticism. . . We have read this book with great interest and attention, and have closed it with the conviction that Professor Workman deserves the gratitude of all Old Testament students for his labours, but that he has by no means settled the questions he set out to consider. We do not hesitate to say that Professor Workman, if he has not proved the existence of a separate text recension on which the Greek text is based, he has made out a strong case for it. . . The problem raised by Professor Workman, as he himself acknowledges, is too large and complicated to be settled in so narrow a field as the text of one book, important as that book is in the discussion of the subject. We must content ourselves with thanking the author and publishers for an able, scholarly and interesting book on an important question. If Professor Workman has not ended the *vexata quæstio* of Old Testament criticism, he has done the next best thing—largely helped to clear up its conditions and prepare the way for its solution."

Toronto's New Hospital.

No form of benevolence is more truly Christlike than that which provides a place of rest for the sick and suffering—the poor wayfarers in life's journey who have fallen, wounded and bruised and sore afflicted. The generous bequest of Senator Macdonald secures for all time a number of beds in a comfortable home where the friendless and the forsaken may receive all the alleviations and assistance that the highest skill in medicine and surgery can afford. Such institutions are peculiarly the outcome of the Christian religion. You seek for them in vain in heathen lands. Amid the splendid ruins of antiquity, the palaces and temples, the mausolea and triumphal arches of classic civilizations, you find none of any house of mercy. These are all, as Mr. Brace has happily phrased it, "Gesti Christi"—the achievements of Christ. And it is reasonable to expect that many a forlorn and suffering brother, touched by the manifestation of the Christly spirit far more tenderly than by any didactic words, though often baffled and discouraged and defeated, will take heart again and will seek at once the healing of his soul as well as of his body.

Is Romanism Increasing in England?

We take the following encouraging figures from the *Methodist Times*:—

"There is a widespread impression in the minds of many Protestants that the Roman Catholic Church is growing rapidly in numbers and influence. We have returns of the number of Roman Catholics in Great Britain published at Rome. According to these official documents there are 1,353,574 Roman Catholics in England, with 2,252 priests, and 1,252 churches in England. That is to say, that the Roman Catholic Church in England is far less numer-

ous than even the Salvation Army, which has sprung into existence during the last twenty years. There are in England 10,000 parishes, and in nearly 9,000 of that number the Roman Catholic Church is not even represented. The Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Primitive Methodists are each far more numerous than the Roman Catholics. The Wesleyan Methodists alone have ten times as many chapels in this kingdom as the Roman Catholics. The Romanists are a very small fraction of the people, and such strength as they possess is almost entirely due to the European emigration. Were it not for the Irish in our great cities the Roman Catholic Church would scarcely exist in England. To take a detailed case, London: where it might be supposed that the influence of Cardinal Manning would have done something to extend his Church. But, as a matter of fact, in the official document from which we are quoting, only 200,000 are put down to the Archbishopric of Westminster —200,000 out of 5,000,000."

The Lesson of the Epidemic.

One thing that the strange epidemic which has been sweeping around the world should teach us, is the exceeding frailty of the tenure by which we hold our life and health. A mysterious influence, so subtle that no analysis can detect it, that no scalpel can dissect it, that no test can discover it, pervades a whole hemisphere, and before its malign influence unnumbered thousands are laid prostrate. It is no respecter of persons. Monarch and beggar, prince and peasant succumb to its power. No royal purple, no lordly palace, no countless wealth can procure exemption. We may well be admonished how frail we are, upon what slender threads we hold our lives. How important it is that we live wisely and well, so that whensoever the summons for either sickness or death, it find us not unprepared. We should also recognize the good providence of God who maintains us year after year in health without a thought or care on our part. While it is true that we take no note of time, but by its lapse, it is also true that we often take no thought of our health, but with its loss. We should realize more than ever that this is not our home, that we are only pilgrims and strangers, as all our fathers were, that we seek another country, even a heavenly, a city that is out of sight, where the inhabitants never say, I am sick, or I am weary, but where with loftier powers, with nobler faculties, with emancipated powers, in a world without end, we may serve God day and night in His temple on high.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The £2,000 sterling required to meet the deficiency for the West London Mission has been paid. Arrangements are being made for meetings in provincial towns in connection with other missions.

The Convention at City Road was a remarkable success.

A valedictory service was held at York to bid adieu to a local preacher who goes to China "as a missionary tradesman." He will join the Rev. David Hill, and will take charge of the institution for the blind.

Rev. Alexander McAulay has gone to South Africa to labour as an evangelist at his own expense.

The Extension of Methodism Committee have received the bequest of the late Sir W. McArthur, £10,000 sterling.

Mr. W. C. Mitchell has for the last fifteen years been labouring in China as a lay evangelist. He has been specially successful as a colporteur. He has maintained himself all these years.

Rev. Charles Garrett, Liverpool, has established a helping home for deserving lads. Part of the house is also used as a temporary home for women and children who are *en route* to join their husbands in America, and also for young female emigrants. By an arrangement with the Methodist Episcopal Church, similar provision is made on this side the Atlantic.

A missionary meeting was held at Penzance; Rev. R. W. Aiken granted the use of the parish school-room for the occasion, and presided himself at the harmonium. The mayor of the town presided, the meeting was addressed by two Wesleyan ministers and the vicar.

A meeting on behalf of the London Mission was held at Cheltenham, when Canon Bell, rector, presided at one session and the Baron de Ferrierres, J.P., took the chair at the evening session.

The success of the London Mission is phenomenal. Four new classes have just been formed. Every Sunday night overflow meetings have to be held, and there are usually conversions at all the evening services. It is believed that before long there will be 1,000 persons meeting in class in a part of London where two years ago there was not one.

A great united temperance meeting was held in the Wesleyan Church, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, when a Wesleyan Methodist, New Connexion, Primitive Methodist and United Methodist Free Church ministers delivered earnest addresses.

The "Methodist Cathedral" in Belfast, Ireland, is at length finished. New schools have also been erected. The total cost is £38,000 about $140,000, all given by the late Alderman Carlisle. The next Annual Conference is expected to be held in this magnificent structure.

The late Mrs. Gibson bequeathed $603,330 to Methodist institutions.

A railway agent at Derby, receiving a salary of $3,500 a year with a prospect of $5,000, has relinquished his position and gone to labour with the Rev. H. P. Hughes, London Mission, for $1,000 a year.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

When the book agents at New York moved into the new building in November last, besides eight new safes, the largest weighing twelve tons, there were 142 large dray loads of books and other property taken down, packed and conveyed to the new building. The agents purchased the old house from a great dry goods merchant twenty years ago. He has repurchased the property, and will occupy it again as a dry goods emporium.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Board of Church Extension was held November 21st. The receipts of the General Fund were $183,102 and for the Loan Fund $94,576, being a net increase of $10,883; 288 grants have already been made to different churhes and twenty-nine churches have applied for donations. Last year the Board assisted in the building of 531 churches. In future no church will be aided which costs more than $10,000 in the erection. The total receipts of the fund thus far has been $3,448,128.

Garrett Biblical Institute is prospering wonderfully. There are 40 students in the senior class, 50 in the middle, and 70 juniors. Its Norwegian-Danish department has 20 students and there are 30 in the Swedish theological school—a total of 210.

Trinity Church, New York, has been the scene of a gracious revival. The Whyte Brothers, of Canada, were made very useful.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

At the Missionary Anniversary of the North Georgia Conference the

house was crowded to overflowing, Rev. Sam P. Jones was the principal speaker, and gathered $1,100.

The Methodist Church in Brazil has been reinforced by the arrival of nine additional missionaries.

The Methodist Church.

Dr. Lathern, editor of the *Wesleyan*, has lately visited Newfoundland. He has published a graphic account of his visit, from which we take the following extract: "The Methodists on this island occupy a prominent position in educational work. Rev. Dr. Milligan is the Superintendent. The Legislature makes a grant of $124,000 per annum to the several denominations. The income of the Boards is increased by payments of fees, according to the prescribed scale. It is expected that the Government grant will be increased and fees abolished. The Methodists are about one-fourth of the population, and receive a quarter of the above grant. Their educational record surpasses all others. The Methodist College has a fine suite of buildings, which cost upwards of $30,000, and a superior staff of teachers, three of the eight being university graduates. It provides not only academic instruction for 346 registered during the past year, but serves also as a training school for the denomination, being required by law to furnish facilities to 19 pupil teachers. There is also a Home for non-resident pupils.

"There are now in the colony 135 or 140 public elementary schools. There is also a Methodist Grammar school at Carbonear, and superior schools at Brigus and Grand Bank. In 1888, there were 7,417 pupils in the Methodist schools, which clearly indicates that the followers of Wesley in Newfoundland are true the principles of their founder in doing their utmost to encourage the education of the people."

A new church, costing $2,000, has been erected at Richibucto, New Brunswick Conference, the whole of which was provided except $400.

A church, costing $1,100, has been erected at West Branch, River Philip, Nova Scotia Conference, all of which was paid except $92.

Notices of several church openings were crowded out of our last number, which need not now be repeated here. Woodgreen Church, Toronto, the third edifice which has been erected on the site, has been opened, with every indication of prosperity, two others will soon be ready for dedication, which affords additional evidence that Toronto is really a city of churches.

Methodism is expanding in the Manitoba Conference. The Superintendent of Missions is calling for twenty-five men. The harvest is plenteous.

As the time for holding the General Conference draws near, certain questions which will doubtless form topics of discussion are looming in the distance. The Treasurer of the General Conference Fund in his last statement published in November, states that there was more than $8,000 on the wrong side of his ledger.

Rev. E. R. Young, after labouring in Ireland, has visited Wales, in both of which countries his marvellous stories respecting missionaay labours in "the Great Lone Land" have produced a wonderful effect.

It is reported, we hope incorrectly, that the mission steamer yacht *Glad Tidings*, in which Mr. Crosby has done such noble mission-work, went ashore in a heavy gale at Kitkatlock, B.C., and became a total wreck.

Methodist New Connexion.

In response to the appeal for the mission debt liquidation, more than $6,000 has been promised. Both ministers and laymen have contributed liberally.

The Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society is to be held in Exeter Hall. This is a new departure.

Primitive Methodist.

The Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund needs $40,000 annually. Last year the Book Steward paid toward the amount $18,000.

During 1888, seventy new churches

were built which cost $320,000, more than half of which was paid, so that on an average $30,000 per were contributed for church erections. Sitting accommodation was thus provided for 11,600 worshippers.

An inaugural meeting has been held in one of the London churches on behalf of the "Forward Movement." A fund was started, to which £134 sterling was contributed. Great hopes are entertained of success.

Bible Christians.

The funeral of a missionary's child in China excited great emotion among the natives, many of whom were present, and heard for the first time about meeting children in heaven. A poor woman told the missionary that she had cried herself blind on account of the death of her little boy, seven years of age.

A prize-day was recently held at Shebbear College, which was numerously attended. The examinations gave great satisfaction. The people of Devon county are justly proud of their college. A wave of spiritual revival seems to be passing over the denomination. Revivals are reported in several circuits.

The United Methodist Churches have resolved to establish a scholarship at their college in honour of the late Rev. Marmaduke Mil ar; $4,000 of the $5,000 required has been raised.

A scheme of evangelism has been established, which contemplates a Gospel van with two evangelists, who are to go from village to village, where they are to conduct missions and circulate pure literature.

Presbyterian Church.

The last report of the Board of French evangelization contains many items of interest, among others, there are 145 pupils at the schools in the Province of Quebec, sixty-five of whom are children of Roman Catholic parents; more than 3,000 children have passed through those schools, some of whom are now ministers.

At a late meeting of Toronto Presbytery four new congregations were formed, which will by-and-by require settled pastors.

A recent communication from Dr. Mackay, Formosa, states that during 1888 one native preacher was paid by the native church, another was supported with money from a lady in Manitoba, one by a lover of Zion in Ottawa, and one by a friend in Almonte. The latter has also sent means to maintain two native preachers during 1889.

Recent Deaths.

We do not remember when such a number of distinguished standard-bearers have been removed as during the closing weeks of the past year. In England, Professor Elmslie, Dr. Hatch, and Dr. Macfadyen, al about the same time.

The poets M. F. Tupper and Robert Browning died within a month of each other.

Across the line, the venerable Dr. Luther Lee closed his remarkable career shortly after reaching his eighty-ninth birthday, on which day he preached his last sermon.

Rev. W. Bixby who had been a Methodist minister since 1837, died on the 20th of December.

Dr. F. S. De Hass, who was at one time American Consul in Jerusalem, and wrote a valuable book on the Holy Land, is now to be added to the vast number who have passed before.

As these notes were in course of preparation, news reached us that the Rev. R. W. Waddell, B.D., the esteemed Chairman of Mount Forest District, Guelph Conference, had entered into rest, after a career of twenty-seven years in the itinerancy.

Those of us who are spared to enter upon the duties of the new year should remember that the day of our death may be this year. May we work while it is day.

Items.

It is stated that when Stonewall Jackson had come out of the second Bull Run fight, he addressed a letter to his pastor, and enclosed a cheque, as he remembered that on the fol-

lowing Sabbath the collection for foreign missions had to be taken.

A church near Toronto has a "Look-them-up Committee," composed of half a dozen earnest and willing workers. Their duties are to look up absentees from church services, and look up new arrivals in the town and invite them to Church. Other churches might have a similar committee.

The oldest church structure still standing in North America is believed undoubtedly to be the original first church erected in Salem, Mass., in 1634, and now carefully protected, still standing in the rear of Plummer Hall in that city.

Some years ago eleven teachers, natives of the South Sea Islands were murdered in New Guinea, and just recently news has come to hand that the Rev. E. B. Savage, the native teachers under him and the crew of the London Missionary Society's cutter, *Mary*, have been murdered by the natives in South-eastern New Guinea. Mr. Savage was ordained a missionary in 1885.

November 20 was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Rev. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga. The Presbyterian missionaries celebrated their jubilee in the New Hebrides, where they have seventeen missionaries, numerous native teachers, about 1,500 native communicants, and many thousands who are under Christian instruction.

One thousand Christian Chinamen are reported to be connected with the Congregational Churches in Oregon and California.

Mexico is called a Christian country, yet, according to Bishop Hurst, 8,000,000 people have never seen a copy of the Bible.

Fifty-four ministers of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in Glasgow united lately for a three weeks' special work on the south side of the city. This new departure has inspired a hope that it may soon extend throughout the country.

Rev. Josiah Tyler who has been a missionary among the Zulus for more than thirty years said he had a great deal of trouble in South Africa on account of New England rum. He said that a distillery near Boston had contracted to furnish 3,000 gallons of rum per day for seven years to an English firm doing business in Zululand.

The Bible has been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

Dr. J. O. Peck says, eighty years ago the two Baptist Churches, the "hard shell" and the regular Baptist, were equal in numbers. One resolved to give nothing to foreign missions, the other consecrated themselves to the salvation of the world; and one has now 46,000 members, and the other has 3,000,000. The success of the Church is just in proportion to the work it has done for foreign missions.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Grattan-Guinness, of London, have launched the first missionary ship designed for the work in the Upper Congo Mission. Mrs. G. states that, with more work on hand and a larger number of students than ever before, there is not at this moment the means to meet a single week's expenses. The directors of the Mission have to look up for daily bread.

Miss Priscilla Barclay, writing on her way to the China Island mission field, says, "There is a place in Sumatra where for forty years the heathen have been asking for a missionary. The Mahommedans are going there, but as yet no missionary of Christ."

It is said that Tollman Wheeler, the wealthy Chicago grain shipper, who died a few weeks ago, left the Episcopal Church about $600,000 in bequests.

At the recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board a statement was made that a gentleman, who withheld his name, had promised to give his whole fortune to the work of education in one of the countries in which the Society is at work.

Book Notices.

The Reconstruction of Europe: A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By HAROLD MURDOCK, with an Introduction by JOHN FISKE, jun. 8vo, pp. xxxii-421, with maps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $2.

Every reader has felt the need of some such book as this—one which brings the facts of comparatively recent history under view, in one compendious volume, and with lucid and accurate statement of its main facts. It is more easy to find a popular account of the campaign of Hannibal in Northern Italy—every school history contains it—than to procure a brief and authentic record of the campaign of Napoleon III. in the same region. This valuable work covers the transition stage in the history of Europe between the special correspondent's newspaper reports, and philosophical works like Napier's "Peninsular War," or Kinglake's exhaustive and exhausting "Invasion of the Crimea."

If any dreary pessimist see in the great convulsions which have shaken Europe in the last forty years only chaotic tumults, we commend him to the study of this volume. As Professor Fiske in his admirable introduction points out, great political, scientific, economic and industrial progress has been made. Though there remain difficult problems to be solved, yet from the elements of the curve of progress, we may forecast its tremendous sweep in the future. In India, in Japan, in Australia, in Africa, in South America, auguries of brightest promise appear; and in Europe such a "reconstruction as one could hardly have dared to hope for in the days of Haynau and Radetzky." Despotism has received its death blow. The march of the people is heard. A united Italy and united Germany are prophecies of the integration of the nations, of the federation of the world. Even Austria, the stronghold of absolutism, is becoming enlightened and free, and the downtrodden Czechs and Magyars, the Bulgarians, Servians, and Herzegovinians, have felt the stirrings of a national life. God fulfils Himself in many ways, and the grandest object lesson of modern times, of divine judgment against wrong and rapine is seen in the utter and ignominious collapse of that gilded house of cards, the Second Empire, following so hard upon the bursting bubble of the first Napoleon's guilty ambition.

The unspeakable Turk still lags superfluous on the stage. But Greece is living Greece once more; the northern extension of the moribund Turkish empire has been wonderfully curtailed, and the "Sick Man" with bag and baggage will shortly, it is to be hoped, be sent packing over the Bosphorus.

Mr. Murdock first sketches the position of Europe in 1850, and then gives an account of the *coup d' etat* by which Napoleon became dictator, and of the revival of the Eastern question, and of the Crimean war which ensued. Then follows a graphic sketch of the rise of Sardinia, and of the wise statesmanship of Cavour, which led to the integration of Italy. The stirring story of Napoleon's campaigns, of Garibaldi's knight-errantry, and of the final unification of the peninsula from Ætna's fires to Alpine snows, are blended with contemporary history —the advent of the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, the rise of Prussia, the humbling of Austria at Königgratz, and the far-reaching results of the Seven Week's War.

A few vivid chapters are given to the last days of the Second Empire. In swift succession follow the epoch-

marking battles of Wörth, and Gravelotte, and Sedan; and the emperor is a prisoner, and the empress a fugitive. Few more tragical stories are told in history than that of beautiful Paris, betrayed and abandoned, vainly striving to burst the toils of fate inexorably closing around her; and then, conquered by the Prussians, having to conquer the reckless insurrection of the Commune.'

The author's style is vivid and clear, his sentences are short and crisp, and his sense of historical perspective correct. We need not say that his sympathies are with freedom and progress.

We quote a few lines describing the death of Italy's greatest statesman, Cavour, to show the charm of his style. "The face of the dying statesman lightened as he seized his confessor's hand, exclaiming, 'Frate, frate, a free Church in a free State.' So with the battle-cry of his great administration upon his lips, Cavour passed away. The universal sorrow in Italy was mingled with misgiving and fear, but for all that, the new nation agreed with Masimo d'Azeglio, as he wrote through his tears, 'If God will, He can save Italy, even without Cavour.'"

Twelve good maps give clearness to the descriptions, the book is well indexed, and a list of authorities give hints for further reading.

Woman; Her Character, Culture, and Calling. By Distinguished authors in the United States and Canada. Edited by the Rev. Principal Austin, A.M., B.D., of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, with Introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. 4to, pp. 480, illustrated. The Book and Bible House, Brantford, Ont. Price, cloth, $3.75.

One of the most striking characteristics of the age is the emancipation of woman from immemorial restrictions, her moral and intellectual elevation and her manifold achievements in literature and art, and in the higher sphere of moral reform and religious evangelization. This large and handsome volume, more fully than any other that we know, furnishes, to quote the announcement of the title page, an ample and full discussion of woman's work in the home, the school, the church and the social circle; with an account of her successful labours in moral and social reform, her heroic work for God and humanity in the mission field, her success as a wage-earner and in fighting life's battle alone; with chapters on all departments of woman's training and culture, her claims to the higher education, and the best methods to be pursued therein. Rev. Principal Austin contributes to the volume himself a number of its best chapters, and he has secured contributions from writers both in the United States and Canada, who have made a special study of the subject. Miss Willard's graceful introduction is just what we would expect from her accomplished pen. Principal Austin writes on "Open Doors for the Women of to-day;" "Woman in Art and Song;" "What Christ has done for Woman, and what Woman has done for Christ;" "What Knowledge is Most Worth to Woman?" and "Higher Education of Women." Among the other subjects treated are: "Women as Wage-Workers," and "Woman and Home," by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller; "Women as Wage-Earners," by Miss Minnie Phelps; "Woman as a Designer," by Mrs. Florence E. Cory;" "Woman as a Musician," by Mrs. Frances J. Moore, London, Ont.; "Woman in Literature," by Rev. Prof. Warner, A.M.; "Woman as a Physician," by Augusta Stowe Gullen, M.D.; "Woman and the Bible," by President J. W. Bashford, Ph.D.; "Woman as a Religious Teacher," by President J. R. Jaques, D.D., Ph.D.; "Woman and Missions," Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D.; "Woman's Work in China," by J. Hudson Taylor; "Woman as a Missionary," by Rev. I. B. Aylesworth, LL.D.; "The Physical Culture of Woman, by Dr. Playter; "The

Higher Education of Women," by Rev. Dr. Withrow, and Dr. W. M. Baskerville; "Strength and Beauty in Woman's Character," by Rev. A. Carman, D.D.; "Husbands and Wives," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; "Woman in the Social Structure," by O. H. Warren, D.D.; "Woman and the Suffrage," by Rev. Anna H. Shaw, M.D.; "The Education of Woman for Her Work," by Morgan Dix, S.T.D., New York; "Woman in Nation Building," by Mrs. Dr. Parker, Toronto, and "Interesing Miscellanea of Valuable Household Knowledge for Women."

We need not do more than present this enumeration of contents, to show the scope, variety, and amplitude of the volume. We believe that the world during the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand, will receive a great moral uplift and impetus from the influence of noble and true-hearted women. We are in hearty sympathy with the following vigorous sentences from the pen of Principal Austin: "To-day, whilst there are still advocates of woman's subjection, and of the limitation of her privileges and powers, the vast majority of all who desire to labour for the general good are disposed to look upon woman's enlarged freedom, increased advantages, and rapidly-widening labours, as among the most hopeful aspects of the age. This work is designed to speak in trumpet-tones to the women of Christendom of the glorious achievements of women in the past, and the still more glorious possibilities of the present hour. With its varied voices it is to call woman from the sleep of indifference, from the death of pleasure, from the slavery of folly and fashion, to the realities of life, its solemn duties and sublime possibilities. Having summoned woman to the discharge of duty, and impressed on her the mighty responsibilities of living, it will point out the pathway of success in life, the royal road to knowledge, power, prosperity and happiness."

The book is admirably printed and bound, and has a large number of excellent illustrations.

New Light from Old Eclipses; or Chronology Corrected and the Four Gospels Harmonized by the Rectification of the Received Astronomical Tables. By WILLIAM M. PAGE, with an Introduction by JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D. 8vo, pp. xvi-590. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes Publishing Co. Price, cloth, $2.50.

It is well known that the commonly accepted era of the birth of our Lord is not the correct date of that event. Our author fixes the date by a calculation of sundry eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, which also fix certain other important dates of contemporary history. We have not sufficient astronomical knowledge to verify or disprove these calculations, but if true, they show that our Lord's birth took place in the spring of the year "B.C." 3, that his death took place on Thursday, at the Passover, not Friday, A.D. 29, and that his public ministry lasted only one year. These are very startling claims, which will need to be carefully verified before acceptance.

The second part of the book throws much light upon the sacred narrative by a new arrangement of the four Gospels in one combined and continuous story, giving the occurrences of our Lord's life in chronological order, in accordance with the theory of the writer. This will be found very helpful, in bringing out a fuller picture of the life of Christ, than any of the Gospels taken separately. A number of diagrams illustrate the author's astronomical theories.

The New Eldorado; A Summer Journey to Alaska. By MATURIN M. BALLOU. Boston and New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Price $1.50.

The author of this book is a veteran tourist and *litterateur*. He has written accounts of his travels, "Due North," "Due South," "Due East," "Due West," and to almost every other point of the compass, as well. He takes with him the seeing

eye, the philosophical mind, without which men may travel far and be little the wiser. Mr. Ballou follows the favourite route, by way of the Northern Pacific, with a *detour* through the wonders of the Yellowstone Park, with its marvellous canyons, its geysers and hot springs, to the Pacific coast. One need not go to Alaska for glaciers, for Mount Tacoma, in Washington Territory, has no less than fifteen, and the Selkirks and Rockies an indefinite number. Our tourist was well pleased with Victoria and the new city of Vancouver, rivalling in energy, prosperity, and rapidity of growth any city on the continent. He well calls the West Coast Indians "The Cossacks of the sea." The account given of Alaska coroborates all that has been written of the extraordinary wealth of its fisheries—both salmon and seal—of its furs and forests and mines. Our author pays a high tribute to the mission work being done among the Indians, confirming the statements made about the persecution encountered by Mr. Duncan and his Metlakahtlans. The sublimity of the Muir Glacier surpasses that of any other known to man. To Canadian readers, the account of the homeward journey *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway, will prove not the least interesting portion of the book. It is generally admitted that our northern route through the "sea of mountains" is the most magnificent of any of the great tran-continental roads.

People's Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. By EDWIN J. RICE, D.D. With maps and original illustrations. Pp. 336. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, $1.25 net.

We will venture to say that never before since the Gospel of St. Luke was written has it been so so devoutly studied and by so many human beings as it will be during this year of grace 1890. About 20,000,000 Sunday-school teachers and scholars will pore intently over the sacred page; and the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers and profoundest Biblical scholars are being focused on this Gospel as never before. The effect on the young generation of Christendom of thus walking for a whole year in the footsteps of Jesus, and sitting at His feet, and learning of Him, only the great day shall reveal. One of the best of these compendious commentaries on Luke is that under review. Among its advantages are the authorized and revised versions in parallel columns, with critical, exegetical and applicative notes and illustrations, drawn from life and thought in the East. There are a number of engravings, many of them from photographs, which help materially to elucidate the text.

Eminent Methodist Women. By ANNIE E. KEELING, with steel portraits. London: Charles H. Kelly; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Miss Keeling is an accomplished writer, and she has here an attractive theme. Among the "elect ladies" of Methodism here commemorated, are Susanna Wesley, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, Barbara Heck, the Mother of American and Canadian Methodism, and several others, whose name and fame ought to be familiar to young Methodists everywhere. The book has several excellent steel portraits.

Methodist Episcopalianism. By MRS. G. W. CHANDLER. Pp. 132. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price 65 cents.

This little book is the outcome of three papers prepared for the young Methodists of Cornell University. It contains a brief historic account of Methodism in the Old World and the New, and an exposition and defence of its institutions. It is an admirable book for Epworth League Societies.

ON THE BRUNIG RAILWAY—

NEAR THE GROSSBACH BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD MEIRINGEN.

THE Methodist Magazine.

March, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

LAUSANNE TO BERNE, BRUNIG PASS AND LUCERNE.

LAUSANNE, the capital of the Canton de Vaud, is magnificently situated on the terraced slopes of Mont Jorat, and is dominated on the one side by its ancient castle, and on the other by its cathedral. The old town lies, for the most part, in a valley, across which there has been thrown a lofty viaduct, commanding fine views. The very narrow and crooked streets, with their quaint architecture, the overhanging roofs, the grinning gargoyles, and odd dormers, have a fascination that the new town entirely lacks. The city has a population of 30,000, and its history goes back to the days of the Romans. Hither were brought, in the sixth century, the relics of St. Anne, hence the name, *Laus Annæ;* and here, in 1479, were solemnly tried and excom-

CHATEAU DE CHATELARD.

municated an army of locusts which devoured every green thing. The Hotel Gibbon, at which we stopped, was formerly the property of the great historian of the Roman Empire. On the garden terrace is the chestnut tree beneath which he wrote the closing chapters of his history, and an ancient ivy furnishes mementoes of the spot. In the great dining-room, with its gilt-panelled ceiling and parquetry floor, he gave his state banquets and receptions.

MARKET WOMAN OF LAUSANNE.

But another memory of Lausanne is more lovingly cherished by millions of Methodists than that of the sceptical historian—the memory of the saintly Fletcher. After dinner, therefore, I visited the Fletcher Memorial College. This is a noble institution for the theological training of French-speaking candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. There were, at the time of my first visit, eleven students in residence; one of them showed me the handsome chapel, Sunday-school, students' rooms, refectory, and parlours. It is, architecturally, one of the handsomest buildings in the town; and is a worthy monument, not only of the great man

whom it commemorates, but of the liberality and missionary zeal of English Methodism. My young *cicerone* returned with me to my hotel, and we sat long in the glorious moonlight, listening to the music in the public square, and conversing on the religious condition of the country. There was much rationalism in the Established Church, he said, which was the mere creature of the State. I witnessed a confirmation of the latter statement next day, as I saw a police office established in a church.

The old cathedral, built 1235–75, is in the massive early Gothic style. It is on a hill, reached from the market-place—where quaintly-dressed market-women sold us delicious fruit—by a queer covered stairway of one hundred and sixty steps. The picturesque old stone saints, with their arms and noses knocked off by the image-breaking Reformers, looked quite pathetic. One of them, St. Denis, carried his head in his hand, as if for safety, and the sculpture was stiff, archaic, and grotesque. It is quite common to see figures of angels playing on violins, and I saw one firing an arquebuse. The mail-clad knights, lying in their tombs, keep, age after age, their lonely vigils in their shadowy shrines. The old stalls are wonderfully carved. The Lady Chapel of the old Roman Catholic times was fitted up as a Sunday-school for the children, with low seats and a queer little pulpit and organ. The church now looks bare and cold; the high altar is removed, but deep grooves worn in the stone floor show where generations of worshippers piously knelt at this famous shrine.

The bishop's castle of the thirteenth century is more like a feudal baron's donjon than an episcopal residence. Those stern old bishops belonged to the Church militant, certainly. A low-browed arch guarded by a portcullis, admits to a thick-walled barbican or broad squat tower with corner turrets. Loop-holes for cross-bows and arquebuses give it a more military appearance. The old bishop evidently meant to hold his own against all comers. It is now used as a council hall, and is as quaint within as without. Yet, in this mediæval-looking old town, where almost everything and everybody seemed at least five hundred years old, I saw oxen dragging rude carts up the steep streets—just as one might see in the newest and rawest backwoods village in Canada.

From Lausanne to Freiburg is a delightful ride of forty miles, through a fertile, undulating country, with fine mountain views, and picturesque towns and villages, with ancient walls, watch-towers and castles.

As we leave the town the road railway climbs higher and higher along the flank of the mountain, till it commands a magnificent outlook, over almost the whole of the lake, lying far

beneath. Elegant chateaux, like that of Chatelard, come into view, and we leap over deep ravines, like the gorge of the Chaudron, shown in our cut.

HIGH BRIDGE—
GORGE DE CHAUDRON.

We intended stopping over a train at Freiburg, to see its curious suspension bridges, but a heavy rain set in, and it was decided to go on to Berne. I therefore give the impressions of a former visit under more propitious circumstances.

Freiburg is a wonderfully quaint old town, on the high bluffs of the winding Sarine. Across this are two cobweb-looking suspension bridges, one 168 feet and the other 305 feet above the river. A waggon passing over makes them undulate in a manner rather discomposing to timid nerves. A steep road, the pavement of which serves as the roof of a long row of houses, leads to the lower town, where German is chiefly spoken, as French is in the upper town. It must be rather odd for the persons living in these houses to hear the carts rattling over their heads. The old

church of St. Nicholas dates from 1285. Its organ with sixty-seven stops, and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of them thirty-three feet long, is one of the finest in Europe. I attended an organ recital, but liked it far less than that at Hofkirche, at Lucerne. The organ is very powerful, but lacks the sweet flute-like notes of the latter. The deep bass shook the solid walls. The rising rage of the storm-piece was tremendous—like chaos come again. It was at the garish hour of noon, and the market square close by was filled with noisy and homely-looking peasants, in their odd and uncouth costumes. In the church was a singular Chapel of the Sepulchre, a dim grotto with angels, the Maries, and a sleeping soldier of Swiss physiognomy, on which fell strong beams of light through narrow loopholes. It was very realistic and Rembrandt-like. The choir screen was a perfect thicket of iron thorns. There was a dreadfully haggard figure of Christ on the cross, the blood dropping from the thorns on His brow over His body—an object painful to contemplate. A "Last Judgment," over the west portal, was very grotesque. A devil with a pig's head was carrying off souls in a huge basket, weighing them in scales and casting them into a dragon-shaped hell's mouth, while a saint carried the souls of the saved to heaven in her apron.

Around the town were curious towers, very strong on the outer side, toward the enemy; but quite open on the inner side, so as to be untenable if taken. The train crossed the Sarine by a viaduct 260 feet above the water, giving fine views of the winding river.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, is a quaint old town of 40,000 inhabitants. It is, as its name signifies, the City of the Bear. That animal seems to be the tutelary guardian, as well as the heraldic emblem of the canton. It ramps upon its shield. Two gigantic granite bears are warders of the city gates. A whole troop of mechanical bears go through a performance every hour on the clock tower. On the neighbouring Bears' Fountain appears bruin, equipped in armour. Even in the stalls of the cathedral they are carved, in all manner of grotesque attitudes. In the Bears' Den—a large stone enclosure twenty feet deep—quite a menagerie of black and brown bears are maintained at public expense. When I saw them, a great lazy fellow lay on his back, with his four legs in the air, sleepily catching in his capacious mouth cherries thrown him by his visitors. He seemed half asleep, with his eyes nearly closed, but he watched the cherries closely enough, with a strangely human expression, and caught them every time. In 1861 an English officer fell into the den, and was torn in pieces before he could be rescued.

The houses in the old town are built over arcades, under the arches of which the sidewalk runs. In the middle of the wide street are fountains and tanks, where the housemaids come for water, and to wash the table vegetables. One of these, the Fountain of the Ogre, has a hideous monster, with his capacious pockets full of children. He is at the same time devouring another, while below is the inevitable group of bears. Beneath the arcade are

BERNESE COSTUME.—JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE.

seats for wayfarers; that opposite the clock tower is like an old-fashioned square pew. Here, every hour of the day, a tourist group watches the procession of bears defiling before a seated figure, who turns an hour-glass and opens his mouth at every stroke which a harlequin gives a bell. In the shops are grotesque wood-carvings of bears masquerading in every sort of costume, and other fantastic subjects. Many of these wood-carvings are of remarkably artistic excellence—chamois hunting scenes, Alpine guides, and the like. One group of a chamois goat protecting

her kid from the swoop of an eagle, was really pathetic in its expression. The Swiss *châlets*, cuckoo-clocks, and the like, are of wonderful delicacy of construction and carving. Musical boxes are concealed in many unsuspected places, and while you sit down on a chair or take hold of a watch case you are surprised by their pleasant tinkle. Here is seen in perfection the pretty Bernese female costume—black laced bodice, or scarlet trimmed with black, full white sleeves, silver chains looped up over the shoulders, and a short striped skirt. The flaxen hair hangs down the back in two long braids. On the head is worn sometimes a jaunty velvet cap, but more frequently a broad-leafed straw hat, trimmed with their native edelweiss, or Alpine rose.

SWISS HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE THUN.

The fine old cathedral dates from 1421. The sculptures of the west portal represent, in a singularly *naïve* manner, the Last Judgment and The Wise and Foolish Virgins. In the square fronting the cathedral are fine effigies of the ubiquitous bears. The noble terrace of the church, one hundred feet above the river, is crowded, in fine weather, with promenaders in their picturesque holiday garb, while at intervals a fine band plays selections of high-class music.

The glory of Berne is its unrivalled view of the whole range of the Bernese Alps—the Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and all the rest of the glorious company—considered by Humboldt the finest view in Europe. At sunset their serrated and pinnacled crests gleam and glow with unearthly beauty—golden and snowy and amethystine, like the crystal walls and pearly gates of the New

Jerusalem. "Earth hath not aught to show more fair." Long after the evening shadows fill the valleys, the light lingers lovingly upon the rosy summits, as the parting day gives them her good-night kiss. Their strange spiritual loveliness speaks to the soul, like the voice of the angel to the seer of Patmos, saying, "Worship God." It is seldom that this panorama is seen to perfection. I caught only one view of it years ago.

BERNESE COSTUME.

We left Berne, for Thun and Interlaken, in a dreary rain, but we made a merry party, and were like Mark Tapley, as jolly as possible under the circumstances. In an hour we went on board the steamer on the beautiful lake of Thun. Through the swirling mist wreaths we caught glimpses of the conical Stockhorn and the pyramidal Niessen, and of the glittering snowfields of the Blumlisalp, and had the pleasing consciousness that if the envious

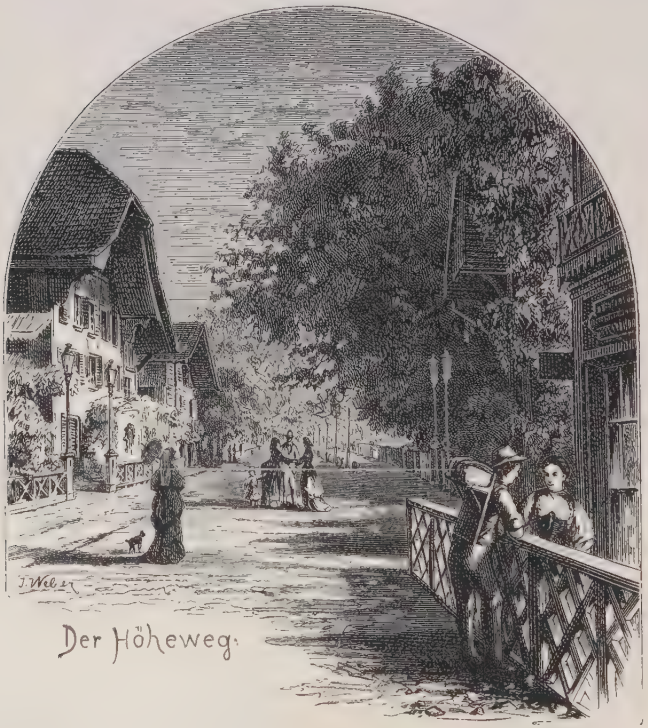
cloud curtain would only rise we should behold, in all their glory, the magnificent range of the Mittaghorn, Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn. But all this we had to take on faith. The steamer wove its way like a shuttle backwards and forwards across the lake, calling at the quaint little towns, each looking very watersoaked and bedraggled. At Spiez I noticed the old castle where I breakfasted years ago when making a pedestrian tour across the Gemmi Pass—a pass so wild that one must traverse it on foot—not even a mule can essay its precipitous descent to Leukerbad. At Darligen we took train again for Interlaken, where we lodged at the Hotel Métropole, one of the finest in Europe.

Ben Johnson cynically says that one's warmest welcome is always at an inn. It is amusing to witness the affectionate solicitude of the Swiss host for his guests' welfare. As they ride up to the door, a lackey in waiting rings a large warning bell. Then three or four waiters in swallow-tails, or valets in uniform, swarm out to assist the travellers to dismount, and the *maître d'hôtel* gives them most unctuous greeting, and assigns them rooms in turn, to which they are conducted by neat *femmes de chambre* in Bernese costume and snowy cap. At the dining table one's seat corresponds with the number of his room. At a signal from the head-waiter, his well-trained subordinates file in and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: soup, fish, roast, entrees, vegetables alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it gives an opportunity to study the varied phases of tourist character, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of our pleasantest recollections are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.

Interlaken is a town of less than 2,000 permanent residents, with over a score of large hotels. I counted twenty-two omnibuses. Its positions, between lakes Brienz and Thun, gives it its name and importance as a centre of travel. In summer it rivals Baden-Baden in the number of its visitors. In winter, I suppose, the people hibernate on what they have made off their victims. Like Baden, it has its Kursaal, or public concert hall, for whose behoof each traveller is mulcted in his bill.

Even though it did rain, the ladies could easily reach the elegant shops with which Interlaken is crowded—and more elegant

you will scarcely see in Paris or Vienna—with their wealth of jewellery, fancy articles, exquisite Swiss carvings, music-boxes, and the like. It was very piquant to hear the Swiss girls lisp their pretty broken English. On Sunday morning it was still raining, but the hotel people furnished omnibuses for all who wished to go to church. And a very queer church it is, an ancient monastery, founded in 1130. It is a rambling old affair, with a series of courtyards, gardens, and various buildings. Some



of these are used for public offices, the nunnery is a prison, and the monastery church is divided into three parts, in which the Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic communions worship at the same hour. The broken tracery and defaced carvings have quite a pathetic look. It is a fascinating task to try to repeople these old cloisters and gardens with their ghostly inhabitants who still seem to haunt the picturesque old pile.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and we could ramble along the Höheweg, an avenue bordered with stately walnuts, and across the bridges over the rapid Aar to the still older town of

Unterseen, which consists chiefly of wooden houses, darkened with age, with great overhanging roofs and balconies, and frequently inscribed with hospitable or pious inscriptions like the following, which are pithily translated by my friend Dr. Workman—

"Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut."

"He who trusts in God has builded well."

"Dem der sein Haus hat wohl bestelt
Lacht doppelt schön die ganze Welt."

"To him who orders his house aright,
The whole world laughs with double delight."

"Wenn du im Herzen Frieden hast,
Wird dir die Hütte zum Palast."

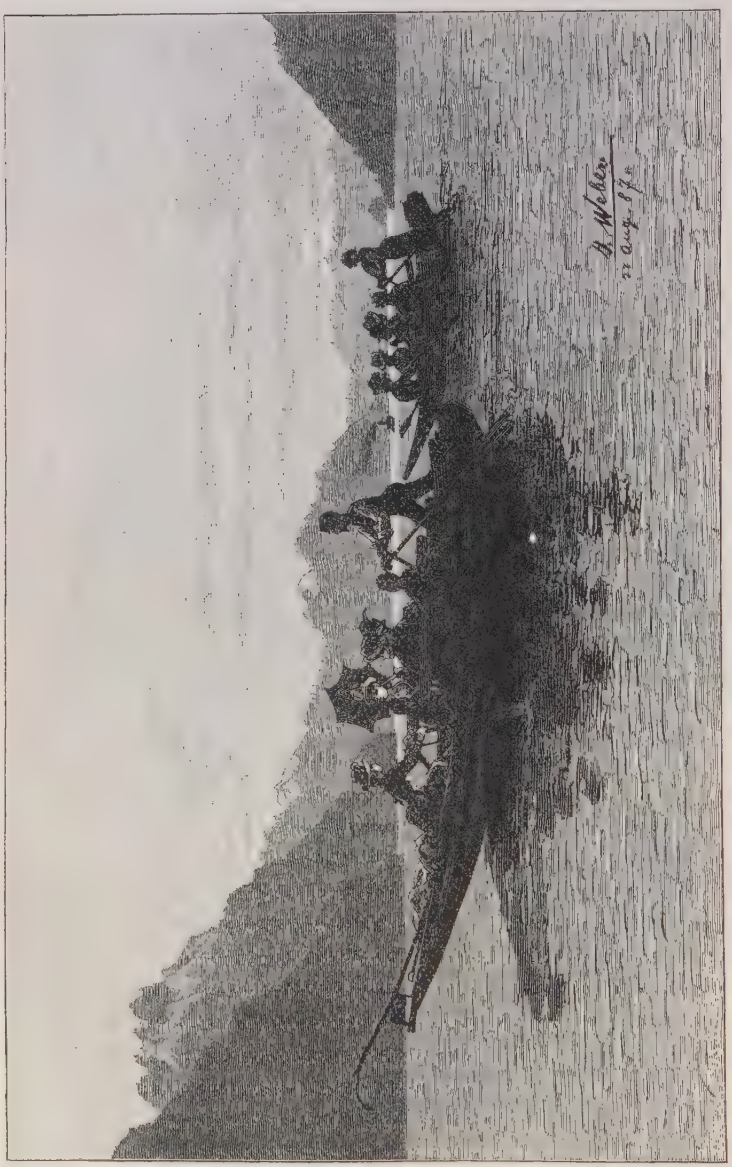
"If thou in very heart hast peace,
The hut will be to thee a palace."

Some of us visit the rude old church and try to decipher the half-effaced inscriptions on the mossy stones beneath the ever-murmuring pines in the lone yet crowded God's Acre. Then we climb the outer stairway to a peasant's home—a stable below, a squalid cabin above. The ceiling is grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman is cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them is all their glorious environment? For at sunset the clouds sweep away, and there in mid-heavens rise the mighty mountains of God. There gleams the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finster-Aarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

On Monday morning we take the train to Bönigen, and the steamer over the beautiful Brienz, a little land-locked lake, begirt with mighty mountains, like a gem of sapphire in an emerald setting. Our cut illustrates the halcyon calm of this exquisite lake, as the sun goes down and the shadows creep across the waves.

At Brienz we take the train again for the ride over the Brunig Pass. The first few miles to Meiringen are level as a floor. The

ancient wooden village, nestling at the base of lofty mountains, is wonderfully picturesque. Here I once witnessed an illumination



EVENING ON LAKE BRIENZ.

of the Alpbach, a lovely fall which was lighted up with coloured fires, with charming effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a cataract of diamonds,

emeralds, sapphires and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Leaving Meiringen, the train begins to climb rapidly on a narrow shelf, blown out of the mountain-side by dynamite, now beneath overhanging crags, now through solemn pine-woods, now

TOWN HALL AT SARNEN.—ON THE BRUNIG PASS.

in narrow gorges, and now, as we rise above the hills, commanding magnificent outlooks of the valley and distant snow-fields.

Now we begin our descent to the Unterwald, through quaint villages with their old churches crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text graven upon the timbers. The farmhouses look comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story is occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.

The women wear short skirts of home-woven stuff, which makes them look like girls, and the girls often have old-fashioned long dresses, in which they look like little women. The men wear jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze, which, but for the inevitable pipe, make them look like big boys.

At Sachseln is a large church, containing the bones of St. Nikolaus, a Swiss Hermit who died five hundred years ago. He subsisted, says the legend, for twenty years on the elements of the sacrament, which he received every month. Scarce a house in the Forest Cantons is without a portait of good Brother Klaus. The simple piety of the people is shown by the greeting so often heard: "May Jesus Christ be praised!" with the response, "To all eternity!"

As we pass through a tunnel, near Lungern, there bursts upon the sight a lovely valley, studded with hundreds of cottages looking, from our lofty position, for all the world like the toy Swiss villages of our childhood. At Alpnach we reach the waters of the Vierwaldstätter See, the memory-haunted lake of the Four Forest Cantons, and, passing under the shadow of the grim old Pilatus, we soon glide into the station of the delightful old city of Lucerne.

According to tradition, Pontius Pilate, when banished from Galilee, fled to this desolate mountain, and in the bitterness of his remorse committed suicide in a gloomy lake. The ascent of the mountain was long forbidden by the government of Lucerne, lest the intrusion on the dark domain of the gloomy suicide, from whose soul not all the waters of the mighty deep could wash the damning guilt of his judicial murder of the Innocent One, should rouse the wrath of Heaven in storms upon the city at its feet. But the audacity of Napoleon invaded this mountain solitude, to procure a supply of timber for his shipyards. A trough eight miles long was made out of 30,000 trees, extending to the water's edge. Down this, logs and trunks of trees were shot, traversing, with a roar like thunder, the eight miles in six minutes. If one escaped from the trough it cut down the standing trees like a cannon ball.

For sweet friends and kind affections,
  Gentle hearts, and home's dear love;
For bright health and holy pleasures,
  For the faith that soars above;
Grateful hearts to thee we bring—
Lord, accept our offering.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

III.

MOSQUE ENTRANCE.

HYDERABAD is unlike any other city I have yet seen in India, and, indeed, is said to resemble no other Eastern town. Nowhere, not even in the sea-ports, is there so mixed a population. The people are all allowed to carry arms—a privilege of which they fully avail themselves, evidently regarding daggers, knives, matchlocks, and a sword or two, as fit finery for festivities and merry-makings of every kind.

Notwithstanding their ferocious appearance, the people of Hyderabad are not more quarrelsome or turbulent than those of other cities, and recourse is very seldom had to these swords, daggers, or guns. The inlaying of arms and the sale of so-called ancient weapons to curiosity-collectors is, naturally, one of the specialties of Hyderabad. An immense quantity was brought to

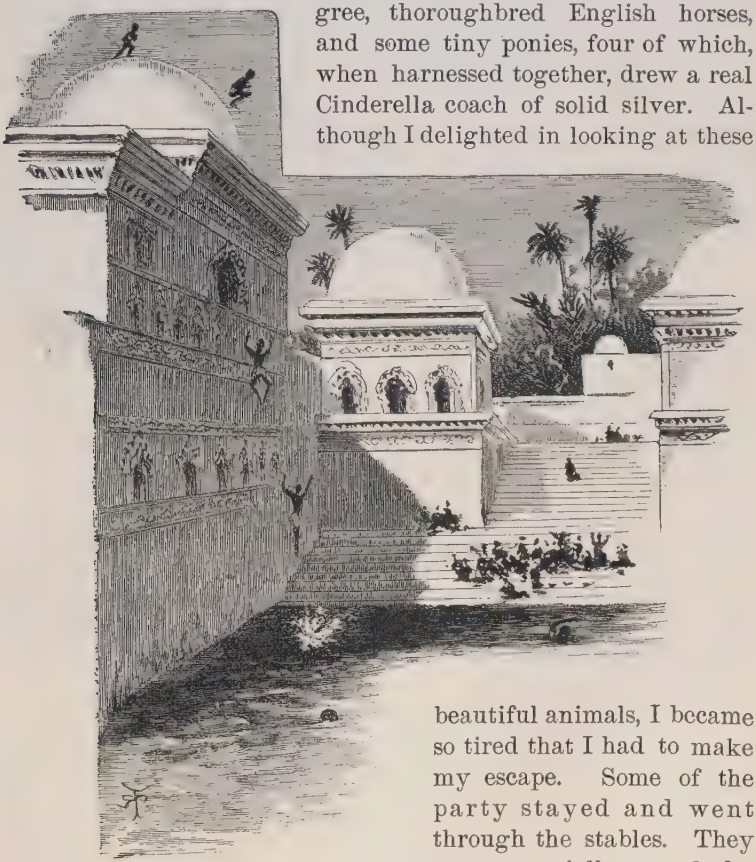
the Residency this morning for our inspection, and they made a glittering display in the marble portico. Among them were swords with watered blades, worth several hundred pounds; besides innumerable scimitars of every shape, rapiers, blunderbusses, and exquisitely ornamented but treacherous-looking daggers and other stabbing instruments.

It has amused us much during our stay here to watch the elephants taking their baths. The Nizam owns three hundred of these big beasts, and all the nobles possess elephants in proportion to their rank and wealth. The huge creatures are driven down to the river night and morning, and it was most curious to see the unwieldy animals lay themselves flat down on their sides in the shallow water, while an occasional lazy switch of tail or wave of trunk indicated the languid feeling of pleasure and contentment enjoyed by the bathers. Their keepers, helped by a small boy who clambered up their steep sides, assisted the cleansing process by scrubbing them vigorously with a sort of stable-broom. As soon as one side was thoroughly cleaned the boy jumped off, and at the word of command, with a tremendous upheaval, the huge beast flopped down again on its cleansed side, uttering a prodigious grunt of satisfaction, and quite ready for the same process to be repeated.

Saturday, February 12th.—Our early expeditions of the last two mornings have been so tiring, that I determined to remain quietly at home to-day until it was time to go to breakfast with the Nizam at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten his Highness' beautiful coaches came for us; and—Mr. Cordery and I leading the way—we drove through the Chowk, one of the broadest streets of the city, to the palace. This is reached through the stables; and the horses, evidently waiting inspection, were standing with their heads out of the doors of their boxes; their grooms, in yellow tunics, blue trousers, and red waist-bands much trimmed with silver, being stationed at the animals' heads. We passed through this to a third courtyard (said to cover as much ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields), and there alighted, at the bottom of a fine flight of marble steps, overlooking a charming garden with the usual tank in the centre. The effect was, however, rather marred to European eyes by a very ill-cast bronze figure, holding in its hand a large coloured air-ball, such as are sold in the streets of London for a penny each. The Nizam (now about twenty-one years of age), is so delighted with these balls that he has ordered two hundred of them, so that when one explodes it may be replaced immediately.

From the entrance-hall, marble corridors, from which hung

handsome glass chandeliers, led into the centre room of a fine suite of apartments, where the Nizam shortly afterwards joined us. At breakfast I sat between his Highness and his chief aide-de-camp, neither of whom touched anything, except a glass of iced water and a cup of tea, during the whole of a very long meal. Subsequently the Nizam kindly caused all his best horses and ponies to be brought to the foot of the marble steps for us to see. There were Arabs of high degree, thoroughbred English horses, and some tiny ponies, four of which, when harnessed together, drew a real Cinderella coach of solid silver. Although I delighted in looking at these beautiful animals, I became so tired that I had to make my escape. Some of the party stayed and went through the stables. They were especially struck by the perfect training of the horses, who seemed kind and as docile as kittens.



THE HAMYAN JUMP, DELHI.

From the Nizam's palace I drove to see the wife of the Finance Minister, Mehdi Ali—an intelligent lady, who speaks English wonderfully well; in fact, she expressed herself so perfectly that it was difficult to believe she had scarcely spoken a word of our language for more than a year and a half. It seemed sad to hear

that she never went out, because she did not care to go "covered up," and that such had been the seclusion of her existence, that she scarcely knew any animals by sight, except from pictures, and had no pets, except, as she said, "pet books." She showed me the books gained as prizes at college by her two nephews, with evident appreciation of their contents, one being Prescott's "History of America," and the other a translation of Homer's "Iliad." I parted with her after receiving the usual garland of honour on leaving, feeling grateful that Providence had not placed *me* behind a purdah, but had allowed me to go about and see the world for myself, instead of having to look at it through other people's eyes.

The midday heat was so great that we gladly rested at the Residency until it became time to go to tea with Khurseed Jah, whose house is only a little distance off. We were received at the entrance to the garden by our host and his son, who led us to a marble platform by the side of a tank on which three boats were floating. One of these had the name of "Sunbeam" painted upon it; but the compliment must have been paid some time ago, for both boats and paint looked decidedly shabby. On a marble platform in the centre of the tank a band was playing. My little girls embarked for a row in the boat, discarding the services of the four boatmen who, apparently disliking, like Othello, to find "their occupation gone," jumped into the water and swam after them. Their black heads and copper-coloured shoulders looked so funny following the erratic movements of the boat!

The Nawab earnestly pressed us to fix a day on which he might be allowed to entertain us; but want of time made this hospitable plan impossible. On parting he presented us each with a bouquet, as well as with the usual bottles of scent. The drive home, through the cool air beneath the bright stars, amid the twinkling lights, and the cries and chatter of birds going to bed, as well as the flutter of flying-foxes skimming overhead as they hurried forth on their nocturnal predatory expeditions, was really the pleasantest part of the day.

In the evening there was a dinner-party at the Residency. Sir Salar is of gigantic physical proportions, and well merits his sobriquet of "mountain-man." He has been a great deal in England, and is well acquainted with European manners and customs. There are many private cabals and intrigues among the nobles, as well as among the relatives of the Nizam, and little interest is taken in the administration of public affairs. Many amusing stories are related of the inevitable rivalry between the nobles, and I was told that, one of them having assumed the title

AN INTERIOR, DELHI.

of "Glory of the Sun," his nearest relative and rival immediately capped it by taking upon himself the transcendent appellation of "Glory of the Heavens."

On the morning of February 13th we had to get up very early in order to start for Bombay *vid* Poonah, all our luggage having been sent to the station over night. By Colonel

Marshall's desire, Ulett brought the Nizam's state coach—a huge canary-coloured, boat-shaped vehicle, hung on the most elastic of springs, with solid silver railings, trimmings, and canopy supports, to convey us to the station. There were several other state carriages, so that we formed quite a little procession. At 8.45 a.m. the train steamed off, after much hand-shaking and many good wishes from a large group of kind friends, who had each and all brought nosegays, so that the saloon was turned for that day into a perfect garden.

We breakfasted comfortably in the train; but later the sun began to blaze down so fiercely upon us that we found the heat and the shaking of the cars rather trying. We reached Hingoli about seven in the evening—very tired. On February 14th, at 5 a.m., we reached Poonah, the capital of the Mahratta country, 120 miles distant from Bombay.

Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner, appeared about eight o'clock, with several carriages, and kindly insisted upon our spending the day at his house, which, I need scarcely say, was a very pleasant plan. He first took us for a drive round the city to the Government House. It was delicious to stroll about the charming grounds, but it was equally pleasant to return to breakfast at the Commissioner's bungalow. There was a miniature zoological garden, containing a numerous collection of deer and smaller animals, including a sweet little monkey, with which the children, of course, immediately fell in love.

We then went for a short drive through the principal streets of Poonah, which includes a picturesque native town, besides charming suburbs where the bungalows are half buried in gardens. The well-known Bund Road, surrounded by hills, has been so often and so well described that it would be absurd for me to attempt to say anything about it after the hasty glimpse caught during the pleasant drives of this morning and afternoon. We went straight to the station, and, re-entering the train, were again shunted on to the main line, starting at last on the final stage of our journey to Bombay.

I looked out of the carriage window for some time upon the distant ghauts, and the nearer and fantastically shaped rocks with their tropical vegetation, now bathed in moonlight, until at last I happily dropped off to sleep, and remember nothing more until we reached Bombay at 7 a.m.

There we found Mr. Kindred and the men from the yacht waiting to meet us. Leaving them to look after the luggage, the Doctor and I drove at once to Malabar Point to stay with the Governor and Lady Reay. Tom shortly afterwards appeared

and surprised us by his description of the unprecedentedly quick run of the *Sunbeam* from Kurrachee. Then Lady Reay and Captain Hamilton came to welcome us, having just returned from their morning ride. Breakfast over, the rest of the morning was busily spent in writing and in getting things into order.

In the afternoon we drove with Captain Hamilton along the

BODY GUARD AND PEON, MALABAR POINT.

Breach Candy road to the famous Towers of Silence, or Parsee cemetery, where we were met by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's secretary, who conducted us over this most interesting place, and explained fully the Parsee method of disposing of the dead and the religious motives which led to its adoption. Much as the explanation interested me, I will not repeat it here; but I must notice the beauty of the view from the Prayer-rooms, and the solemn stillness of the garden below, where the relatives of the

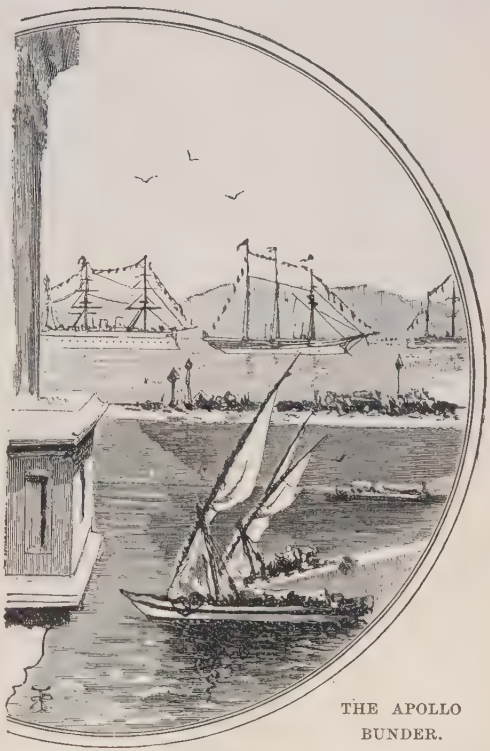
departed come to talk peacefully over their memories. However admirable the arrangement may be from a sanitary point of view, I never could get reconciled to the presence of the vultures, though they were not at all unpicturesque, for their unwieldy copper-coloured bodies contrasted well with the massive and brilliant foliage.

From the Towers of Silence we drove through the native town to the yacht. The view from the road, cut, as it is, in the side of the Malabar hill, was both beautiful and striking. It looks down upon a perfect sea of palm-leaves, gently waving in the breeze, which conceal, save where the tower of some tall building peeps forth, a city of more than 800,000 inhabitants.

Four o'clock of the morning of February 16th found me in the veranda outside our bungalow, listening to the roaring of the cannon, which ushered in the day on which was to be celebrated in India the Jubilee of Victoria, its Queen and Empress. The hours are early here, and at a quarter to eight Lady Reay, Captain Gordon, Tom and I started to "assist" at the grand ceremony at the Town Hall, followed later by the Governor and his aides-de-camp. As we neared the city the crowd became greater, every one being dressed in holiday attire, and all apparently in a great state of enthusiasm and excitement. It looked like a many-tinted bed of flowers; for the Parsee ladies, unlike their Mahomedan and Hindoo sisters, have no dislike to display their toilettes in public, and are always clad in the gayest colours, arranged with perfect taste. The only specially distinctive mark in their costume is a rather unbecoming white band drawn tightly over the brow. In many cases, however, this had been judiciously pushed back so far as nearly to disappear under the bright-coloured silk sari which only partly concealed their jet-black and glossy tresses. Every Parsee has to wear the sacred shirt of cotton gauze, and the Kusti, or cord of seventy-two woollen threads, representing, like the divisions of the Towers of Silence, the number of the chapters of one of the sacred books.

Near the Town Hall the scene became still more animated, and the applause of the multitude, though much more subdued in tone than the roar of an English crowd, was quite as enthusiastic. We were ushered into the gallery, where chairs were placed for Lady Reay and myself close to the Governor's throne. The sight from this "coign of vantage" was indeed imposing. Immediately in front stretched a fine flight of steps, covered with red cloth, and crowded with European and native officials in every variety of costume. The approach to the steps were through a pretty garden, where the wealth of tropical vegetation was set off by

flags and gaily coloured banners. A dense crowd of natives ringed this enclosure round, while lofty houses, their gaily draped balconies and windows filled with bright and happy faces, made a brilliant background. Presently the Governor was seen approaching, escorted by his own bodyguard and a company of mounted volunteers, who looked very picturesque and soldier-like as they dashed through the crowd. All dismounted at the west entrance to the garden, where a procession was formed, at the head of which the Governor advanced and, amid a flourish of trumpets, took his stand in front of the throne to receive the addresses and telegrams presented by, or on behalf of, various classes of the community in the Bombay Presidency. No less than fifty-eight congratulatory telegrams from public bodies in the Mofussil had been received, and a number of deputations were introduced, who presented their documents enclosed in handsome caskets. Fortunately all save two were "taken as read," the exceptions being the address presented by the inhabitants of Bombay and by the Senate of the University. The presentation of the caskets, some of which were quite works of art, occupied a long, long time. One casket seemed to be covered with a sort of lacework of ivory and ebony, and was still further ornamented by wreaths studded with gold and exquisitely modelled figures of elephants and wild beasts. Others, again, were of ebony profusely inlaid with silver.



THE APOLLO BUNDER.

The Governor's replies to the addresses were most happy, and evidently touched the feelings of his hearers. As he uttered his

final words two young middies, perched on a dangerous-looking corner of the parapet, scrambled on to the roof, and, at a given signal, smartly unfurled an immense Royal Standard, amid the thunder of a royal salute of one hundred and one guns. The effect of the whole scene was deeply impressive, as well as suggestive. I have seen many ceremonies, both at home and abroad, but never one more picturesque or of more thrilling interest.

From the town hall we went, still in procession, to the cathedral, which stands close to the Elphinstone Garden, where a musical service was held. "God save the Queen" was magnificently rendered, and the two specially written verses which were added to the National Anthem were most effective.

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

After service the Governor and Lady Reay, with their aides-de-camp, in one carriage, and we in another, returned to Malabar Point, where we were only too glad to put off our finery and rest quietly indoors until half-past four, precisely at which hour we had to resume our war-paint and go, again in procession, to Parel, to meet their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The road lay through the poorer part of the city, but was made gay and interesting by the crowd of people through which we passed, and by the preparations which all were busily making to take part in the Jubilee.

In the adjoining bungalow a substantial tea, with all sorts of cooling drinks, were temptingly arranged among masses of flowers and greenery. The servants from Malabar Point seemed to have arrived by magic, and their picturesque liveries added much to the brilliancy of the scene. In a pleasant informal way, we were then told off to carriages from which to see the illuminations, an escort of cavalry and of the bodyguard being provided

to prevent, as far as possible, our small procession being broken up by the crowd. In the suburbs the illuminations were general, but simple in design. Presently the crowd became more numerous, and began to run alongside the carriages, shouting and carrying blue lights, a compliment with which we could well have dispensed; for the smoke, the cloud of powder which they occasionally threw in the air, the dust raised as they rushed along, and the general heat and want of air in the narrow streets, had a stifling effect. The illuminations were not only artistically beautiful, but afforded a proof that members of every religion and class had united to do honour to their Sovereign. Among the most striking buildings were a Mahomedan Mosque, the lines of which were clearly defined againt the starlit sky by rows of pure white lanterns; a Hindoo temple, where court within court was lighted in a simple and effective manner by *butties* filled with cocoa-nut oil; and several Jain temples brightly illuminated with coloured lights. In the native quarter the houses were lighted up in the peculiar Indian fashion by chandeliers suspended from the windows or across the streets—perhaps the most wonderful part of the scene.

After driving through the crowded streets, we proceeded to the Wellington Pier, to witness the illumination of the harbour and and the grand display of fireworks. The harbour, with its thousands and thousands of twinkling lights, was a sight to be remembered. Even the little *Sunbeam*, though somewhat overshadowed by the huge *Bacchante*, displayed with good effect a row of coloured lights from stem to stern.

As we drove home we much admired the illumination of the public gardens on the Malabar Hill. The name "Victoria" was written in lines of fire on its steep slopes, and was reflected with beautiful effect in the still waters of the bay.

The next morning I began to work between seven and eight o'clock, and consequently got through a good deal before breakfast. Afterwards a succession of visitors arrived, friendly, complimentary and on business; among the latter being many tradesmen, anxious to press their wares upon us. The veranda was soon crowded by box-wallahs, who squatted in the midst of their piles of brilliantly coloured silks, gauze and muslins, or arrived laden with specimens of heavy lacquered-work, carved ivory, sandal-wood, Poonah inlaid work, arms and jewels. A veranda at the back of the chief bungalow, containing the reception-rooms, had meanwhile been completely filled by a long table, on which was displayed a magnificent collection of jewels belonging to a well-known jeweller and diamond merchant. Brilliants of the

size of walnuts were there by the dozen, side by side with huge emeralds; bracelets composed of hundreds of shining gems; a tiara of diamonds formerly belonging to the Empress of the French; rings with precious stones of such dimensions that none but a large finger could wear them; and altogether such a mixture of Oriental and European splendour, and ancient and modern fashions, as one would scarcely have imagined it possible to col-

HINDOO GIRL.

lect together. We made no purchases, but the wealthy jeweller was quite pleased to have the opportunity of displaying his splendid wares. A compliment from the Governor seemed to satisfy him completely; and before we had been five minutes at lunch the whole of his valuable stock was stowed away in two or three common-looking boxes, tied up in cloth, and so transported back to his strong box. I do not profess to be a judge of jewels, but those who knew more of such things than I did estimated the value of the collection at over a million sterling.

WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAMS.

CITADEL STATION, CARLISLE.

In passing southward from Glasgow to Liverpool or London, by the Midland Railway system, one traverses some of the most picturesque and interesting scenery in Great Britain. Omitting reference to the places described in the paper on "The Land of Burns," we pause a moment at the ancient royal burg of Sanquhar.

During the War of Independence the castle was occupied by the English, and was considered an important point of vantage between England and the west of Scotland. Sir William Douglass won it by stratagem. Hiding with his men in Crawick Glen, he got John Dickson, disguised as a carter, to go with a load of wood to the castle. As soon as the portcullis was raised, John jammed the cart in the entry, sounded the onset, and the place was captured. Subsequently it became the property of the family of the Crichtons. "Admirable Crichton" was one of the clan.

Annan is the last considerable town we pass on the Scottish side of the Border. In the Border Wars it was often taken and retaken, and several times was burnt. From the Solway shore near Annan a long viaduct, on the Solway Junction line, crosses the Firth to Booness—"a triumph of engineering skill."

Fine views are here afforded of Solway Firth, an estuary thirty miles in length and twenty in breadth at its mouth. The tidal

wave is a striking phenomenon in this place. At the flood tide it rushes up the channel, with a crest of from three to six feet high, at the rate of ten miles an hour, to the danger of all inexperienced persons who may be on the sands or in small boats on the water. Sir walter Scott, in "Redgauntlet," describes the dangers of the Sands of Solway.

Leaving Annan, we run along a flat country within view of the Solway, and reach Gretna Green, a mile north of the border, where runaway marriages used to be celebrated by the village blacksmith. More than three hundred marriages took place annually in this and the neighbouring village of Springfield.

BARON WOOD CUTTING.

Before reaching Gretna Junction, we cross the Sark, the boundary line between England and Scotland. The scenery in this part of our journey may be tame, but the annals of all this country round are full of associations drawn from border song and story. We are now at "merry Carlisle," the capital of the county, the see of a bishop and a border city, containing 30,000 inhabitants. It is encompassed by three rivers, and hence has been called "the City of the Waters." Standing upon a hill, it looks upon a prospect of unusual variety and beauty; while from the keep of the castle, or from the roof of the cathedral, the eye can range from Skiddaw and Helvellyn on the south and west to the uplands of the border and the pastoral Cheviots, from Crossfell, in the east to Criffel by the Solway on the west.

The city has been the home of various races. The remains of the Roman wall may still be found. Its castle withstood the assaults of Wallace and of Bruce. Here kings have held parliaments, have sought refuge, and have died. The cathedral is the chief architectural feature of the city. It was originally part of a Norman priory. The proud Normans laid its first stones, and the Plantagenets worshipped beneath its roof. It contains a monument to Dr. Paley.

A little farther is Cumwhinton, and then Cotehill. The river Eden is now winding far below us along a deep romantic valley on our left, the slopes being richly wooded. It may be doubted,

EDEN VALLEY.

whether in all England more beautiful scenery is to be found than in this part of the valley of Eden. Pursuing our way southward we skirt, for some three miles, the upper part of an ancient and extensive forest, called "Baron or Barren Wood." In some places it is thickly timbered with oak and ash, fir and beech. For a short distance the line is so near the river, that on the one side we seem to be in a deep cutting, and on the other upon a precipice that slopes 150 feet sheer down to the water's edge.

Farther down we stand on the brink of a precipice looking into a deep, dense wood: and still continuing our descent, we come to the margin of the stately Eden, walk along its bank round the mighty rocks overhung with trees, and watch the salmon leap. The paths we have been treading are the Nunnery Walks, so named from the religious house established by William

Rufus, who "trembled, like other profligates, amidst his impiety, and was willing enough to secure a chance of heaven provided it could be obtained by any other means than virtuous practice."

After we pass Lazonby, on the summit of a hill, are the remains of a Druids' temple, known by the name of "Long Meg and her daughters." "Long Meg" is an upright unhewn square stone, fifteen feet in girth, and eighteen in height, the corners of which point to the four points of the compass. Long Meg's numerous progeny, it has been playfully said, "of sixty-six strapping daughters form a circle of about 350 paces, and there, in an erect attitude, await the commands of their grandmother. Some of

APPLEBY.

these juveniles measure from twelve to fifteen feet in girth and sixteen feet in height."

As we look in a north-westerly direction, we have a view of Eden Hall, the residence of the late Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., the chief of the famous border clan of that name. An old drinking glass, called the luck of Eden Hall is preserved. It is enamelled with colours, and the letters I H S on the top indicate the sacred uses to which it has been devoted; but the legend is that a company of fairies were sporting near a spring in the garden, and that after a short struggle it was snatched from them; whereupon they vanished into thin air, exclaiming—

"If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

Hard by is Appleby, in 1281 a white friary was established, near which once stood a home for lepers. The view of the town as seen from the line is pleasing. In front of us is the church, with its square tower, built in the fourteenth century on the site of another church of far more ancient date, which was burnt down by the Scots. It contains fine altar tombs of the renowned Countess of Pembroke and of her mother. The town is almost encircled by the river; the left is closed in by the hill, covered with fine trees, among which stands "Appleby Castle," the resi-

HELVELLYN.

dence of Admiral Elliott; while in front of it, near the lodge gates, is the grand keep of Cæsar's Tower, eighty feet high, and covered with ivy, said to have been built by the Romans.

The traveller who wishes to see all that is best worth seeing of Cumberland and Westmoreland, may naturally desire to make a *détour* into the beautiful lake districts of those counties. If so, he may find it convenient to pause at Appleby and to take train thence to Penrith and Keswick, where he will find himself in the full enjoyment of his purpose. From Keswick we proceed by way of Thirlmere, under Helvellyn, to Grasmere and Ambleside.

In doing so we first ascend the hill of Castlerigg, 700 feet above the sea, on the summit of which the poet Gray, when leaving the neighbourhood, was so affected that he "had almost a mind to have gone back again." We pass onward through the Vale of Naddle, and near Smeathwaite Bridge we pause to survey the Castle Rock at the head of the Vale of St. John, which, especially in certain lights, has a vivid resemblance to a castle.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seemed some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd
A pondrous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power."

No one can visit the shores of Thirlmere without delight. Walking under the overshadowing trees we proceed onward to the stone bridge, wander along the meads and copses, and survey, stretching to the east of the lake, the great buttresses of Helvellyn, deeply scored by wintry torrents, making the ascent of the mountain from this side, except at two difficult points, impracticable.

We now ascend, mile after mile, the hill that leads to Dunmail Raise, where Dunmail, "last King of rocky Cumberland," was buried, and where a pile of stones marks his grave. Here we enter Westmoreland, and soon commence a descent toward the lovely Lake of Grasmere, which sparkles in the distance. "I go to Grasmere at least once a year," said a Presbyterian clergyman to the writer. "It is the most beautiful bit of God's earth that I know."

Grasmere is every year visited by thousands, not simply for its natural loveliness, but for the associations that cluster around the name of William Wordsworth. Once we happened to be stormbound at Grasmere, and had a long and cheery chat with an old man who could remember much of the days that are gone. He described the old customs and quaint ways of poets and peasants, clergy and "statesmen" (men who have a little freehold estate) of these lakes. "Yes," he said, "I knew Mr. Wordsworth; he loved every tree and stone in the dale, and often saved them from the miner or the woodman. He could not bear to see a sod or a rock molested." He mentioned that Mr. Wordsworth was a

great walker. He would swing himself right and left "a'most like a skipper;" in this attitude he would skate on Grasmere; and he would lie on his back under a tree to decide whether or not it should come down. "He was the best skater," he said, "we had in this country. It was the only thing he took a delight in

GRASMERE GROUP.

as sport. Wordsworth, De Quincey and Coleridge, were all alike in this respect, they stood or walked in a stooping attitude. I have seen Wordsworth in his pew in the church sitting with his head down, seeming as if studying something different from what was going on in the church. Suddenly he would start up, walk to the other end of the pew, and then walk back again, as if his mind was surprised at something that had unexpectedly occurred to him."

Once two strangers met and chatted in front of the Red Lion Hotel. The one spoke of Wordsworth, and the other told of his admiration of Sir Walter Scott. It was Scott and Wordsworth who were talking together, and they soon found one another out.

About one hundred yards from the Prince of Wales Hotel is the house where Wordsworth first lived at Grasmere. Every visitor to Grasmere visits the churchyard. Here is the simple and modest tombstone to William Wordsworth. For nine years it bore only the name of the poet; but, in 1859, the grave was opened to receive his widow. Beside them lies their daughter, and next to her her husband. Close by are the remains of Hartley Coleridge, at whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended not very long before his own death. This spot under the yews, beside the flowing Rothay, and circled round by the mountains he loved so well, was chosen by himself as a fitting resting-place for the Poet of the Lakes. He desired no splendid tomb in a public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamore and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, "amid the mountains which he loved; and a solemn voice seems to breathe from his grave, which blends its tones in sweet and holy harmony with the accents of his poetry, speaking the language of humility and love, of adoration and faith, and preparing the soul, by a religious exercise of the kindly affections, and by a devout contemplation of a natural beauty, for translation to a purer, and nobler, and more glorious state of existence and for a fruition of heavenly felicity." "He chose the spot himself," said Harriet Martineau, "and every one rejoices that he did."

The great poet is thus characterized by a recent critic: "Wordsworth was a sturdy lad, daring and resolute, developing the characteristic qualities of his fellow dalesmen. He was steadfast and self-reliant, frugal and simple, solemn and taciturn, yet vivacious when inspired by congenial society, and beloved of children. A clumsy figure for a drawing-room, paying but scant attention to personal adornment, never wearing a 'boxer,' and not disdaining a ride in a dung-cart, sometimes blowing his own trumpet a little defiantly; a trifle mean according to some observers, but living a life full of noble charity to the needy. Wordsworth regarded the poet as a prophet anointed to declare the evangel of healing thoughts and ennobling purposes. He was essentially a lyric poet; his personality overshadowed all his writings, and in some cases protruded into egotism. His theory that poetry should deal with the simplest themes in colloquial language gives us his secret of his

strentgh and weakness. He was successful in imparting a charm to ordinary events, and in giving voice to the depth and nobility of common life; but often his simplicity becomes trivial and common-place. He avoided the technical language of poetry as diligently as his predecessors had cultivated it, and succeeded in turning the scale against a stilted and artificial phraseology. His noblest poetry, however, was a contravention of his own

DERWENTWATER, SCAFELL.

theory, for the lofty thoughts which strove for utterance could only find expression in language richer and more artistic than the vocabulary of common speech. Wordsworth was essentially a poet of Nature. He was a nursling of the mountains, ever awed and exhilarated by their presence. Nearly all his poems were composed in the open air. His library was in the house. His 'study' had no walls. He was, in fact, the prophet and high priest of Nature, listening for her message to the sons of men, and sending up her tribute to the throne of God. While

his description of natural objects is as exact as Tennyson's; he never rests with mere description. Wordsworth gives us a poetic interpretation of Nature; he regards her as a living, thinking, joyous presence—learning from her lips the profoundest lessons, and describing the emotions which she invokes from his own heart."

Leaving the lake, we soon pass the spot where De Quincey lived,

RYDAL GROUP.

and a little farther on we are at Nab Cottage, the humble white house on the left by the roadside, looking full on to Rydal Lake, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. "Those who knew the Lakes of old," says Harriet Martineau, "will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere, the eccentric-looking being whom the

drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him."

"Rydal Mount is, indeed, a true poet's pleasaunce; its green hollows, its straight terraces, bordered with beds of periwinkle and tall foxgloves, purple and white—the white being the poet's favourite; and the summer-house, lined with fir cones; and then the opening of the door, which discloses the other angle of the prospect, Rydal Pass, with the lake lying below."

We reluctantly leave Rydal. To our right, across the Rothay,

LAKESIDE STATION, WIDERMERE.

is Fox How, Dr. Arnold's old residence; and, passing along the richly-timbered valley, we enter Ambleside. Here to our right, is "the Knoll," formerly the residence of Miss Martineau. From Ambleside we can visit Ullswater or Coniston, and Furness Abbey; or, we can pass by steamboat down the beautiful Lake of Windermere.

We proceed now *viâ* Appleby to the south. "Perhaps the whole world does not offer a spectacle more impressive to the eye of the geologist than that afforded by the contrast between the mighty wall of mountain limestone rocks, soaring to the height of 2,500 feet above the vale of the Eden and the plain of Carlisle, and the level beds of the red sandstone, deposited in latter times, at the foot of the ancient escarpment, upon the relatively depressed portion of the same mountain limestone series."

Immediately on emerging from Birkett cutting, the traveller should look sharply to the left at the embankment on which the train is running. It is about 100 feet high, and because of the quality of the material of which it was made and the quality of the ground on which it had to be deposited, the tipping actually proceeded for twelve months without the embankment advancing a yard.

BIRKETT CUTTING.

Pendragon Castle, tradition tells us, was erected by Uter Pendragon. Here Sir Hugh Morville, one of the knights implicated in the murder of A'Becket, held his brief but lordly tenure; and there, centuries afterwards, the famous Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who built castles and churches, hospitals and manor mills, who could "discourse of all things, from predestination to slea-silk," and who married two husbands with whom she had "crosses and contradictions," took up her abode. When an objectionable candidate was forced on one of her boroughs, she wrote, "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand!"

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
—*Longfellow.*

THE MAINTENANCE OF HOME MISSIONS AMONG THE MOST DEGRADED POPULATIONS.*

BY THE LATE SENATOR MACDONALD.

WHAT can be done to better the masses of human beings who crowd together in all great centres of population—ignorant, indolent, vicious, and degraded? Is their condition hopeless? Must they necessarily continue to inhabit their loathsome dwellings, secure their living by lying and dishonesty, be familiar only with profanity and impurity, corrupt and corrupting one another? How sad, for example, the sight which one witnesses at every turn in this great city. Among a Pagan people we look for ignorance and vice; but here, where God's temples rise in every street; where His Word is not only sold at less than the cost of production, but freely given away where there is not the ability to purchase it—in this city, where there are so many who love and serve God, what sight so sad as to see in such a city thousands of men and women from whom every vestige of all that is good and holy and pure has been effaced, and who, in this city of Gospel-light, seem to have abandoned all feelings of hope for this world and the next; to see multitudes of young lads already old in crime, and who, unless relief comes to them, and comes soon, will assuredly swell the ranks of the criminal class. Sadder still to see thousands of young girls, between the ages of ten and fourteen, drifting away to a doom which appears inevitable; to see flocks of helpless children growing up to form another generation of the degraded—such of them, at least, as will survive the hunger and wretchedness, the neglect and cruelty, to which they are subjected.

Sights such as these, without looking into the gin-palaces—those sinks of all that is degrading—the dark lanes, loathsome alleys, crowded lodging-houses, where thieves and pickpockets and the vilest men and women congregate, are enough to cause the deepest pain of heart, enough to beget the most profound thankfulness to God that our own lot is so different, and enough to lead us searchingly to ask ourselves, What have we done, what do we intend to do, to make this wretchedness and this sorrow less? Can these older and more hardened men and women be saved; these young lads, can they be rescued; these young girls, can they be snatched from a life of shame too sad to contemplate;

*A paper read at the Œcumenical Conference, held in City Road Chapel, London, Eng.

these helpless children, can they be reached before sin, with its defilement, has done its work; can the bodies be saved as well as the souls? A simple glance at the report of the London City Mission will, perhaps, furnish the best answer we can give to these questions.

From it we learn that during the past year the 450 missionaries connected with the London City Mission have been the means of sending 3,563 children to school; of receiving 2,188 communicants; of reclaiming 2,508 drunkards; of rescuing 500 fallen women; of inducing 5,746 to attend public worship; have made 314,380 visits; have distributed 17,569 Bibles and portions of Scripture, and 4,004,612 tracts. All this means so much which cannot be written in any report; words of regret, promises of reformation, tears of sorrow for wrong-doing, triumphs over sin, and death, and the grave. Yet when the great mass of sin and wretchedness is considered, what are 450 missionaries, and what the trophies, compared with the numbers from which they have been rescued?

Wonderful is the work which has been accomplished by the Five-point Mission of New York. It is said that 1,000 girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen can be found in the Water-street drinking saloons of New York; and, a writer adds, to this same character and doom 40,000 destitute and vagrant children are drifting. To rescue them that mission was founded. Little girls picked up in the streets, found in the gutter, taken from dens of infamy, many of whom never knew father or mother, have found the mission a home and a resting-place. And as far back as 1869, as many as 20,000 had been rescued from the slums of that city, and had found in society places which they had filled with respectability and usefulness, many of them becoming workers among, and wondrous benefactors of, the class from which they themselves were rescued.

The achievements of the shoe-black societies as well as those of many kindred associations, have put to rest the question of hopelessness. None are too low to be raised, none too abandoned to be hopeless; while the individual instances in which those who were once neglected street Arabs, vagabonds, and pickpockets, became men holding prominent and responsible positions, demonstrate that positions of trust and responsibility are open to those who are found in the ranks of the degraded, and that if determined to lead new lives, the past, however dark, does not bar their future advancement. Suppose, for example, that during the twenty-four years in which the street Arabs have been organized as shoe-black societies they had been neglected, what might have been? It is safe to state that in one way or another they would

have stolen $250,000; and their imprisonment would have cost the country $500,000 more; that by being imprisoned with veteran criminals they would have become perfected in crime, and placed amid the class to benefit which is most difficult. What has been the result? In the prosecution of their daily labour during that time they have earned $1,000,000, and by the habits of thrift which they have acquired, and by the excellent and wholesome discipline under which they have been brought, the foundation has been laid for a life of respectability and usefulness, and the instances are not few where such results have happily followed.

Many instances of individual reformation and advancement are recorded in reports, while names are wisely withheld. "Not long since," says a gentleman long connected with the shoe-black societies, "a handsome man, fashionably dressed, called upon me and said, 'I called to see you, sir. I was a shoe-black; now I am the agent of the —— Company in New York. I carry for them as much $1,000,000; my salary is £500 a year.'" We read of four young men who, with their wives, were dining together in New York. One of the young men was the cashier of a leading New York bank, one a book-keeper in a large insurance company, a third confidential clerk in a leading mercantile house, the fourth a rising lawyer—all had been rescued from the lowest slums of New York.

While all this is gratifying, the fact remains that the dense mass of ignorance and vice never seems to lessen. A few have been rescued from the outworks, but they have been from the outworks only; the citadel appears as impregnable as ever. Now and again one and another is rescued from the terrible vortex, and then the great wave rolls on, deeper, darker, and more angry than before. One would have thought that after what had been accomplished in connection with the Five-point Mission in New York, that the whole locality had been redeemed from its vileness and pollution, and its population elevated to the position of deserving and respected citizens.

We read in the New York *Daily Graphic* of August 8th of the present year:—"Any one who wishes to see humanity in the most abject condition of midsummer wretchedness should visit the New York streets contiguous to the old Five Points on a hot night, such as we are now having. To remain in the wretched, dirty, stifling tenements is impossible, and the entire population precipitates itself on the scarcely less dirty and almost equally uncomfortable pavement. Men, women, and children, in all stages of undress except such as would call for police interference, and in an indescribable stage of grimness, spread themselves out on

the side-walk, and a pedestrian has to pick his steps through them the best way he can;" and, after describing the lager beer saloons, into which they find their way, the writer adds:— "Finally they separate to their miserable abodes, or rather to the side-walks in front of them, and sleep the sleep of the weary and the worn-out, until the scorching morning sun arouses them to another day of languid toil."

How is this great wave of wretchedness and misery to be checked, and changed into all that is pure, and healthful, and life-giving? God's Word must be in the future as it has been in the past, the great instrument in arresting the attention, awakening the conscience, and exciting the understanding to the need of salvation. It must be put into the hands or brought to the homes of those who need it by agents of unmistakable piety, tact, and shrewdness, by those who not only are bringers of the Word, but lovers of the Word, not only readers of the Word, but those who have its truths treasured in their memories and in their hearts. It is but a waste of time to employ any one in this work who does not love it for its own sake, who has not experienced a change of heart, and who has not a love for the souls of men. Herein lies the whole groundwork of the system:—

> "The love of Christ doth me constrain
> To seek the wandering souls of men;
> With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
> To snatch them from the gaping grave."

To-day, as in the days of Christ, "the harvest truly is plenteous, the labourers are few." Taking, by way of illustration, this great city, containing probably over 4,000,000, and adding to its population same 90,000 souls a year, it has, in connection with the London City Mission, 450 missionaries. But when the masses among whom they labour are considered, may it not be appropriately asked, what are they among so many? Upon this point the Lord Mayor, while presiding recently at Egyptian Hall, asked, "What are 450 missionaries for the great metropolis?" and at the same meeting Lord Shaftesbury stated that 1,000 would not be one too many. If we rightly estimate the results sure to follow the faithful efforts of every devoted worker in this field, then we may safely conclude that in this wide world there is not one more full of promise. Amid the better classes of society how rarely do we hear of men and women evincing anxiety about their souls. Among the neglected portion of the population how different! Cast out, as it were, from their birth, cut off from society, regarded as loathsome and vile, their dwellings shunned as pest-houses, accustomed to look upon God when

they think upon Him at all, as One whose ways are unequal, when they see their hovels visited by some earnest loving Christian, when with their keen perception they discover not that patronizing spirit which they abhor, not that spirit of curiosity which they resent, but a gentleness and a love which astonishes and then arrests them, when they realize that, cut off as they had supposed themselves to be, not from man and the world only, but from God and heaven, when they hear words of tenderness which they cannot mistake, see a sympathy manifested for them to which they had hitherto been strangers, and realize that the visitor is but bearing to them the message of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," when they begin to realize not only that man loves them, but that God loves them—better still, that Christ died for them—what a new world dawns upon them—how with new eyes and new ears they resolve to seek new hearts, to give themselves body and soul to Christ! And then what new joys are awakened, not only in those who have been thus rescued from their defilement, not only in those who have been instrumental in leading them to Christ, but in the presence of the angels over ever every such sinner who repenteth.

Jock Hall, the ne'er-do-weel, whose story is so touchingly told by Dr. Norman McLeod, is but a type of many a tramp who has been arrested by words of tenderness from some kindred spirit to Andrew Mercer, and found the story of the Prodigal read to them by some sympathetic John Spence, the means by which they were led to Christ. Many a one as degraded as the pitman when the amazing condescension of Christ became something to him which he could comprehend, has said in his simple, but expressive words:—

> "It was not that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent
> That He brought me so near to His mighty cross, and taught me what it meant;
> He doesn't need me to die for Him—He only asks me to live;
> There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that I have to give."

How wonderful are the facilities possessed by the worker of to-day in carrying on his work compared with those of the worker of fifty years ago. What thoughtful and earnest workers have suggested earnest and loving Christians have supplied. What a wealth of consecrated labour is put forth to-day in discovering new methods of benefiting those who do so little to benefit themselves. How brain, and hands, and hearts, and willing feet are working to help the helpless. How painter and poet, gentle women and Sunday-school children, how large-hearted, whole-

souled men and women in vast numbers throughout Christendom, think, and speak, and work, and pray for the elevation and salvation of their poor outcast brethren. How the illustrated literature of the present day, not only such works as the *British Workman, Cottager and Artizan, Band of Hope,* and kindred publications, but how the very leaflets, are not only works of art, but treasuries of golden thoughts. How even the loom, the forest, and the mine, in their many useful, attractive, and inexpensive products, become helps to pave the way to dwellings hitherto difficult of access. How the gold and the silver, the fruits of the earth, the flowers of the field and the flowers of the garden, becomes aids to the agent, enabling him by new avenues to find his way to homes and to the hearts of those who dwell in them, filling with light and cheerfulness habitations hitherto dark and forbidding; doing this in that way known only to those taught by God's Spirit, doing this so that self-reliance is awakened and developed, not destroyed; in such a way that cleanliness is seen taking the place of loathsomeness, gentleness that of harshness, reverence that of profanity; to see those who had been strangers to God and heaven become readers of His Word, attendants upon His house, clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Forty years ago an English statesmen (Sir George Grey), during the period of the Chartist riots, said that to the operations of the London City Missions was due "the peace, the comfort, and the safety of this metropolis." If that could be said then, what might be said to-day? If the little leaven of those days had produced results which warranted such an expression from such a speaker, what might be said if the leaven of the kingdom were to-day working upon the entire degraded population of this metropolis, working among them until the whole was leavened? Is this too much to look for, to pray for, to labour for? When will it be, how soon will it be accomplished? Never was there a period in the world's history when it teemed with wealth, as it does to-day; never a period when so much of this wealth was possessed by God's people; when there was so great a readiness on the part of Christians to employ their wealth in God's service; when there were so many willing to labour for their fellow-men. Why, then, is not the work accomplished? When shall we witness on the part of the degraded a mighty turning toward God, not by tens or hundreds merely, but by thousands, so that whole districts may resound with the praises of the living God where now are heard only sounds of blasphemy? Not until the Church as a whole is thoroughly alive, not until the sectional differences which divide and estrange Christians are broken down, not until

the class sought to be benefited fully realizes that Christians are terribly in earnest in reference to their welfare, and that they mean work and not talk; that their reliance is in God's power, and not in man's arm. If there is one field in this world where more than any other such efforts are needed, that field is the one found in this great city. Here is the deepest degradation, here ample ability to meet it in means and workers.

Let but the spirit which influenced the movement recently put forth in this city, which led the ministers of the various denominations to observe Sunday, the 10th of July, as an open-air mission day, be the spirit which animates the entire Church in carrying on this great work, showing to those whom they seek to benefit that, as separate Churches, whatever differences exist among them which keep them apart, in the great work of seeking the best interests of the poor outcast and degraded children of men, they are all one. Let the Church unite in sending into this field without loss of time a greatly increased staff of workers; Christian men await but the application to supply you with the means. Better still, let every Christian man and woman in this great city become a worker, not offering words merely, not simply reminding the degraded of their condition, not merely offering Christ to them as their Saviour when the only feelings of which they are conscious are the gnawings of hunger, and the only shelter which awaits them for the night, the canopy of heaven. Let such workers cheerfully minister to them of their substance, giving if it be but a tithe of what they daily spend upon superfluities, realizing that the poor perishing body needs help as well as the soul. Let every Christian woman of this metropolis take their poor fallen sisters by the hand, many of whom are more sinned against than sinning, many of whom abhor the life, the sad life into which they have drifted, not passing them by as though God had forsaken them, but remembering the words of Him who said to an erring one, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more;" then, indeed, will results follow such as never have been witnessed in this great metropolis; and the glad tidings will be wafted to every quarter, and men and women everywhere will be led to labour as they have never done before for those that are outcast and degraded.

"In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account, and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost,
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run."

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

More effective and comprehensive provision for the spiritual wants of our children and youth has for some time been a deeply-felt and widely-acknowledged necessity in our Methodism. This is, indeed, a necessity that is more and more appreciated throughout the Christian world as the Churches become more and more awake to their duty, more and more alive to their privileges, and more and more aware of the meaning and scope of the call of God to the salvation of the race. The Church, like the State, lives as it grows. It grows by learning in doctrine, providence, facilities, adaptations and achievements. The conviction that children and youth have spiritual needs is a strong point gained. The persuasion that Christianity in its excellency is for children, has its patiently instructive and social side, can lead youth into business activity for Christ, can even select and sanctify profitable entertainment and direct intellectual culture through mutual aid and improvement, is another very decisive vantage ground. To those who make religion mere dogma or ceremony, it is, indeed, a discovery that Christianity has a social side, or that its chief power and hope are the conversion and spiritual nurture of the youth.

The great Christian movement for the elevation, the ennoblement of woman is of a kindred character, and has similar relations to the Church of God. "The foundations of the earth are out of course," and there are some things now terribly distorted and out of place, that must be levelled up and straightened out before the world can be converted to God. This is what the conversion of the world means; and the world will have been converted when these things shall have been done. Such developments are the best demonstration of the moral and social force of our revealed religion, and the brightest promise of its complete and speedy triumph. This we long for, this we pray for; and if we are logical, liberal, loving and loyal in ready league and covenant, we promptly adopt and faithfully execute the wisest measures at hand to direct the divine energy entrusted to us under the atonement, and hasten the day when our Redeemer shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

It is not that the necessity is actually greater than in the ages past; but it is that it is more clearly discovered, and more cheerfully recognized. Whatever men think or say about it, there are

developments in religion; at least, on the human side of it. Men can live on the wilder and poorer apples and berries, the meaner grains, and the baser breeds of sheep and cattle; but they can also grow and raise and cultivate the better, and live better on them, and be the nobler for it. And in religion there are improvements and enlargements of knowledge; knowledge of God, knowledge of man, knowledge of Bible truth, knowledge of the relations of things with the passing generations according to their fidelity. And there are decided improvements in the directer application and wider extension of spiritual truth and power. The relation of the spiritual and personal to the social, political, material and universal is more clearly seen and more wisely employed. The Churches themselves are better informed on this subject, and more impressed with the relation of children and youth to the Church of God, and the obligations of the Church of God to children and youth.

There is a change of opinion and action in this regard amounting to a revolution, coming over the nations, thrilling the Christian Church, the Body of Christ, and throbbing in its every pulse. So long, as after the thoughts and customs of the ancient heathen, children belonged only to the State, and were kept and educated only for diplomacy and war; or, after the manner of heathen nations of to-day, they are regarded as simply the property of the parents, to be betrothed, sold, or destroyed at pleasure, there would be very little idea that in them is the dignity of immortality and that of such is the kingdom of heaven. So long as our theological systems swept children by decree or baptism into glory, or reprobated even infants to eternal death, there could not be much perception or conviction of the demand for further efforts, of the need of watch, care and instruction; and of the possibilities of the guidance and association of children and youth in the immunities, privileges, employments and honours of the house of God. What do we want of children amid the high parade of ceremonial, the gravity and austerity of reverend presbyters, and the pomp and purple of hierarchs and prelates? On a day like that mothers and their babes may stay at home. So have dogma and system made home a prison as closely bound in as seraglio or zenana. Our fathers and ourselves have imagined and practised that the child cannot get or keep experimental religion; that the youth must "sow his wild oats anyhow;" and that if he is saved at all, it must be after a long carnival in sin by the strong calls and earnest solicitations of the "protracted meeting." There are Methodists living to-day who have not much idea of a conversion, or much appreciation for it outside of a camp-meeting and a "penitent bench."

We cannot make too much of experimental religion. We cannot value too highly the testimony, "I know I have passed from death unto life," and "the Spirit beareth witness with my spiirt." But possibly we have let even the class-meeting backslide and fail of its original work and purpose. And back-slidden class-meetings may make backsliders; so that what John Wesley designed to be a small company for instruction, Christian work, financial convenience, brotherly regard and mutual helpfulness, has fallen in some small measure into a rotation of emotion; a bomb of excitement or a tomb of solemnity and death; a prominence of feeling in religion at the expense of Scriptural and general religious knowledge and earnest Christian fellowship in holy obedience and good works. Wherever such a view and use of the class-meeting obtain, and that old fruitful seed-bed of Methodism is so impoverished, it is not wonderful that need of deeper fertility and wider fruitfulness should come home to earnest pastors, intelligent philanthropists and sagacious Christian workers. It is not wonderful with the broader light and clearer view of this era, that all the Churches should be seeking for the Methodist class-meeting in its original intent, though under other names and forms. It is not wonderful, that our own Church, while maintaining the denominational standard in its integrity, should supplement and aid it to reach the widening fields, the deepening sympathies, the enlarging demands and the growing Christian intelligence of the advancing times.

Already, and for a long time past, some of our faithful and far-seeing ministers have perceived and felt this necessity; and in their own sphere and on their successive fields of labour have, with much effort and prayer, made the best possible provision to meet it. They have organized societies of their young people in connection with or outside of their Sabbath-schools and class meetings; by which those young people have found instruction, inducements to and nurture in divine life, healthful entertainment, proper amusement and practice and joy in benevolent and religious work. What an ennoblement is this! What an accumulation and godly direction of moral and spiritual energy! In some cases our active young people themselves have seen the lack, and in one way or another, with greater or less success, have attempted to supply it. Thus there has arisen quite a diversity of associations, with considerable variety of plan, relation and aim. These very voluntary and commendable efforts are proof of the demand. In the Methodist Church of the United States, of this same necessity and praiseworthy impulse, some half dozen associations of this kind had arisen, spread over mere local bound-

aries, and were extending themselves throughout the land, often instituting two or more in the same place and Church. To avoid confusion, distraction, misdirection of energy and even contention; and to secure harmony and unity of action, wise and effective employment of resources, safe instruction and doctrine, and loyalty to the Church and her operations, it was found desirable to seek the union of all the various societies into one, preserving the excellences of all. This was accomplished in the formation of their Epworth League, which is now rallying their youth to an intimate acquaintance with Methodism, a comprehension of its aims and responsibilities, a firm attachment to it, and combined and ceaseless labours throughout the nation to extend its doctrines, economy and saving power.

Our own Epworth League, so recently and so auspiciously introduced, has like design and hope. While allowing the largest freedom for its numerous and noble purposes and sublime work, it is so formed as to bring it into harmonious movement with the existing authorities of the Church, the pastors, the Conferences, and the Boards. It is not expected or required summarily to crowd out societies already at work within the churches; but it is desired that our young people, under proper direction, may adapt their associations to the constitution of the League; and so all, as speedily as practicable, be working for one aim and along one line. The Epworth League in its several departments makes provision for all kinds, forms and powers of activity now in exercise, or that are likely to be in exercise outside of our Sabbath-schools and general Church arrangements. Bringing fellowship, study, valuable practice and varied work, right entertainment and pure and practical piety in its hand, it commends itself to all; and promises the sweetness, strength and happiness that youth covets, that mature years approve, that the Church sanctions, guides and helps, and that God the Father Himself will abundantly bless.

The possibilities of this League in our Canadian Methodism are delightful and inspiring to contemplate. Organized with the greatest liberty of independent action consistent with the welfare of our Church—and certainly our young people in this regard, properly instructed, desire nothing else—it must raise up a generation better informed in our history, doctrines and polity than even ourselves; better acquainted with missionary and educational enterprises and taking more interest in them; better aware of the limits of the easily confounded territories of godly and worldly amusements, and of sacred and secular work; more appreciative of personal responsibility, and better versed in social Christian

effort and evangelistic toil; in fact, more earnest, intelligent and practical Christians, better organized and united for pressing onward the Redeemer's cause and kingdom to the ends of the earth.

The League in its enterprises, labours, meetings and conventions must bring our young people into better acquaintance one with the other and with the modes of work throughout the entire Church, and prepare them for those weightier responsibilies that come down in the providence of God upon the succeeding generations. Better equipped men and women may enter more rapidly opening doors, the midday effulgence may the sooner follow the dawn of the morning. Then must come that stimulus and stay of intellect, that perfection of moral and social force, and that spread of deep and solid piety, all combined in entire and universal consecration to Christ, that are indispensable to the final, grand, united onset upon the powers of darkness and to the conversion of the whole world, the riches of the Gentiles and the faith of the Jews to Him that is Lord of All.

Our able and faithful brother, Dr. Withrow, the editor of our unsurpassed Sabbath-school periodicals, and alway the friend of our youth, authorized thereto by the proper authorities of our General Conference, is giving himself with great ardour and success to the establishment of branches of the League wherever the pastors and people call for them, and in this, as in all other godly toil, deserves the united support of our ministry and membership, both in their prayers and their unremitting and hearty co-operation. All the more is this support merited, inasmuch as this work of so great necessity and honour, is to him a work of love, and without financial reward. Furthermore, to the Associations themselves this work is attended with but comparatively little expense, but with the greatest conceivable intellectual and spiritual profit. There are really no external obstacles to the formation of branches of the League, and the reward is great.

AS WE MAKE IT.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field returns as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

KATHLEEN CLARE.

AN IRISH STORY.

V.—A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

SUMMER, with its profusion of flowers, and songs of birds, and its azure skies, has passed away; autumn with its golden grain and gorgeous tints, has departed, and sad rains and mournful winds and a cold gray sky tell of the near approach of winter. But Kathleen gives no heed now to the changing months; her whole being is absorbed in the study of the Book left to her by her dying mother. As soon as her duties were accomplished you might have seen her bending over it with earnest brow. She had begun at the beginning, and read straight on. It never occurred to her to do as so many do—that is, to read a verse here, and a chapter there, and then skip over a part and take it up somewhere else, and then get all in a maze and lay it down and say, "I don't understand it—it is all a jumble to me." No, she read right on, just as she would have done any other book that she wished to understand, and soon she lost herself in the most thrilling and astounding story which the world had ever known. She found out very soon that the presence of one Person pervaded the whole volume, some great Hero spoken of under different titles, such as "the seed of the woman," "the seed of David," the "Man of sorrows," "the Shiloh of Israel." The whole Book revolved round this one mighty Being. On she read, eagerly, breathlessly. How would it all end? how would it come out? she wondered. She went on until the last page of the Old Testament was completed, but, urged on by its own absorbing interest, she passed on to the New, and here again she found herself confronted with the same wonderful One, but now it was under the name of "Jesus of Nazareth," the rejected "Sufferer," but above all, under the title of the "Christ," the "Son of God!"

It was finished at last, and, filled with a trembling awe and wonder, Kathleen sat lost in thought. God's Book! Ay, she had no doubt of that. She saw how its sixty-six different books, written by thirty or forty different men, were evidently pervaded by one Omniscient Mind, by which the whole was woven into one harmonious whole. It was scattered over fifteen hundred years and more, yet one voice rang through it down its centuries! How could this be, except as it said, that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" Yes, it was God's Book, and in it she saw revealed His plan and purpose with regard to this world which He had created. And to think that she had once thought Him a hard, pitiless God! What love, what grace, what tenderness He had manifested therein! In the beginning of the Book she saw that, although man and the devil had combined at the onset to spoil God's fair creation, yet ere the end of this marvellous Book was reached, she read His gracious promise that there

should be a "new heaven and a new earth," wherein should dwell righteousness. And at what a sacrifice was this accomplished—nothing less than the giving up of God's own Son!

All this was Kathleen able to see intellectually, but it brought her no joy—nay, her heart grew heavier day by day.

It was enough to know there was a God, or that He was her mother's God, when yet she knew Him not as hers. There had been a Saviour in the world—a tender, loving Saviour, but as yet no word of His had reached her heart in saving power. His blood had flowed for sins, but hers, she knew, had not been washed away; and so, still in darkness and sorrow, poor Kathleen groped along. And the children—her mother's dying charge—the very thought of them only filled her soul with anguish; their very laughter which once she so enjoyed to hear, now only jarred painfully upon her ears."

"They are to die," she whispered to herself, "one day; they are to die, and stand before their God, and they are still unsaved."

Often, in the midst of her own doubts and perplexities she would gather them around her, and read portions from the Bible, such as she thought they would understand, and they would all listen with more or less attention—all but one, and that was Pete; he would do his best to get out of the way, or if he listened, it was always under protest.

"I say, Kathleen, let a fellow alone, can't you?" he would say, in his blunt, boyish fashion, "you don't expect I'm going to believe all that, do you?"

"Oh, Pete!" Kathleen would say, clasping her hands imploringly, "it's God's Word, and you ought to believe it."

"Don't you fret yourself, Kathleen," he would answer confidently; "it's nothing of the kind, father don't believe in the Bible, and that's enough for me. Do you think he does not know what's true and what isn't?"

"Oh, Pete, Pete! the Bible is true; didn't mother say so when she was dying?"

"Well, all I can say," said the boy, "it doesn't seem to have done much for you. You've done nothing but mope and be miserable ever since you found it. You used to be good-tempered, but now you're as cross as two sticks; why you're not half the jolly girl you used to be." And feeling the truth of the boy's words, Kathleen was silenced, for she knew not how to answer him.

Another time, when the children were grouped around her, and repeating after her the sweet old Gospel text:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life," little Bud looked up at her, and said, with sweet childlike confidence:

"I do love God's dear Son, because He died for me; do you believe in Him and love Him, too, Kathleen?"

Poor Kathleen! she started and flushed guiltily; she dare not tell the child a falsehood.

"Oh, no, no, Bud," she cried, "I'm afraid I don't love Him, or believe in Him as I ought to do."

"Here's a pretty thing," cried Pete; "Kathleen is trying to make us believe in God, and she doesn't believe in Him herself!"

And Kathleen, in an agony of shame and misery, would steal away to her mother's grave, and flinging herself down, would cry in bitterness of soul: "Oh, mother, mother, why did you leave me? I am dark—all dark, and I cannot help your little children that you left to me one bit, I only do them harm."

But all this soul trouble was telling sadly upon Kathleen's health. She was growing very thin, and there was much more of the lily than the rose upon her cheeks now.

The children were beginning to count the days when Cecil, their eldest brother, should return from school. He was two years older than Kathleen, and to her he was the beau-ideal of all that was brave, and noble, and true; none knew but herself how she loved and idolized him, and she scarcely knew how all her hopes of the future were centred in Him. How she gloried in the news of his scholastic triumphs! Ah! he would be a great man some day, she had no doubt of that; then he would redeem the failing fortunes of the Clares, and these days of dreary pinching poverty and obscurity would be over.

Such had always been her dreams, but now she longed with an intense longing to ease her heart of this strange new burden, by pouring it all out in his ears. Cecil always had understood her, and surely he would understand and help her now.

The railway scheme—which, alas! seemed as far from completion as ever—had called Mr. Clare away from home for a few days, so the children were alone in the house with old Biddy.

But Kathleen had a new source of anxiety now, for Pete was ill. Only the day after his father left he had come in shivering and complaining of headache and a pain in his throat. Biddy had promptly put him to bed, and coddled him up in her own comfortable way. "Just leave him to me, Miss Kathleen, darlint," she had said the next morning, when she found him ill and feverish. "It may be only a bad cold, or may be it's measles, so you just keep away from him, and see to the children, for we don't want them all down, and Master Cecil just coming home, God bless him."

So, thinking it the wisest thing to do, Kathleen had remained away from him, but he was evidently no better, and Kathleen laid her head upon her pillow that night with an anxious longing for her father to be at home.

The wind was howling dismally round the house, and moaning through the trees, and the dreary sounds seemed to fill her with nervous apprehensions.

She had in spite of it, however, just fallen into a restless uneasy sleep, when she was awakened by a light shining upon her face, and Biddy's voice calling to her. She started up in bed, perfectly wide awake in an instant.

"Is Pete worse?"

"Oh, Miss Kathleen, darlint, he's very bad, it's meself that doesn't like the looks of him at all; his throat's fearful. I'm afraid it's that diphtheria, that takes people off so sudden, and the master's away, and what'll we do about getting a doctor!"

By this time Kathleen was out of bed, and dressing herself as rapidly as her trembling hands would let her. That dreadful word diphtheria had blanched her cheek and filled her with sudden horror.

"Oh, Biddy, why didn't you tell me before how ill he was? You said you thought he had the measles!"

"Sure, Miss, and how could I tell? I thought he'd be taking the turn soon, and I didn't want to frighten ye; but the turn's come, Miss Kathleen, and it's for the worse, and now he's off his head, and burning up wid fever. Oh, what'll I do if he should die, and the master away and all?" and poor Biddy began to rock herself to and fro. Kathleen gazed at her with an awful terror at her heart that for a moment almost paralyzed her. Had it come to that, her bright, bonny Pete in danger of death? Death! and what after death? and he was not saved—and again her mother's words rang through her soul, "Kathleen, under God, I leave my children to you." And she had never accepted the message of God herself yet, or perhaps she might have been able to better lead aright her poor erring brother. Oh, what could she do to save him from death? Oh, for a little more time!

These and many more such thoughts flashed with the quickness of lightning through her brain as she gazed for that one agonized moment into Biddy's face.

Then she woke to action.

"Go and do your best for him, Biddy," she said in a tone so quiet that Biddy looked at her in astonishment; "I'm going to fetch the doctor."

"Oh, Miss, and how can you go down the village at this time of night—it must be eleven o'clock?"

"I must go, Biddy, there is no one else to do it."

"In less time than it takes to tell, Kathleen was equipped and flying down the road to the village doctor. She soon reached his door, and gave a peal at his night-bell.

After waiting a few minutes, which seemed an age, there was a fumbling above at the window; it slowly opened, and a woman's voice called out:

"What do you want?"

"The doctor," cried Kathleen. "Oh, please tell him quickly he's needed at once, the case is serious."

"He's been called away to a patient ten miles off, and we don't expect him back till morning."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Kathleen, clasping her hands together in agony; "by to-morrow he may be dead."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," from the voice above, "and it makes it all the worse that the nearest doctor is at Hatbridge, fifteen miles away."

"Fifteen miles away!"—at that moment it seemed as bad as fifty.

"With a quick horse you might send a messenger there in an hour."

"I have no messenger," sighed Kathleen; and then suddenly a thought struck her—she would go herself.

Back she flew, urged on by that awful terror at her heart. Biddy met her at the door.

"Oh, Miss Kathleen," she cried, in despairing tones, "where is the doctor? You've never come without him?"

"He's away, Biddy; but I'm going to Hatbridge for another one."

"Miss Kathleen, have you gone clean out of your mind? You couldn't walk there if you were going all night, let alone the awful, dark, lonesome road, which isn't safe for a man to travel at night, let alone a girl like you."

"I'm not going to walk, I'm going to ride on old Black Prince. Oh! do hush, Biddy, you're only hindering me; I must save Pete at all costs. Didn't mother leave the children to me?" and Kathleen bounded up the stairs, and in a few moments descended again, in a black riding-skirt that the girls used when they rode their old horse round the meadows.

"Bless us and save us! To think I'd live to see the day when the young mistress would be going out alone in the middle of the night, and it's blowing and snowing just awful."

"Don't worry about me, poor old Biddy," and Kathleen turned, as she was going off, to throw her arms round the faithful old servant's neck. Go and look after Pete, and I'll be back before you know it, with the doctor."

It was a strange experience in Black Prince's history, to be so rudely disturbed in the midst of his peaceful slumbers, and to feel his young mistress' quick nervous hands arranging the saddle upon him. This was an easy task to Kathleen, who had often done it since the man had left who used to attend to the old horse, once a fine hunter, but now used for little save to amuse the children. He whinnied with pleasure when Kathleen spoke to him and stroked his black sides.

"Dear old Black Prince," she cried, as she threw her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek on his, and just for a moment she let a few tears relieve her overcharged heart. "You'll do your very best to-night, won't you, dear old fellow? it's to save Pete's life."

As if he knew what she said, he tossed his head and answered with a cheery neigh, and soon set off down the dark road, regardless of the driving hail and sleet, at a pace that must have astonished himself, as it certainly did Kathleen.

Away! away! Hedgerows and gaunt skeletons of trees flew past them. Now and then some benighted cattle would start up, and their figures, large and shapeless, would loom out before her in the darkness.

Still on, on! with the pitiless hail and snow beating upon her face, and the biting wind numbing her to the heart with a deathly chill.

"Brave Prince! Good Prince!" she would cry to her horse, "bear on a little longer for dear Pete's sake," and at the sound of her voice and the touch of her gentle hand, with another desperate effort the brave old horse would bound forward.

The road now wound under great elms, whose spreading boughs met in a high arch above.

But what is that sound? Kathleen drew in her reins and listened. Human voices! But instead of bringing cheer and comfort to her, she trembled more at the sound than she did in the fearsome wood, or on the wild lonely moor. It was the noise of loud drunken laughter and ribald jests, proceeding from some half-besotted fellows returning from a midnight carousal.

How dare she go forward and meet them in that lone place? She shuddered at the very thought. Instinctively she drew her horse close under the high overhanging bank surmounted by a hedge, and waited for them to pass. They were close upon her now. Holding her breath lest they might hear her breathing, and trembling till she could scarcely hold on her horse, Kathleen watched them pass along the road, so near to her that she could see their blood-shot eyes and almost feel their hot breath reeking with the fumes of brandy.

"Just another moment, Prince," she whispered, imploringly, and she strove to soothe his restlessness, by softly stroking his neck, "and they will be gone." But at another loud roar of laughter Prince lost command of himself and shied, rustling and crackling the dried branches under his feet as he did so.

"Here's a go!" cried one of the men, almost the last of the party, who, being startled at the sound so close to him, reeled forward to see what had caused it.

"Here's a go," and all turned to see what his shout meant. The horror of that moment was like a nightmare to Kathleen for long afterward.

She saw the wretch inflamed with drink approaching to seize her bridle, the others in another moment would be round her. Quick as thought Kathleen gave her horse a smart cut with her whip. Utterly unused to such treatment, with an amazed and angry snort Prince started forward, the man losing his balance reeled and fell, and in another moment Kathleen was flying onward, followed by the inflamed drunken crew, hooting and yelling like demons.

But she did not fear them now, Prince had got a start and could well match the best of them, and on she sped, the wind whistling in her ears, till far behind she left her pursuers.

But her journey was nearly over, and it was getting time, for poor Kathleen felt unable to bear up much longer. Poor old Prince, too, was in a sorry state, his breath came in deep gasps and the white foam hung in great flakes about him.

"That must be the doctor's," said Kathleen, as she entered the village and saw in front of her a great red lamp. It was hanging over a garden door. Leaning forward, Kathleen seized a bell handle and rang a sounding peal.

Very soon steps were heard approaching along the pathway inside, the door was thrown open, and a gentleman came out and gazed in wonder at the foam-covered horse and its slight girlish rider.

She essayed to speak, but her white lips refused her utterance; a sudden dizziness seized her, and reeling forward she would have fallen had not the gentleman started forward to receive her. Lifting her as easily as a babe in his strong arms, he bore her into the house and laid her fainting form upon a couch.

VI.—HEART REST.

As the light of the study lamp fell upon the girl's unconscious face, Dr. Arundale—for it was none other than he—gave a low cry of astonishment.

"Kathleen Clare! Poor brave child! what new trouble has come upon you to bring you here on such a night as this?"

But in another instant he had left the room, and had taken the stairs in three bounds. "Mother," he cried, "are you awake?"

"Yes, my boy," said a voice lively and attentive, "do you want me?"

"Yes, I do badly, at least some one else does, who has just come to our door in a fainting condition."

"I'll be down in a moment, my son. What a mercy you did sit up so long over your books to-night, although I was going to give you a good scolding in the morning."

"In an incredibly short time, Mrs. Arundale appeared?

"Poor lamb! Poor little tender lamb!" she cried, in accents of deepest pity, as her eyes fell on the girl's slight delicate figure, and white ethereal face. "What could have happened, Norman, to make her dare the darkness and storm of this fearful night? Why, she's covered with snow and wet and frozen with cold!" And the sweet, cheery old lady began with rapid hands to remove Kathleen's outer garments.

Just pile more wood on the fire, Norman, and make a blaze, and give me that wine. I'll pour a little down her throat; it's the cold that's nearly killed her." And very soon the kind efforts succeeded in restoring Kathleen to consciousness. She began to feel a delightful glow of warmth stealing over her, and she opened her eyes to see the kindly face, with the calm, sunny, trustful blue eyes that she remembered so well, as belonging to her father's guest, bending over her with a look of anxious interest. She was conscious of a feeling of strange relief and restfulness taking possession of her, as she cried with a deep sigh of thankfulness—

"Oh, Dr. Arundale, how strange that I should come to you."

"Why didn't you know that I lived here, Miss Clare?"

"Oh, no, no! I came expecting to find a stranger. But, oh, doctor, why am I sitting here when Pete is at this moment dying or dead. Let us go back this very minute, and with nervous agitation she was rising from the sofa, but fell back helplessly.

"Dear child, you are terribly exhausted, said Mrs. Arundale, coming forward, "just lie quite still for a little, and tell us as calmly as you can what has happened?"

"But where is poor Prince?" cried the girl, suddenly remembering her faithful, brave companion. "He must be far worse than I am!"

"Prince is being well looked after, Miss Clare," said Dr. Arundale, smiling down at her, and then Kathleen in a few rapid pathetic sentences told her story. The doctor looked grave, as she described Pete's symptoms.

"You did well to lose no time, Miss Clare; I must see to this at once. Meanwhile I shall leave you here to-night in the care of my mother, I can answer for it being sufficient. My conveyance will be round at the door directly," and he was about to leave, but Kathleen started up.

"Dr. Arundale! Mrs. Arundale!" and she looked imploringly from one to the other, "I couldn't possibly stay away from Pete to-night; I think I should die with anxiety before morning if I didn't know how he was getting on."

The doctor looked at the girl's white, agonized face, gravely and doubtfully for a moment, and laid his hand upon her pulse.

"We shall have to let her go, mother," he said, and then, aside, "In the highly wrought state that her nervous system is in now, to leave her here would do her far more harm than to let her go."

In a very little while Kathleen, made, by Mrs. Arundale's kind ministrations, dry and warm and comfortable, was nestling down in the conveyance beside Dr. Arundale, almost smothered in a great skin rug that he had tucked round her.

Mrs. Arundale had come to the gate to see them off, for her heart had been drawn out wonderfully to the girl, who with sweet impulsiveness had thrown her arms around her and whispered, "How sweet mothers are! I never knew one before, but I think if mine had lived she must have been just like you!"

"Take great care of her, Norman," she said, as she waved them good-bye.

"Never fear, mother, good-bye. Give the horse her head, Tom!"

"You'll be sure and come and see me again, child, won't you, after the boy's better, which, please God, he will be soon?"

"I will be sure and come, dear Mrs. Arundale," and they were off, the fresh young horse going at a rapid rate.

The storm had blown itself out. A keen frost had set in, the clouds had disappeared, and overhead a crescent moon hung like a jewel on the brow of night, one fair star wandering in her wake.

Kathleen was very silent; the awful anxiety had come stealing back to her heart again. What, if Pete were to die, and he was not saved. Oh, the fearfulness of that thought—not saved!

A great quivering sigh broke from her lips.

"Won't you let me help to bear this burden of sorrow that is weighing you down, Miss Clare?"

Dr. Arundale spoke very gently.

"Oh, it is Pete, doctor, my poor darling boy!"

"I do not think that this is all your trouble—this has only just happened; but what has been weighing upon you for so long past?"

She looked up at him in wonder.

"How do you know, doctor? how can you tell?

"It is easy to perceive; you have grown quite thin since last I saw you. Your cheek is not pale only with to-night's trouble, your nervous system is weakened by some continued strain. Now I find nothing in your general health to account for this, so I judge it must be some mental harassment that is beginning to tell rather seriously upon you. Is it anything you could confide to me?"

There was something in the sound of his kind, pitying voice that seemed to bring up vividly before her all the bitter soul-trouble that she had been bearing alone since they had parted that sweet summer evening under the stars. The fountain of her grief was stirred, and without speaking, Kathleen burst into a flood of tears.

Not sorry to see them, the doctor let her weep on unrestrained, and after a while she grew quiet; and then, beginning at the time that she had found her mother's letter, she told him all her story.

"Poor child!" he said at last, when the sad voice sank into silence; "no wonder you have broken down under the load you have given yourself to carry. It has not been enough that you have had your own soul-trouble to bear, but you have taken upon you that of your brothers and sisters too."

"Mother left them to me, doctor; and, oh! instead of getting better, and so being able to help them, I grow worse and worse every day. I never, never knew before what a bad wicked heart I'd got. Everything seems to go wrong now, and things seem harder to bear than ever."

"Dear Miss Clare, believe me, Satan does not wish the Lord who died for you to have you for His own without a struggle."

"Oh, Dr. Arundale!" said Kathleen, in awe-struck tones, "do you think—can you mean that the Lord wants me? I can understand a little that in His stupendous grace He might die for a world, but that He should want me—should care for me."—Kathleen could not go on, her breath seemed almost taken at the thought.

"Ah! Miss Clare, that is just what He does want. I believe your dear mother's last written words are indeed being verified, and 'God is surely visiting you,' and this is the meaning of all this soul anguish which you are passing through.

The thought of such marvellous grace was too much for Kathleen, and her tears flowed fast again, but they did not seem bitter now, and as they fell, her heart grew soft and tender. "He loves me," she whispered, "He wants me."

"Have you ever been to Him, Kathleen?" the Doctor's voice broke in gently upon her weeping. "Have you just told Him of all your sins and your sorrows, and asked Him to take them all away?"

"No," cried Kathleen, "never! never! I have not dared to do so. I used to have such hard and bitter thoughts before I knew how He came to die; and He is so holy, and I am so wicked."

"There is but one way, Miss Clare, and that is through the value of His own precious blood, which alone can wash your sins away. Will you not let Him see somewhat of the travail of His soul and be satisfied? Listen to His own utterances by which He strives to woo and win you," and, like music low and tender, Christ's words fell on her weary, burdened heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

There was no sound heard for some time after this but the sharp ring of the horse's hoofs upon the frozen ground.

High above, sparkling in the keen, clear air, Orion's jewels blazed resplendent, and with a softer lustre shone the misty Pleiades.

But far beyond these starry clusters Dr. Arundale's thoughts were wandering, as his eyes looked upwards. They had flown as high as God's own throne, and they were interceding there for the girl who sat beside him with the bowed head, for he was persuaded that a great transaction was going on within her breast, the results of which would last for all eternity.

And it was so. Like a tired child, weary of all its waywardness and sins, Kathleen laid her head upon her Saviour's breast and wept out all her guilt and sorrows there; and as she did so her burdened heart grew light, peace dawned upon her soul, and with trembling joy she knew that she was born again."

"Well, it is all settled now?" said Dr. Arundale, when at length she raised her eyes, luminous with her newborn joy, to his.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I have just given all my heart to Jesus, and He has given me rest," and then with a sudden cry of mingled joy and pain, she said, "Oh, mother darling, do you know in heaven that God has saved your child to-night?"

VII.—THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

The cold gray wintry morn was breaking as Dr. Arundale bent with anxious assiduity over his patient. He was pressing with tender gentleness a cold bandage upon the boy's burning head. For a moment the cloud of delirium parted, and, gazing lucidly into the doctor's face, the boy asked in thick, choking utterances—

"Doctor, am I dying?" And the doctor answered truthfully, "You are very ill, my boy, I cannot say yet how it may go with you."

Then a look of fear, terrible fear, broke over the boy's face as he gasped out—

"Am I really in danger—oh, tell me?"

And again the doctor answered truthfully, "The danger is very great, my boy."

"Father!" cried out the boy, suddenly, and there was a sharp cry of fear in the sound. "Father! where are you? I want you, father." But ere they could answer him, and tell him his father had not yet returned, he again relapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. But after a time he opened his eyes, and fixing them with a dreadful look of terror upon one corner of the room, he began to repeat in awe-struck tones, that chilled his hearers to their hearts,

"'And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire!'"

"Oh," whispered Kathleen, tearfully, to the doctor, "those were the verses the children were repeating the very night when he was taken ill; he didn't seem to be listening, but he must have been all the time."

With slow utterance, again the boy went over the solemn words, as if he were trying to take in their awful meaning.

Then again the sharp cry rang out, "Father, father! why don't you come to me? I want you, father!"

"Oh, if father would only come!" cried Kathleen, wringing her hands.

As if in answer to his cries, a quick step was heard ascending the staircase, and Mr. Clare, who had just got in by an early train, came hurriedly into the room with a white anxious face.

"Pete, my boy! Pete!" striding up to the bed, "they tell me you are very ill!"

"Hush, father; hush, listen; is it true?" and the boy, clasping tight his father's hands, again repeated the solemn words:

"'And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the heaven and the earth fled away . . . and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God!' Father, father! is it true, is there a God? Or, is it true what is written in your books, that 'Death is an eternal sleep?' Shall I wake again to stand before that God"—and the soul of the boy, which had to live forever, rushed to his eyes, and gazed in agony into his father's face. And the father, suddenly confronted at the very gate of death with that immortal soul, dared not to speak it falsely—

"There is a God! my boy, there is a God!" The words seemed forced from him.

"And it's all true—those fearful words out of His book. Oh, father, is it all true?"

"Oh, my son, it may be, it may be! I cannot tell!"

"It may be true, father, and you never told me; you kept it all from me. Oh, father, if I go to hell it will be your fault! Cannot you do anything now to save me? can't you give me one word out of all your learned books that will help me now? Oh, father, father!"

"Who can tell how that bitter cry rang through the father's ears. He rushed from the room that he might get away from them, but they seemed to follow him everywhere. "Father, father, you kept the truth from me; can't you do anything to save me now?"

"Man," he said at last, seizing the doctor's hands and wringing them in his agony—"God knows, if I could give my life to save his now, I would do it. Oh, He is your God, cry to Him, pray to Him now to spare his life!"

How often in these moments of the soul's dire necessity, does the poor infidel cling gladly even to the skirts of one who fears God!

Oh, that was a sad day for all that household. The children wandered sadly about, or clustered together weeping bitterly. Dear, bright Pete, would they never have him with them any more?

"And to think," cried Kathleen, "that Cecil isn't at home, and may never see him any more. Oh, if we had only had the thought to send for him this morning, he might have been here now." Suddenly Bob looked up with a look of triumph which he could not hide, even through his tears. You'd like Cecil home would you? well, then, I'll tell you a secret—I expect every moment to hear his knock at the door."

"Oh, Bob, you darling, precious boy," cried Kathleen, "do you really mean it? Who sent for him?"

"Why, I did, of course," he cried, sententiously, "I says to myself this morning, when everybody was flying round like mad, things are all in a sad distress; here I'll just telegraph for Cecil. Of course, I knew if anybody could put things right, he could."

Even as he spoke, his well-known rap was heard, and, scarcely believing for joy, Kathleen bounded to the door to let him in. "Pete!" he cried, "how is he?"

"Oh, Cecil, darling, he's fearfully bad," but, scarcely waiting to hear her answer, he sprang, with light step up the stairs and softly entered the boy's room, Kathleen following.

Mr. Clare was seated at a table, his face was buried in his hands; he dared not look up to meet the sick boy's agonized gaze; the doctor was bending anxiously over nim.

A look of surprised gladness spread for a moment over Pete's face as Cecil entered and took his place beside him.

"Why, Pete, old fellow! Pete!" cried Cecil, a world of tender-

ness in his tones, and he bent and kissed his brow, "what's the matter, you dear old boy?"

Great tears began slowly to steal down the sick boy's face.

"I'm going to die, Cecil; and there is a God, and a great white throne. Do you know, Cecil, there is a God," and the boy began to grow excited again.

With every nerve strung to agony, Mr. Clare lifted his eyes and looked at Cecil. Would he, too, turn and curse his father who had kept the knowledge of the truth from him? He never forgot the look of holy, heavenly joy that overspread Cecil's face as he answered, in sweet, soothing tones,

"Yes, Pete, I know there is a God, but I do not fear Him, for He is my God—my joy and my salvation!"

"Kathleen, scarcely believing her ears, sank down beside the bed in silent praise; God was, indeed, surely visiting them!

"You do not fear Him?" cried Pete, wonderingly—"He who will sit on the great white throne?"

"Listen, Pete, once long ago He came to earth; He came that He might, by shedding His own blood, save all who would believe and trust in Him, from being judged at that great day. He had such a loving, tender heart that mothers brought their little babes to Him that He might bless them, and He took them in His arms and did so, and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Now, Pete, if you had lived there then, would you not have gone to Him and let Him bless you, or would you have feared Him?"

"Oh, no! How could I do so when He was so good and kind?"

"Then do not fear Him now, for He is just the same; He died that He might wash your sins away and have you for His own."

"Say those words again," said the sick boy, faintly, "they sound so sweet and kind," and he repeated them after Cecil.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Now put your arms around me, Cecil," he whispered, "and I think I'll go to sleep; I don't feel frightened any more."

And the infidel, as he watched the boy fall into a gentle slumber, wondered in his heart, what there was in that strange old Book that even a few words taken from it were enough to work a charm like this? Would any words out of his philosophers' books have brought a ray of comfort to his soul? Ah, no! full well he knew that out of all of them could not be found one word to help a dying soul.

But this Book! surely it must be the very breath of God!

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VIII.—A GLAD CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh! bring in the laurel and the myrtle! rob the woods by armfuls of the crimson-berried holly, and the pale-leafed mystic mistletoe, and laugh, merry-hearted children! laugh and shout with joy, as you deck with green and crimson the dim old dining-room, and twine with wreaths of glossy bay and ivy its dark old panelled walls.

Cut down the great yule logs, Cecil, ready to heap high on the wide old hearth to-night, so that the blazes may soar far up the yawning chimney, for Pete is coming down among you!

Pete, from the very portal of the grave, is to be among you all once more! Ah, blame them not if they shout and scream with joy, for the cloud of grief that hung so darkly over them is rolled away.

They go about their happy work with wondering joy, and stop to clasp each other by the hand, and cry, "Pete is not going to die! Just think, dear old Pete is not going to die!" Oh, never, never before did they know how much they loved him!

"Which it's all very well, Miss Kathleen," said old Biddy, gloomily, as Kathleen stepped, singing, through the kitchen, with a beaming face—"Which it's all very well, dressing the rooms up, but what'll we do for the Christmas dinner? Sure holly-berries won't do for roast beef, nor mistletoe for mince pies, I'm thinking."

"Oh, Biddy, you dear old creature, I don't know what we'll do, and what's more, I don't care," said Kathleen, giving her a hearty kiss. "We've got our Pete, our dear old Pete, and what do we mind for anything else?"

"Kathleen!" called out the children in wild, excited tones, "Kathleen! come this minute, quick! something's happened!"

"Why, what is it," cried Kathleen, rushing to the hall.

"It's a hamper, a great big hamper, directed to you. Oh, for goodness sake, Kathleen, do be quick and open it, and out came Bob's knife and severed the strings."

"Here's lusciousness!" cried Bob, "plum-puddings! mince pies! a turkey! a plum cake, and it is plummy. Apples, oranges, nuts!"

"Oh, children," cried Kathleen, "here's a letter, do be quiet and let me see who it's from!" and she read aloud:

"Dearest Kathleen, may I call you so? It has just struck me that, of course, you have been too absorbed in your late terrible suspense to think about the usual Christmas preparations, so I am just putting you up a few things so that the dear children shall not be disappointed when Christmas-day comes. Do not mind me doing this, but if you feel under any obligation, we will settle it in this way: I never had a daughter of my own, will you come to me sometimes, so that I may have at least the sweet pretence of thinking I have one? I know more of you than you think,

Kathleen, and my heart is drawn to you. Come to me often, then, dear child; there may be times when I can be a help to you, who have no mother. Yours most lovingly, S. ARUNDALE."

"Oh, how sweet, how kind!" cried Kathleen, a flood of happy tears falling as she read. "To think of her caring for me like that!"

"Sure, and what mischief are you after now, Master Bob?" cried Biddy.

"Sure, and I'm only afther eating a nice mince poi, Biddy," cried Bob saucily, with his mouth full.

"Save us and bless us, Miss Kathleen," cried Biddy, making a dash at the hamper, and swiftly taking possession of it, "and if I hadn't come this very minute they would not have left a single thing out of what Providence has sent us for the Christmas dinner. Oh, don't I know you children well?" And shaking her fist at them, she gazed sternly round, as each munched with great satisfaction a large mince pie, which, taking advantage of Kathleen's reading her letter, they had quietly abstracted.

. . . . . .

"Oh, Cecil, darling," said Kathleen, later on, as they stood with arms entwined, admiring their decorations, "you don't know how sweet it is to have you home; it seems to take such a load of care from me."

"Kathleen," and Cecil put his hands on her shoulders and gazed into her eyes, "I have only just been finding out how much my brave little sister has been bearing for years, how she has been bearing trials and worries that are enough to break down one much stronger than she, and I am ashamed at my own selfishness and blindness that I have not discovered it before. But this shall be all changed now, dear, please God; I will take much of this burden from your shoulders."

"What do you mean?" said Kathleen, gazing at him in wonder.

There was a strangely earnest look in his eyes as he said:

"Kathleen, I shall not go back to my studies any more; I am going to stay at home, and work the old mill."

"Oh, Cecil and give up all your brilliant prospects? Oh, never, never do that," and she thought sadly of all her hopes and dreams of his future greatness.

"Kathleen, it has been a great struggle, but it is my duty, and I will do it for my Master's sake."

"But father will be rich some day, won't he, Cecil?" said his sister, wistfully.

"Kathleen, and he lowered his voice and looked around as though he were speaking treason, "I believe father's railway scheme is a myth—a fantasy that will never be accomplished; an *ignis fatuus* that is only leading him into a quagmire of insolvency. God only knows what we shall do if he goes on pursuing it; meanwhile I am determined at least to do something practical."

But there was no more time for grave talk, for the invalid was

making a triumphal entry into the room in his father's arms, surrounded by the merry, laughing children.

Oh, what a joyous meal they had. Mr. Clare's heart was too happy in the safety of his boy to check their mirth, and their laughter rang out, and the great logs crackled, and the flames leaped, and the holly-berries gleamed, and the ivy shone, and the old paintings of ancient Clares seemed to smile down upon the happy, radiant circle.

But the meal is over at last, and Pete, pale and weak, but very happy, is lying on the sofa in their midst, each one vieing with the other to pay him loving attentions.

But soon, led on by Cecil, their clear young voices rose in sweet accord in a hymn that he had taught them:

> "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
> To sing the great Redeemer's praise:
> He justly claims a song from thee,
> His loving-kindness, oh, how free!"

Biddy, hearing their happy voices, stole inside the door and listened with glistening eyes.

"It's a long day since a hymn rang through these walls," she whispered, as she wiped her tears away, "Surely God has taken the curse from the old house at last!"

Apart from the group of children sat Mr. Clare. He was supposed to be reading, but his eyes never strayed from the first page he had turned to.

What were his thoughts as he sat there, with his head on his hand? Did he long to be one in heart with that happy group? Did he yearn for something better than the cold philosophy of Voltaire? Who can tell?

Just at that moment, little Bud, whose tender heart felt by some instinct that her father sat lonely and apart from them, ran to him, and twining her little arms round his neck and laying her cheek on his, whispered, "Father, won't you love my dear, dear Jesus, too."

And Mr. Clare, started for a moment out of his reserve, pressed her to him, as he whispered back, while a sigh rose from the depths of his soul, "Would God, my child, I had a simple faith like yours!"

> We dream sometimes of that dim far-off land,
> Our journey's end, our home, our second birth;
> We only dream—we cannot understand
> That wondrous riddance of the woes of earth.
>
> No failure there, no loss and no decay,
> No tempest, but clear shining after rain;
> Like mists, life's myriad cares shall fade away,
> While all good things we knew on earth remain.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

V.—JOE PLEASES HIS FATHER.

In every life there are moments which are turning-points. After them nothing is quite the same, and no effort brings back the something which has been lost or changed. Joe left Edith Bradley's presence conscious of this feeling, and half resentful at it. He asked himself what Luke Bradley's daughter could be to him. He had been taught to hate Luke Bradley, and he had done so thoroughly. To love Edith was, in a fashion, to eat his own and his father's words. "Father would have a good right to be topping angry at me if I did such a thing," he mused; "and I'm sure he'd think that I did it just to make him angry. I wouldn't do that, not I!"

But, in spite of his efforts he could not keep the beautiful Edith out of his mind. He decided to leave Harrowgate, and then found half a dozen reasons for not doing so. In three days he was deeply in love and beginning to realize his position. It was all the harder now to contemplate giving up all hope of winning Edith, because she had been so genuinely kind to him. In many ways she had shown her pleasure in his society and her preference for it, and Joe found it impossible to resist her many charms when he was within their influence.

One evening, as Joe was walking through the pretty town, full of vague longings and very positive anxieties, he met Edith. She was so unaffectedly glad to see him, and she blushed so brightly when she looked into his face, that Joe forgot everything but the delight of the hour.

They found a rustic stile leading into a shady pasture, and, as if in obedience to his unspoken desires, Edith walked through the grass by his side. In the twilight they drew closer to each other and began to converse softly about their own past lives. Edith told him that she had been educated in Bristol because she had an aunt living there; and she had scarcely returned home ere her father died, and that, ever since, she had lived at Bradley Court.

Joe thought she must be lonely there, and wondered how she could manage so large an estate. And Edith admitted that she very often was a little lonely; but that, as for the estate, it was easily managed. She had her father's old lawyer and agents to help her, and, she added with a sharp laugh, "I should know very well, though, how to take care of it without them."

During that walk Joe's last scruples gave way. He determined to win Edith if it were possible; and when this determination had been arrived at, he began to tell himself that his father had, in a

manner, cast him off; that nothing he could do would be likely to be satisfactory, and that, therefore, he might as well marry the woman he loved.

And he thought about Edith's riches until they became quite unobjectionable. His profession had been, as yet, a failure. He had adopted it in a kind of bravado; he did not like it, and he had no special genius for it. In his heart he knew that he was never likely to be a successful lawyer. His money was nearly gone. His father was practically dead to him, his aunt too poor to give him pecuniary aid; four years of luxury and self-indulgence had made him far less inclined to face the strife of life than he had been on that night when he elected to take his own way and £5,000.

To be master of Bradley Manor and the husband of the handsome Edith Bradley was surely not a bad lot in life. If fortune designed him so much favour, why should he throw it away for a few sentimental objections? The idea became familiarly pleasant to him. He was determined to let everything go in order to realize it,

And Edith had that proud nature which would rather confer an obligation than accept one. Still, she was more cautious than impulsive. She desired to be better acquainted with her lover's character. One afternoon as they walked in the garden, with the glory and the freshness of the spring around them, Joe asked Edith to be his wife, and Edith gave her consent.

The few hours that followed were so wonderful to Joe that they actually changed for a short space the youth's countenance. It was so bright and joyous, he held his head so high and stepped so proudly, that Martha Thrale could not but notice his exaltation.

"Well, Joe," she said, cheerfully, "thou looks middling happy to-night; and I'm glad to see it. Whatever is up with thee?"

"The best bit of luck that can come to any man, Aunt Martha."

"Does ta mean wedding?"

"Yes, I mean wedding. What do you think of it?"

"I never waste time in thinking o' it. I am too old, and thou art too poor. Wedding is naught in my line, nor in thine either, I sud say."

"But aunt, I have won the noblest prize in England."

"I hev heard a sight o' men and women say t' varry same thing, when the craze to get wed comes over 'em. And I hev noticed that it is most sure to come to such foolish folk as hev no knowledge o' private arithmetic and can't reckon up ta difference between their incomings and outgoings."

"I am not one of that kind, aunt And if money can make us happy, she has plenty of it."

"I don't say that money can make you happy, Joe; not it! Folks usually expect a deal more happiness from money than it iver gives, either men or women. Who is ta going to marry? Or, rather, who is going to marry thee."

"Miss Bradley."

"Niver! Niver!! Niver!!!

"She is that, though. And there is not a better or a lovelier woman in the world."

"Owd Luke Bradley's daughter?"

"To be sure."

"I wouldn' hev thought it of thee! Does ta remember all t' wrongs he did thy father? I'm not on t' side of Amos Braithwaite mostly, but I do think it is a shame o' thee to tak' t' daughter of his life-long enemy for thy wife; I do that! Why, he'll niver forgive thee."

"I stood by my father while he stood by me. Now he never so much as asks if I be living or dead. He can hardly expect me to give up Edith in order to carry on his spite against a dead man. I'd be a fool if I did."

"I never said thou wert a wise man, but I don't think a fool is iver a big fool until he gets himsen married. Thou hasn't made £50 in a twelvemonths. How is ta going to keep a rich, fashionable lass like Edith Bradley?"

"Miss Bradley has £6,000 a year, beside the income from Bradley Manor. That is something."

"Happen it is and happen it isn't. But if ta wants to marry £6,000, do it, my lad. I don't think thou wilt be any too good for such a job if ta tak's to it, Joe."

Nothing Joe could say reconciled Martha Thrale to the marriage. "Good lasses comes from good stock," she said angrily; "and I think little o' Luke Bradley."

"I never heard any one but father say anything wrong of Luke Bradley. He was a very good churchman, and his hands all spoke well of him."

"Thy father had his own opinions of Bradley, and if ta was a good son thou would surely stand by thine own family."

"Right or wrong?"

"Right or wrong, for sure! But I mak' no doubt thou would go against me also, if there was £6,000 a year for that job too. When is ta going to be wed?"

"In a month."

"My word! Thou is in a hurry. I sud think thou might give thy father a chance to say a word about bringing the Bradleys into his family. It isn't fair, Joe; it isn't a bit fair of thee."

Such conversations were very common during the hurried interval, though, as the wedding day drew, Martha Thrale grew more and more taciturn. She wanted Amos to know the step his son was contemplating, and yet she could not make up her mind to be the informant. The news, however, reached Amos in a still more direct way.

It happened that Joshua Perkins had the management of the Bradley estate, and a few days before the proposed marriage was to be celebrated, Joe and Edith rode over to his office together in order to sign some papers. The business was pleasantly transacted, and the lovers were cantering up the street together, when Amos Braithwaite's gig stopped at the lawyer's door.

Perkins stood just within it, shading his eyes with his hands, and watching the happy, handsome couple. When Amos was at his side, he pointed them out to him, with a soft, unctuous laugh, said, "Dost ta see that bay gelding thy Joe is riding? It's worth four hundred guineas if it's worth a halfpenny; and it can do '*proputty! prop-ut-ty! prop-ut-ty!*' quite as well as that farmer's nag some o' them great poets made a song about."

"Whativer is ta talking about?"

"That is Joe Braithwaite."

"I don't need thee to tell me that, I think."

"Does ta know t' lass he is with?"

"Not I. I'd be middling busy if I tried to keep up wi' Joe's sweethearts."

"Ay; but thou wilt hev to know this one. Why, it's Luke Bradley's daughter, and thy Joe and her are bound to mak' a wedding of it."

"Joshua Perkins, be quiet, will ta! Our Joe and Bradley's lass! Thou doesn't know what ta is saying!"

"I know varry well what I'm saying, and thou wilt find it come out so, whether ta believes me or not."

"Thou caps me! It's a bit o' news I can't tak' into my head at all."

"Well, I don't blame thee. Thou may well hev a wondering spell. But it is true, I hev drawn out the settlements, and they hev just signed 'em. My word! but she is a clever lass! She'll keep what's her awn on the safe side."

"Joe wer' allays going up and down among t' women wi' his heart in his hand! but to think o' Bradley's lass taking it! Is she worth much?"

"Bradley Manor and £6,000 a year. And she is varry handsome, and sharp as a steel trap."

"Say no more, Perkins. Joe will be knocking his head against t' stars soon; he'll be that set up. Lookee, Perkins," and Amos drew a long bill from his pocket-book and pointed out certain items against which he had put a pencil-mark.

"What does ta mean by charging me i' this way? I'll niver pay it—niver.

"Business, Braithwaite, business."

"Cheat'ry, thou means. If this is business, thou sud hev taken out a license to steal. I want to start an action against John Deaconson for me'lling with my beck, but thou sall not touch a paper till this bill is settled. Now, then, what is ta going to do about it?"

"The charges are quite regular."

"I'm reg'lar, too, in t' courts; and I'm almost as good a lawyer as thysen."

Perkins laughed, and then ran his pen through the objectionable items as he said: "One bear does not bite another bear, Braithwaite, and it wouldn't pay me to eat thee up."

"I sud think it wouln't. There's outsiders for thee to whet thy

teeth on. See here, now." Then he laid before the lawyer his complaint and his instructions, and in their consideration he seemed to have entirely forgotten the news about his son. But he had not. As he rode back to Bevin Mill he thought of nothing else, and he looked at the affair in a way that would probably never have suggested itself to any one but Amos Braithwaite.

He had begun his manufacturing life as a hand in Bradley's mill, and in the subsequent years all the relations between the men had been of the most exasperating kind. But Amos regarded his son's marriage with Bradley's daughter and heiress as a kind of providential retribution in his favour, and he was in a triumphant state as he muttered to himself, "How t' owd turkey-cock used to snub me! How he used to gobble round and set me in Cold-shoulder Lane as often as iver he could! And only to think o' Luke Bradley tueing and scrimping himsen and saving a' his brass for my Joe! It caps me all to bits!" and he flecked his whip so emphatically that the horse really imagined him in a hurry, and went at a pace through Bevin village that would have astonished Amos himself had he been conscious of it.

But in that hour some very unusual thoughts had possession of his mind. Unknowingly, almost defiantly, Joe Braithwaite had done a thing which seemed to Joe's father a particular providence for the settlement of his claims against the dead-and-gone Luke Bradley. Amos could believe in a special providence when it took the righting of his peculiar personal grievances, and he kept ejaculating in the excitement of satisfaction, "It's fair wonderful! It's a clear providence! It's what I niver could hev expected! And I hev no doubt at all that t' proud, miserly owd fellow knows all about it. My word! If he does, my Joe will be plaguing him far worse than even t' devil himsen can manage it! He will that!"

VI.—MASTER AND MISTRESS OF BRADLEY.

The whole affair was such a wonder to Amos that he could not eat his dinner. "I'm more than satisfied. I'm heart-full," he said, as he pushed the platter and plate aside. "A bit o' tobacco is all as iver I need to-night; my own thoughts are a good meal, and plenty o' it. Joe has given me my dinner, and a right good one it is! T' lad is no fool, why, of course he isn't. He's my son. It 'ud be a varry strange thing if he didn't know what side his bread was best t' buttered on."

Then it occurred to him that he might go into Bradford and buy the handsomest bit o' silverware or jewellery he could put his hands on. He had never said he wouldn't give Joe's wife a present, and he could send it without a name, and so avoid the bother of thanks, which might lead to an interview, and far more

concession than he had any intention of making at this time, even under circumstances so agreeable to him.

He lay awake a long time that night, picking and choosing among Joshua Wilson's fine silverware and brooches and bracelets. And as men wake and muse in the dark midnight, they are either better or worse than their usual selves. Amos was better. He remembered Joe's pleasant ways and bright presence and handsome face. Vague, longing plans for bringing back his banished son flitted through his mind. He was quite resolved to send Edith a silver tea service, and as handsome a bracelet as he could put his fingers on. And feeling all the glow of his kind intention, he fell happily asleep.

But while he slept some evil angel whispered doubtful and irritating suspicions into his ear. He awoke with a sense of injury, and the first thoughts of his heart were: "Mebbe, now, Joe is marrying Edith Bradley just because he knows I hated her father so heartfully. He thinks it will spite me, happen. Or, I sudn't wonder if he isn't aiming to set himsen above me. He'll hev more more brass now to fling away than I hev, and he'll get among gentry that wouldn't know Amos Braithwaite, no, not if they passed him fifty times a day. I hevn't any objection, I'm sure—only, come to think o' it, I'd be more than a fool to waste my money on owd Bradley's lass. I won't do it! Folks hev a lot o' soft thoughts in t' night time, to be sure. It's a blessing that a bit o' common sense comes back wi' t' sun up."

His experience of life had led Amos always to attribute the lowest motives to the human heart; and so he let these baser second thoughts rule him. Yet he was morose and unhappy under their sway, and his hands, with the intuitive penetration of servants, divined the cause of his ill-temper, and decided with great satisfaction that "he hadn't been invited to t' wedding, and thet it served him right."

But one morning there came to him a note in white satin and silver. It was an invitation to be present at the marriage of Joseph Braithwaite and Edith Bradley, at Bradley Court. Within this fine missive there was a strip of ordinary writing paper, and on it Joe had written four words, "Do come, dear father."

He held the whole in his large, brown, hairy hand a few minutes, looking steadily at them. Then, with a smile, in which anger and satisfaction were queerly blended, he dropped the gay festival cards into the fire, and as he watched them turn to ashes he slowly fingered the slip of paper that bore his son's entreating message, "Do come, dear father."

He hesitated about burning it, and to hesitate is generally to give up or to give in. After a few moments had passed, he took out his pocket-book, and put the bit of paper into a compartment intended for postage stamps, but which he never used for that purpose. And while doing so the question of a wedding present again crossed his mind. But this time it came when everything was adverse for its realization. He had just been buying

largely, and needed all his ready cash, and, besides, it suddenly struck him that silver or jewellery was just so much cash buried in a casket or drawer and not paying a penny of interest.

"A bit of good chinaware is all I hev, and all I want in my house, and I niver owned aught in t' way o' jewellery but a silver watch mysen," he muttered; and Amos was not the man to think the requirements of any other person greater than his own. Thus, every kindly thought perished in suspicion and avarice.

It would have made Joe happy if he had known of their existence, transient as it was. He watched anxiously for some answer to his request, and he was hurt and disappointed when none came. All the more so, because Martha Thrale had also positively refused to be present at the marriage. She had taken a great dislike to Miss Bradley at their first interview. She fancied that the young lady tried to patronize her, a mode of treatment which highly offended the independent Yorkshire woman.

"She wanted naught that Edith Bradley hed; she was welcome to her fine house, and her grand friends, ay, and her handsome husband, too. She hedn't a word to say either for t' wedding, or against it. It was none of her affairs," etc. Yet to her favourite Wesleyan preacher she admitted that "Miss Bradley was that kind o' young woman an allays set her teeth on edge."

"Her tenants speak well of her, Miss Thrale," he rejoined, "and it is our duty to hope for the best."

"To be sure, sir. I hev heard that she is sweet as May flowers to them as she can order and hector! Niver mind! It won't be very long before Joe Braithwaite will get to see into his folly a bit."

"She is lady of the Manor, you know, Miss Thrale, and it is her duty to take some authority upon her. She ought to reprove the idle and the slovenly, and see that those under her do their duty."

"She does it varry well, and varry often, if all reports be true. And, if she is anything like her father, she'll tak' t' sharp edge off Joe Braithwaite quick enough, if she thinks he's getting a bit too for'ard or independent. I hope she will. I'm not sorry for Joe, but I am for Joe's father. I don't set much store by Amos Braithwaite, but I know this wedding will be vinegar and gall to him. Joe hed a right to think of his father, and it's hard on me too, it is that! I've done iverything for Joe, and then he marries such a lass as I cannot abide to go to t' wedding. And me that fond of going to weddings, and allays full of good wishes for young things beginning life together."

"It is a little hard, Miss Thrale, but perhaps you may yet make up up your mind to go."

"Me go! Why! I've never said I wouldn't go. I am none o' them women who say no, and then yes."

But though Martha stayed at home to please her own kind of pride, she deeply regretted not having seen all the fine dresses and wedding presents, and not having been present at a feast which included among its guests a bishop, a baronet, and a member of Parliament. There was a full report of all the grand

doings in the local paper, and Martha Thrale read every word of it with the greatest interest and the most minute attention.

Amos also read it; and he had his own opinion of the proceedings, and of their probable results.

"A bishop and two parsons!" he said, sarcastically. "I wer' married by t' Methody preacher in Baildon Chapel, and I found out as t' job wer' varry well done."

He had noticed Joshua Perkins's name among the list of guests, and he waited anxiously for him to call and say something about the ceremony. But Perkins did not even pass Bevin Mill.

"He thinks if I have to go and see him I'll bring a bit o' business wi' me, as an excuse—for he sells every word he speaks, does Joshua, or tries to—but I'll do nowt o' t' sort. It would be such a wedding as niver was if t' news of it was worth paying for."

So he went to see Perkins, and made no excuse for the visit. "I heard that thou was at Joe's wedding," he said, without any preliminary. "Well, then, what kind of a time did ta hev there?"

"It was a varry grand affair, Mr. Braithwaite."

"What is ta 'mistering' me for? Thou knaws my name well enough, and thou hes call'd me by it a few times, I think."

"I was thinking of thee as connected with t' young couple of Bradley Manor, I suppose, so a little formality would come natural."

"Think o' me by mysen, will ta? I'm not a mite better for t' connection, and I don't think mysen any better for it. Why sud I? So there was great stirrings, I hear?"

"The best people in the county were there."

"To be sure, and I hope t' best people did something to show what they were."

"If ta means in t' way o' presents, Amos, I think they did, ay, I think they did. Varry handsome, indeed! I heard the silver alone was worth £2,000. I'm astonished thou didn't send a bit o' plate o' some sort."

"Thou would hev been far more astonished if I had sent a bit of any sort at all. They'll be going to live at Bradley Court, I reckon?"

"Eventually."

"*Eventually!* Now, whativer does ta mean?"

"I mean that they are gone abroad for some months."

"Gone abroad! Gone abroad! What nonsense! Where hev they gone to?"

"To Paris first, and then to Rome."

"Well, that caps all I ever heard of. Paris and Rome! Joe ought to be 'shamed o' himsen. He knows what I think o' such carryings on. I sud hev thought London and Edinburgh might hev been good enough for 'em."

"'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?'" quoted Perkins, for the moment quite well pleased with his own adaptation. But Amos did not understand the allusion, and he answered with some asperity, "What is ta saying? Them sound varry like Bible words."

"They are Bible words."

"Then what is ta using 'em here for? Thy office isn't a fit place to be talking of t' Bible in, I sud think. When is Joe coming back to England?"

"Now then, Amos, I am not thy catechism; and I'm partic'lar busy this morning. There is going to be a big fight between John Henry Wade and Timothy Crawley about t' right and t' wrong of their spinning-jenny patent; and I hev to tak' a hand in it."

"Hes ta? Then I'm sorry for t' man, whoiver he is, as thou art going to mak' out to be t' varry biggest blackguard in a' England."

The compliment was fully appreciated by Perkins; and it put him in a good humour. He rose and laid his hand upon Amos in a friendly way. "Listen to me a bit," he said. "Don't 'ee worry thysen about Joe Braithwaite. He's done a grand thing in wedding Edith Bradley. Why, a tell thee, Amos, he may be i' Parliament at the next general election. I'll back him for it. Thou ought to be proud o' such a lad. He does thy bringing up a deal o' credit. And thou ought to hev been at his wedding, and sent him off wi' a thousand pounds in his pocket. I wish ta hed."

"I dare say ta does, seeing thou wouldn't hev been any loser by it. Good morning to thee."

"Good morning, Amos. Thou may tak' things middling comfortable about Joe now; my word for it."

"Don't thee charge me for thy word; mind that. I didn't come here to ask thee for it. I'll not pay owt for it."

In the main, Joe was at this time quite of the same opinion as Perkins, with regard to his marriage. True, there had been several slight disagreements before the ceremony with regard to its arrangements. Perhaps, with reason, Joe had felt Edith to be more positive than he liked; but then a woman may surely be positive about a circumstance so directly and distinctly personal. Still she had failed him on a point equally important to his own feelings. For he had wished her to write to his father and aunt, and try to conciliate them a little; and her firm refusal to do so had pained him very much. The glory of his marriage feast was dimmed by their absence, and he was almost painfully conscious of the exclusively Bradley influence.

Edith had reigned at Bradley Court as sole mistress, and the habit of authority was easily confirmed in a woman of her temper. And whatever power she might delegate to Joe after their union, it was very evident he could not assume any control before it. So that, necessarily, he was frequently placed in a position apparently subordinate to Edith. However, men in love generally assume with voluntary eagerness just this part, and Joe, as a lover, was scarcely averse to Edith's pretty, masterful ways.

And after she became his wife, circumstances for a time were all in Joe's favour. They were nearly a year upon the continent, travelling in countries whose language Edith could not speak. But Joe, in spite of his father's opposition, had managed to acquire a very fair knowledge of French and German, and Edith was,

therefore, compelled to rely entirely upon him in all the exigencies of travel and dangers of foreign shopping.

So during their ten months of travel Joe had everything very much his own way. In all their movements Edith deferred, with a charming air of reliance, to his judgment; and Joe found a certain pleasure in very often relinquishing his judgment for her desires.

But when Edith returned to Bradley she was on her native ground, and she quietly but firmly resumed the power she had temporarily abdicated. Nor could Joe very well complain. He knew nothing of the affairs of Bradley Manor, and Edith knew all its sources of revenue, knew the capabilities of every acre, the net results of meadow and corn land, and the probable amount of rent.

The day after their arrival at home, Perkins came to Bradley Court, and had a long interview with its mistress. Joe happened to be at the stables when the consultation began, and when he returned to the house no one remembered to call him to it. And the young husband was too proud, perhaps too offended, to make any claim to a privilege not, under the circumstances, offered to him. He waited half an hour, in hopes of being summoned, and then ordered his horse and rode into Leeds to see Martha Thrale.

He had some fine lace for her, and a Roman brooch; and the dear old lady was not proof against such a peace offering. She kissed Joe tenderly, and he was glad of this evidence of a love, long-suffering and faithful, even through slight and neglect. For he had not written to her at all while he was away, and there was still a little heartburning about her absence from Joe's wedding. She had only wanted a little personal urging from Joe and Edith, and they had not given it. So in her heart she believed that she was not really wanted; that, in fact, they were both a bit ashamed of her homely speech and unfashionable ways.

But all her anger vanished when Joe took her hands and stooped his handsome head for her welcoming kiss. She was pleased with his remembrance and willing to forget her own sense of wrong. She asked many questions about Edith, and in the course of conversation learned of Perkins's visit.

It was the first thing which brought a cloud upon her sunny face. "Thou sud hev taken thy proper place, Joe, this morning, and that was at thy wife's side. Thou hes made a big mistake, I fear me."

"I was not asked to take it. And when I heard them counting money, I did not care to seem to make a claim about it, so I thought I would come over and see you for an hour. At any rate, if I have to speak to Edith on this matter, it is better to do so when we are alone. I never trusted in Perkins's friendship."

"Now, then, I'll tell thee what will happen. When ta gets home, Edith will be on her dignity a bit, or else she'll be heving a 'hurt' feeling at thee. She'll pretend that thou doesn't like business,

and that thou got out of t' way of it by coming to see me. Thou hes played into her hand, my lad, finely."

"You see, aunt, she might be settling up with Perkins. I can attend to her business quite as well as he can for the future. If they were having a final settlement, it was better for me not to interfere."

"Does ta believe that Perkins will give up to thee? Not if he can help it. Now, then, stand up for thy rights, Joe. Edith is that kind of woman as will think the better of thee for it."

And, somehow, though Martha had not intended to do so, she sent Joe home with a slight sense of injury in his heart, and a slight stubbornness of will in regard to his own future.

FROM CENTRE TO CIRCUMFERENCE.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

Sovereign Lord, be Thou the centre
Of Thy servant's works and ways;
Into widening realms we enter
Out of life's bewildering maze,
'Neath the truth Thy Word displays.

Oh, the fields of hopeful labour
Opening to the watchful eye!
Let us work and never waver,
Work for ends that never die,
Thou, our trust, art ever nigh.

Christ is with us; we shall conquer!
Stands His Cross our light and guide,
Fight old Satan's hate and rancour,
Meet the world's contempt and pride,
Spread God's Kingdom far and wide.

Kingdom of abiding blessing,
Righteousness, and peace, and joy,
Power, all other powers surpassing,
Shall the works of hell destroy,
Saving power shall never die.

Christ before the throne is pleading,
Legions move beneath His will,
Myriads are His message heeding,—
And His Spirit worketh still
All the world with love to fill.

Soveign Lord, Eternal Centre
Of Thy realm's circumference,
In Thy Kingly glory enter,
Drive the alien forces thence,
Reign in Love's Omnipotence!

Thomasburg, Ont.

REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON AND OTHER AMERICAN CELEBRITIES.

BY JAS. N. SHANNON.

THE appearance of the Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott, who passed away within a day or two of her father, the gentle philosopher of Concord—brings to mind several opportunities during the winter of 1878-9, of seeing and hearing some of the famous literary men and women of Boston and vicinity, the fame of some of whom is as wide-spread as the language their works have enriched and adorned.

One memorable afternoon I had the privilege of hearing a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson, given at the instance of a certain lady in her own parlours in Boston, to which many friends had been invited, enough to crowd three good-sized rooms that opened into each other. Through the kindness of a friend, I received an invitation, and, on my friend's account solely, I held a position of honour throughout the lecture, and was given a front seat in the one room reserved for distinguished visitors and for the renowned lecturer himself. On the one side of me sat Mr. Alcott, tall, slightly bent, his silvery locks surmounting a countenance all beaming, and on the other side William Lloyd Garrison, stern and stolid as became the great anti-slavery son of thunder. Among others in the room were Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Miss Abba May, Prof. Munro of the School of Oratory, and other celebrities whose names I have forgotten.

Just opposite to me on the farther side of a small table, so near I could almost touch it with my foot, sat Emerson, wrinkled and aged, with beetling eyebrows, high full forehead crowned with thin light hair, the outward tenement of the profound master-mind within.

It was a very rare thing at this time for his voice to be heard even in a private gathering like this, for the weight of years had pressed heavily on his small attenuated frame, had weakened his voice, and imparted a certain restlessness to his manner, and a slight cloudiness to his mind. His daughter sat close by on a seat a little lower than the rest, and was no small aid in keeping the old man up to his task. He spoke slowly, and at times indistinctly, but always in a tone so low that when I, who was so near, could just hear him, and that was all, the guests in the other parlours must have fared badly enough. To increase the difficulty of hearing, he read sitting down, his head bent over the manuscript as if he were reading aloud to himself quite oblivious

to the numbers eager to catch his every word. He often hesitated and seemed to lose his place, and once he stuck fast, as a child would do at a big word or a long sentence, and his daughter said to him, "Now, father, you had better go back a line or two." "Oh, yes," said he, quietly and half dreamily; "yes, let me see, where was I?" Most of the time his thin hands, wedged between his knees, moved restlessly against each other, while he kept a slow time with his feet, by raising them on tip-toe and letting them down again.

The lecture itself was a fund of enjoyment from beginning to end, brimful of deep thought, that required the closest attention and provided an ample field for mental browsing for some time afterwards.

Consoling as must have been to himself his own great thoughts at this the sunset of his long life, one could wish for him, too, that better, more enduring consolation—the peace that comes from simple faith in Jesus Christ. But his early relinquishment of the Christian religion, both as a doctrine and as an experience, leaves, I fear, but little room for that devout wish being gratified.

A memorial service that same winter to Bayard Taylor brought out many distinguished literary men, and I had the privilege of hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem written by Longfellow for the occasion, the first stanza of which began:

> "Dead he lay among his books,
> The peace of God was in his looks."

Longfellow was never well enough to bear the excitement of any of these interesting occasions. To quote his own words when declining an invitation, he was "suffering the discipline of pain, which has tied my tongue and hid my memory."

Though but a decade has rolled away since then, most of the eminent writers and thinkers mentioned have closed their earthly career. William Lloyd Garrison was the first to go, indeed before the year closed. Professor Munro soon followed him. Emerson and Longfellow lived but two or three years longer. And more recently have father and daughter—the aged philosopher and the authoress of "Little Women"—passed within the same portals into whose mysteries so many have entered, though untried as yet to us who live and move. As the younger of these two said of the elder, so may others say of us, "Sorrow has no place at such a time when death comes in the likeness of a friend."

> "When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
> And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
> I cheerful will obey; then with new powers
> Will rising wonders sing."

The Christian Life.

CONSECRATION.

I, also, where the scathing flames,
About your martyr brows are bound,
Have come to join the battle's front
And charge with you the foeman's ground.

What do I ask? The right to strive
For all that maketh virtue strong;
To stand on guard till morn shall break,
Though midnight hours are cold and long.

Though when our banners white with peace,
Above the hard-won field are flung;
Over my long-sealed ears in vain
Shall victory's glad song be sung.

It is reward enough for me
To share the danger and the shame;
Comrades, outstretch your martyr hands,
And welcome me to sword and flame!

– *M. E. H. Everett.*

WANTED—AN OLD-FASHIONDED REVIVAL.

Dr. Dale has recently expressed a conviction that the evangelical Churches are on the eve of a great spiritual movement. From the bottom of our heart we hope and pray that he may prove to be a true prophet. That would settle all our difficulties, and herald the Twentieth Century with a blaze of pure and immortal happiness. The whole civilized world is wandering to and fro seeking rest and finding none. Atheists, Agnostics and Positivists are uttering bitter cries in brilliant essays, and orations, with which they are vainly endeavouring to conceal their misery. What Europe really wants is the manly, rational, brotherly Christianty of Jesus Christ. There never was a time when civilized man seemed so greatly to need and so ready to appreciate the primitive and Scriptural Gospel of God.

What is lacking? Why does not the great work begin on a gigantic scale? Let each Church speak for itself. What we want is a good old-fashioned "Revival." When Mr. McAulay was elected President, he said, that Methodism was born in a Revival, and could not live without Revivals. That remark was profoundly

true, and cannot be too often repeated. In the living Church, as in Nature, there are both gradual and sudden forces at work. After the very slow and gradual action of water comes the sudden catastrophic overwhelming agency of volcanic fire. Oh! for the volcanic fire of a great national revival! We want to see a revival "break out"—striking phrase to signify the suddenness and yet more the spontaneity with which those great movements used to take place. In the absence of all elaborate preparation whatever, the great work began and many were converted. When a revival "broke out" the congregations generally used to "break down"—another striking phrase by which our forefathers expressed the fact that at such times even the most hardened and obstinate hearers were overwhelmed with divine conviction, and humbled into the very dust at the feet of Christ. When shall we report such "breakings out" and "breakings down" in every part of the land?

As a rule these great revivals begin in the pulpit, and spread thence to the pews. The minister receives some fresh baptism of Divine Power. Could our ministers at this important and somewhat critical hour of our history do better than agree, every one of them, to read John Wesley's Journals right through during the next three weeks? That would at once put them in touch with the glorious continuous revival of the last century. Would it not be well for them, simultaneously to read the most rousing of Wesley's sermons, so that they might catch the tone and spirit of them, and preach in the same direct and urgent style? Of course, we include all the local preachers in this suggestion. Three-fourths of the work would be left undone unless they did it. Then might not every class-leader invite his class to united daily prayer for a Revival? Ministers and preachers, both on Sundays and week days, might implore the people to join in direct and urgent prayer for this special national blessing. Surely we should not pray in vain. How much time and thought and effort we often spend over various methods of raising money. Is it unscriptural to believe that a similar amount of time, thought, and effort spent in united and prolonged prayer would bring down such a blessing upon our churches that our financial and other difficulties would disappear as the clouds of night vanish at the rising of the sun? At any rate, let all our readers spend ten minutes every day in praying God to grant us quickly, for the sake of Jesus Christ and the unsaved millions of England, an old-fashioned glorious "Revival" all over the land.—*Methodist Times.*

THE DEATH OF SENATOR MACDONALD.

SELDOM has the whole Canadian community been so deeply moved by any death as by that of the Hon. John Macdonald. To thousands who knew him only by reputation his loss was felt to be a public calamity. But those who knew him best feel that the world is incomparably the poorer for his departure. The readers of this MAGAZINE, whose pages he so often enriched with his thoughtful and inspiring papers, have reason for regret that no more shall they be favoured with the graphic productions of his pen. Like a voice from the grave is the philanthropic essay in this number which a few weeks ago we received permission to print. It breathes the spirit of sympathy with the suffering and degraded, of earnest desire for their moral elevation, and of intense conviction of the power of the Gospel to save the lost, which were the key note of his Christian life.

The lessons of that life are writ so large that he who runs may read. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." By his fidelity and energy Mr. Macdonald built up a colossal business, and yet found time to engage in schemes of widest usefulness, and was called to fill a prominent place and exert a potent influence in the councils of his Church and of his country. But while diligent in business, he was above all fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. A prominent characteristic of his life was an all-pervading sense of responsibility to God, of Christian stewardship. He seemed to hear ever the words, "Occupy till I come." And how well he fulfilled that injunction only the great day shall reveal, for many of his benefactions were known only to God and to the recipient. He was one of those who

> "Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

When he permitted his benefactions to be known, it was with the object of stimulating others to Christian beneficence, to more largely help the cause of God.

Another note of his character was the fidelity with which, amid the engrossments of business, of travel, of public duty, he maintained his personal religious life. This was the secret of his moral strength. He kept on his desk in his office his well-worn Bible, and often in conversation would turn to some favourite passage, perhaps in the Minor Prophets, or in some of the less familiar books, for an apt illustration of some subject under discussion. Many a man calling on business or seeking aid has received spiritual as well as material help, and has had his mind lifted to higher interests than those of time. Ever near at hand was the old companion of nearly half a century in which were marked the texts which he had heard preached from when a youth.

Religion was not to him a thing apart from his daily life, but its very vital air. Religious subjects were not dragged into the conversation, they sprang up spontaneously, like the daisies in the meadows, as the most natural thing in the world.

He did not, like some men, leave his religion behind him when he went abroad or relaxed its claims upon the performance of religious duty. Readers of his recent notes on travel in the Far West will have observed how amid the general laxness in the observance of the Sabbath, his fidelity to duty was a rebuke to ungodliness and an encouragement to those who were endeavouring to maintain the ancient landmarks of piety. There was nothing austere in the religion of our departed friend. He lived in a sunny atmosphere. He was a thoroughly genial Christian gentleman, ever considerate of the feelings of others, and sedulous to promote their happiness. Those who have had the privilege of travel or sojourn with

him will recall countless illustrations of this beautiful trait. The warmth of his affection and the tenderness of his family relations are subjects too sacred for reference here. He was keenly alive to the beauties of nature and art; he had refined poetic sensibilities, which often found expression in verse of superior merit. But the chief inspiration of his muse was moral loveliness and religious feeling.

Amid the occupations of a busy life, Mr. Macdonald kept up a wide range of reading, and always had some literary project on hand. He was much in request as a preacher at church openings and anniversary occasions, and he greatly enjoyed the pleasure of sermon-making, delving into the inspired Word, and finding ever new wealth of Divine wisdom and beauty.

He was an extensive traveller, and by his graphic and interesting article contributions, frequently made the public share the pleasure and mental profit of his journeys. He was a true patriot, and ever sought the moral advancement and material interests of his country. He rendered it important service by setting forth its economic resources, and seeking to promote closer relations with the West Indies, South America, Newfoundland and elsewhere.

In political life he maintained the same sturdy independence which characterized his other relations. While from conviction a Liberal statesman, he was no partisan, and commanded, as few men have done, the confidence and respect of both sides of the House. The tributes paid to his memory by his fellow Senators were numerous and striking. Senator McInnes, who knew him long and intimately, said, with deep emotion: "In business he was scrupulously honourable, and by his ability and good management he succeeded in accumulating a handsome fortune. He has been largely his own administrator during his lifetime in his bountiful bequests to many charities, and he never sent away any deserving applicant to his charity empty-handed. His death is a great loss to the House and to the community amongst which he lived. To me the loss was irreparable."

Senator Allan said: "I am sure I shall have the assent of every one who hears me when I say that from the time that Mr. Macdonald took his seat among us until the last time he appeared in this House, in everything he said and every thought that he gave he was actuated by the highest and most patriotic motives."

The late Senator was devotedly attached to British institutions and to British connection. His Highland blood warmed to the old land. We shall never forget the enthusiasm he exhibited during a visit to Edinburgh in recounting the heroic traditions and historic and poetic associations of his native land.

One of his most remarkable characteristics was the breadth and receptivity of his mind and the catholicity of his sympathies. There is scarcely a phase of human interest in which he was not concerned. In the commercial councils of the country he took an active part. Its great religious movements had no more intelligent and energetic worker. In the councils of his own Church no voice commanded greater respect, or carried greater weight. Of its Missionary Society he was Lay Treasurer for over a score of years. He was ever an advocate of the most aggressive measures. To him is largely due the successful Japan Mission. He greatly promoted the early mission work in the Far West, which has already developed into two Conferences and has room for many more. One of the latest propositions of his life was the establishing of a mission in the West Indies. To stimulate an intelligent enthusiasm for missions he had published at his own expense large editions of the Life of the heroic Dr. Duff, for free distribution among the two-thirds of the ministers of the Dominion. For the same purpose he offered a prize of £100, which he made 100 guineas, for the best essays on missions. The interest thus created was very widespread. From England, Ireland,

Scotland, Norway, France, the West Indies, and from nearly every State in the Union and Province of the Dominion came competing essays; and the impetus given to missionary studies and missionary givings must have been very great. With a similar object he offered a liberal prize for the best essay on systematic giving, a subject which lay near his heart and which he faithfully practised. The result was a wide stirring of thought on this important theme, and the publication of several books upon it. Another subject on which he similarly encouraged writing was, the best way of promoting a revival of religion. These donations were all made anonymously, and now for the first time the present writer feels at liberty to break the seal of silence and publicly reveal the source of these beneficent gifts.

While loyal to the Church of his choice and liberally supporting its institutions, he did not confine his sympathies or its benefactions to its pale. Not a branch, we think, of the Christian Church in Canada, did not share his donations; and the Roman Catholic nuns knew that in the sacred name of charity they would receive generous aid. He was a munificent patron of learning, and both Victoria and Toronto Universities received liberal help at his hands. Of the Young Men's Christian Association he was one of the warmest friends and most generous supporters. Toward every form of philanthropy his heart warmed. One of the latest acts of his life was the gift of $40,000, increased by his will to $100,000, toward an hospital in Toronto, in memory of a beloved daughter who, on her deathbed, requested that his love for her might take this expression.

No house in the Dominion was the scene of more frequent social and igirelous gatherings where Christian workers of all denominations could pleasantly meet than his hospitable home. As a host he was the very soul of courtesy, alert with the warm welcome, the unwearied attention, the kind farewell. Not merely in his own Church, or in his own land, is his memory cherished and beloved, but in every Church and in many lands the tear of sympathy will fall at the thought of his departure, which in many hearts will be felt with the keen sense of a personal loss.

Such men are God's best gifts to His Church. They are the most striking "evidences of Christianity," demonstrations of the power of godliness which the caviller and the infidel cannot gainsay, "living epistles, known and read of all men."

We magnify, not the man, but the grace of God in him. All that he was he owed to that Divine power. It was that sacred charism that emptied him of selfishness and self-seeking, that opened his heart wide as suffering humanity, that gave such sweetness and tenderness to his spirit, that enabled him to walk so closely in the footsteps of the Master whom he served, and to spend his life so largely in going about and doing good. May his example be an inspiration to us all, especially to the young men of this Dominion, to build up a noble Christian manhood like his, to seek as their highest good the welfare of their fellow-men, to be a follower of him as he was a follower of the Lord Jesus.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
Better that He unlock the day,
And as the doors swing open say,
"My will is best."

TENNYSON'S LAST POEMS.*

In our venerable Laureate, the Scripture is strikingly fulfilled—"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." And what a rich aftermath it is at the close of a singularly fertile life. There is here no sign of failing faculties or exhausted powers. There is the old sweetness of phrase, the old subtlety of thought, the old delicacy of imagination. The sweet swan sings on sweetly as ever in his eightieth year. The principal poem of the volume, "Demeter and Persephone," breathes the very spirit of the classic muse, with something of human tenderness and Christian sentiment superadded, for which we seek in vain in pagan verse. What strength and tenderness are in the following lines:

"Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives, and nested birds,
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot and gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth again
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,
'Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?'
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
'We know not, and we know not why we wail.'
I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas,
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,
'Where do ye make your moaning for my child?'
And round from the world the voices came,
'We know not, and we know not why we moan.'"

"Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the Gods of Heaven. . . .
The man that only lives and loves an hour,
Seem'd nobler than their hard eternities."

What a majestic and peculiarly Tennysonian figure is this:

"At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West."

The Queen's jubilee hymn is a rather perfunctory performance, though having fine lines and closing with a serene confidence of the triumph of right:

"Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages."

The dialect story of "Owd Roä," has not the rich humour of the "Northern Farmer," but it has a touching pathos of its own. It is a commemoration of a faithful dog, "Old Rover," which saved a child from a burning house. An old man is recounting the story to his son:

"But I meän fur to maäke 'is owd age as 'appy as iver I can,
Fur I owäss owd Roäver moor nor I iver owäd mottal man.

"An' e' sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e coomes to be deäd,
I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soort of a sarvice reäd.

'Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere,

* *Demeter and Other Poems*, by Alfred Lord Tennyson. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

An' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if
'e could but stan fur the Shere.

"'Faäithful an' True'—them words be
i' Scriptur—an' Faäithful an' True
Ull be fun upo' four short legs ten
times fur one upo' two. . . .

"But I couldn't see fur the smoäke
wheere thou was a-liggin, my lad,
An' Roäver was theere i' the chaum-
ber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like
mad.

"Then I called out Roä, Roä, Roä,
thaw I did'nt haäfe think as 'e'd
'ear,
But 'e com'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn
i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!

"He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as
soon as 'e 'eärd 'is name,
Or like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at
summun seed i' the flaäme,

"When summun 'ed hax'd fur a son,
an' 'e promised a son to she,
An' Roä was as good as the Hangel
i' saävin' a son fur me."

The noble poem entitled "Vastness" opens in a vein of pessimism—a ninteenth century echo of the Book of Ecclesiastes—but closes in a triumphant pæan of faith:

"Many a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanished face,
Many a planet by many a sun may
roll with the dust of a vanished
race.

"Raving politics, never at rest—as this
poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants
in the gleam of a million million of
suns?

"What the philosophies, all the
sciences, poesy, varying voices of
prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest,
all that is filthy with all that is
fair?

"What is it all, if we all of us end but
in being our own corpse-coffins at
last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence,
drown'd in the deeps of a meaning-
less Past?

"What, but a murmur of gnats in the
gloom, or a moment's anger of bees
in their hive?—
. . . . . .
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and
love him forever; the dead are not
dead, but alive."

The dramatic fragment, "The Ring," is in a minor chord; but Tennyson is essentially lyrical, and lacks the dramatic faculty which is so marked in Browning.

The weird poem, "Forlorn," with its wild refrain, express the very essence of sadness:

"In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting."

"In the night, O the night!
O the deathwatch beating!"

"In the night, O the night,
While the Fiend is prowling."

"In the night, O the night,
When the wolves are howling."

"Up, get up, the time is short,
Tell him now or never!
Tell him all before you die,
Lest you die for ever . . .
In the night, O the night,
Where there's no forgetting."

"The Leper's Bride" is a tragic episode of mediæval times. The noble Count Ulric, a warrior of the Holy Cross, contracted in Palestine the dread disease of leprosy, and was doomed, after a burial service to a living burial in a leper's hut upon a solitary moor; but his faithful wife resolved to share his fate in those impassioned words:

"I loved you first when young and fair,
but now I love you most;
The fairest flesh at last is filth on
which the worm will feast;
This poor rib-grated dungeon of the
holy human ghost,
This house with all its hateful
needs no cleaner than the beast.

"The beauty that endures on the
Spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured,
like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in
soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a
moment as we will."

"'Libera me, Domine!' you sang the
Psalm, and when
The Priest pronounced you dead,
and flung the mould upon your
feet,
A beauty came upon your face, not
that of living men,
But seen upon the silent brow
when life has ceased to beat.

"'Libera *nos*, Domine'—you know not
one was there
Who saw you kneel beside your
bier, and weeping scarce could
see;
May I come a little nearer, I that
heard, and changed the prayer
And sang the married 'nos' for
the solitary 'me.'"

"The Priest, who join'd you to the
dead, has joined our hands of
old;
If man and wife be but one flesh,
let mine be leprous too,
As dead from all the human race as
if beneath the mould;
If you be dead, then I am dead,
who only live for you."

"There, there! he buried you, the
Priest; the Priest is not to
blame,
He joins us one again, to his either
office true:
I thank him. I am happy, happy.
Kiss me. In the name
Of the everlasting God, I will live
and die with you."

"The Progress of the Spring" and "Merlin and the Gleam" are full of the loftiest spiritual suggestions. "Romney's Remorse" shows the infinite inferiority of name and fame and fortune—"the nation praising one afar" to the joys of domestic affection.

"Romney married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoilt an artist' almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, uearly mad and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died."

"Ay, but when the shout
Of His descending peals from Heaven,
and throbs
Thro' earth, and all her graves, if *He*
should ask
'Why left you wife and children? for
My sake,
According to My word?' and I replied
'Nay, Lord, for *Art*,' why, that would
sound so mean
That all the dead, who wait the doom
of hell
For bolder sins than mine, . . .
Would turn and glare at me, and point
and jeer,
And gibber at the worm, who living,
made
The wife of wives a widow-bride, and
lost
Salvation for a sketch."

We know not if the following is autobiographic but it is ideally beautiful:

"Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in
your May,
Two words, '*My* Rose' set all your
face aglow,
And now that I am white, and you
are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my
dear,
Blooms in the Past, but close to
me to-day
As this red rose, which on our ter-
race here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles
away."

The last poem is a fitting ending of the volume, and a summing up of the venerable poet's Christian faith and hope:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the
bar,
When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of fare-
well,
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Similar faith and hope breathe through the latest verses of the octogenarian Quaker poet Whittier:

"I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

"As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles and Peace."

So, too, the veteran Browning dies with this song of triumph upon his lips:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right was worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep or wake."

Elsewhere he illustrates the saying of Augustine, "O God, Thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in thee."

"And what is that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God, let me for once look on Thee
As though nought else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—'Even from myself
I need Thee, and I feel Thee, and I love Thee.'"

We know no finer argument for the immortality of the soul than the poem of Holmes, "On the Chambered Nautilus," concluding,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

Lowell in his "Sir Launfal" sings:

"Lo it is I, be not afraid:
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now:
This crust is my body broken for thee,
The water His blood that died on the tree,
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself, with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour and me."

Longfellow is permeated through and through with the spirit of Christianity. Thank God, the greatest poets of the age are Christian in life and character. The days of your mocking Byrons and Shelleys have gone for ever. True poetry kindles its torch at the altar of eternal truth and is linked with all the moral forces of the universe in the battle of eternal right against ancient wrong. Its purpose, to use the noble words of Milton, is "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints; the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of truth." And this, he further avows, is not to be obtained "by the invocation of dame memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

All the higher learning, the stronger thought, the truer science, the purer and the nobler music of the ages shall bring their tribute—their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh—to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. The majestic Newton was as devout in his piety as he was lofty in his range of thought. "I know no explanation of the force of gravitation," said the clear-eyed Herschell, "but the ever-acting will of God." Old blind Handel in the very rapture of the hallelujah chorus of the "Messiah" saw, he says, "the very heavens opened and the great God Himself sitting on the throne of the universe amid the sevenfold chorus and harping symphonies of the redeemed."

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

The almost complete destruction by fire of the noble buildings of Toronto University was not merely a provincial, but a national calamity. Its institutions of higher learning are among the noblest monuments of the intellectual life of the nation. For so young a country, the architectural magnificence, the learned faculty, the general equipment of the Provincial University, were a crown of glory to the Province. Our universities are not, as is sometimes thought, mere institutions for the rich. They are essentially democratic. The poorest boy in the land, if he show aptness, industry and energy, may enjoy all the advantages which they offer to all. And even those who never enter their halls receive very great benefits therefrom. They are, as the late Chancellor Nelles used to say, quoting from Bacon, "Like the mountain tops on which the rains of heaven distil, watering the valleys and making more fruitful and richer the far-off plains." So every one of us shares the loss caused by the late disastrous fire.

We doubt not that the building will arise from its ashes fairer than before. The real strength of the institution was not in its carved wood and goodly stones, but in its learned faculty, its energetic *alumni*, its noble traditions. This rich and growing Province can amply sustain all the legitimate requirements of its noble University, the crowning feature of its educational system. In some respects the loss is irreparable. Some of the perished treasures were unique. For a comparatively small library, it was of remarkable value. It had, as Librarian Vander-Smissen remarked, "no rubbish," and it had some very rare and some very complete collections. In the department of natural science, for instance, especially that of chemistry, it was very rich. In that of archæology and epigraphy, under the fostering care of the late Dr. McCaul, one of the greatest epigraphists of his time in the world, it was by far the best on this continent. We have personally examined nearly all the other great collections of books north of Mexico, and found none that in this department at all equal to that of Toronto University. There were other college buildings of larger size, of greater cost, and of more venerable age, but we know of none, if we except the ancient foundations of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin, that more completely fulfilled one's ideal of the learned repose and stately dignity of what a great college ought to be.

The pity of it is that this great loss should result from such a trivial cause, not to say criminal carelessness. It is appalling to think what might have been the result, had the fire occurred from an overturned lamp a couple of hours later, when the Convocation Hall would have been crowded with the guests of the evening. There would probably have been such a holocaust as the page of history seldom records. Prompt legislation should enforce ample provision to extinguish at the very beginning incipient fires. A few fire grenades on the walls, or a portable chemical fire-extinguisher, would often prevent just such a disaster, or even one much worse. Many of our public buildings, even some of our best churches, are perfect death-traps, should a fire occur during a crowded meeting. Let a rigid inspection, and, if necessary, reconstruction, of exits be enforced.

As in nature, so in heart, so in grace: it is rough treatment that gives souls as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Methodism is stronger than Anglicanism throughout the world. The highest calculations do not give the latter more than 20,000,000 adherents. But Methodism alone has at least 25,000,000. Thus a community which is but of yesterday outnumbers the old historic Established Church of Great Britain and its offshoots in every land. Professor John Stewart Blackie says, "The Methodists have always been a great moral force in these islands and a potent spur in the lazy flanks of John Bull."

Amongst the interesting items which occupied the attention of the Book Committee in London at a late monthly meeting, was a suggestion from Lancashire respecting the reintroduction of John Wesley's portraits into the hymn-book.

There are four Wesleyan Theological Colleges in England, with a total of 228 students.

The last Sunday-school statistics report 6,900 schools, 129,000 teachers, 928,000 scholars, of whom 82,000 are Church members.

The Treasurer of the Worn-out Ministers' Fund has received from the publishers of the *Methodist Times* the sum of $1,137, as the profits of that periodical for the past year.

Rev. C. Garrett, of Liverpool, has instituted a "Home" for friendless orphan lads. Bishop Ryle, who could not be present at the opening, sent a handsome donation to the funds.

The Birmingham Central Hall Mission has opened a savings bank, to encourage poor people to make provision for the future.

The East-End Mission (London) has now five important centres. During its four years' history, $50,000 has been expended on the purchase and alteration of buildings. It is intended to put a strong evangelist at the head of each centre. The large number of voluntary assistants who give their services gratis often come into contact with the most awful scenes of depravity, and though much discouraged, they hope for good to result from their self-denying labours.

Some have complained of the expensiveness of the London Missson, to which the Rev. H. P. Hughes replies that $7,500 per year is all that has been received. There are two ministers, three lay agents and twelve lady helpers employed. Mr. Pearse also preaches every Sabbath morning and once during the week. Mr. Hughes hopes that by securing the services of the Rev. W. D. Walters as secretary that there will be a rapid increase of income, and more missions will be established. [We presume that the heavy expense of rentals is not included in this estimate.—Ed.]

One of the "Sisters" has a class in which several Soho French women are members. She arranges to have hymns sung which have been translated into French by the Salvation Army, so that all can join in the singing, and conducts part of the proceedings in French.

A diamond digger who was returning to Africa, but missed the steamer, strayed into St. James' Hall, the word pierced his heart, and he went into the inquiry-room for further instruction. This man has had an extraordinary career; he had fought at Ulandi, had been captured by the Kaffirs, and had many encounters with lions and other wild beasts.

By the time these notes are published, the centenary of the oldest Wesleyan Sunday-school in the north of England will have been celebrated, "the Orphan House," Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This celebrated "House"

was one of Mr. Wesley's stopping-places, where he generally spent a few weeks every year.

A few years ago, the Rev. W. D. Sarjeant and wife undertook to provide a House of Rest for their fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, and they are now desirous to erect a "House" where at least 1,000 persons needing a few days' rest could be accommodated, after which they would return to their employment. The amount required is about $30,000. During the two years that a temporary "House" has been provided, many ministers, local preachers, Bible-women and others have enjoyed the hospitality thus provided.

The Conference Evangelists, Revs. Messrs. Cook and Waugh, are fully employed, and can only stay about ten days at one place. The hearty co-operation of ministers and others greatly promotes success. Entire sanctification is held forth prominently. In some instances as many as 700 conversions are reported.

There is evidently a growth of Christian brotherly feeling among all the branches of Methodism. The papers received from England contain accounts of evangelistic services held in different churches at which the ministers unite in hearty co-operation. Preliminary meetings have been held, looking toward the union of the New Connexion and Free Methodist Churches.

Afflictive intelligence comes from Fiji. For many years French priests have laboured in vain to seduce the people from the simplicy of the Gospel. It appears that the Pope has taken the mission under his own immediate care. A Bishop, fortified by his special benediction and accompanied by a strong band of priests and nuns, has commenced operations on a grand scale. He goes about in more than vice-regal state, hoists the the French flag, and receives salutes from French frigates in a British colony! The grand display thus made necessarily impresses the natives, and fears are entertained as to the results.

Methodist New Connexion.

Rev. A. McCurdy, in consequence of declining health, has retired from the Secretariate of several connexional funds. A testimonial is to be presented to him at the approaching Conference as an acknowledgment of his valuable services.

A New Years' Covenant service was held at West Hartlepool, when the Rev. H. Jeff gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-five persons.

Primitive Methodist Church.

A new church was recently dedicated at Highbury Vale, London.

The young men who are students in the Manchester College report 500 cases of conversion during the present Connexional year.

The church and schools at Leighton Buzzard, were recently destroyed by fire. The Wesleyans manifested their sympathy by making a collection of $83, which was forwarded to the Treasurer of the Trust Fund.

The Fernando Mission, West Africa, has made great progress. A new missionary, Rev. Jabez Bell, has been sent out.

Great good has resulted from the establishment of the Evangelists' Home at Birmingham. It is said that hundreds of conversions have taken place.

Rev. Peter Mackenzie, Wesleyan, has been accustomed for several years past to begin each New Year by preaching and lecturing for his Primitive friends at Mayfield Grove, Nottingham. His last visit yielded $650.

Bible Christian Connexion.

It is announced that Rev. J. Jackson Wray will be a monthly contributor to the Magazine for the year 1890.

Foundation stones for a new place of worship were laid at Iddlesleigh, Devon. The Earl of Iddlesleigh kindly gave gave the site and stone for the walls.

Numerous Circuit Conventions to promote holiness have been held.

At Chepstow the meeting was one of extraordinary power. Several ministers and officials professed to receive the fulness of perfect love.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Dr. Vernon, who was eighteen years a missionary in Italy, says that among the first converts was a man who learned to read the Bible in prison. It was sent to him under the coal and ashes of a brazier. Ten years later there was organized in the city of Rome a Methodist Conference, and now twenty-four churches have been established, with twenty-eight native ministers. An edition of the Discipline in Italian has been issued by Dr. Burt.

Bishop Newman has created quite a sensation by an article which he published favouring three General Conferences of Methodists, the third to be that of coloured Methodists. Some think that this is carrying division too far on the colour line.

The Book Concern in New York is being formally opened as these notes are being prepared. The *Churchman* of that city, referring to the event, says, "The Methodist Book Concern is the most admirable enterprise of its kind in the world, and reflects great credit on the energetic and self-denying labours of its managers."

The Methodists in Chicago have planted the Gospel standard in one of the worst purlieus of the city, where the red flag was displayed. Service will be held for the present in a private dwelling. There are forty-four missions, which were thus commenced in needy districts, five of which were made self-sustaining last year and ten more are likely to follow their example. Arrangements are being made for the erection of churches at all the missions.

An important representative meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Chicago, in February, in the interest of the Epworth League. Over 2,000 branches have been formed in nine months, and 100,000 members are enrolled. The movement has become of national importance. The formation of Canadian Leagues was noted with approval.

A Japanese Mission has been commenced at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. A missionary has been sent out to take charge of the mission, which bids fair to be successful.

A number of ladies in New York, having heard that some of the frontier missionaries were receiving only $300 per year for themselves and families, opened a correspondence with the Presiding Elders, and found that the number of such self-denying labourers was much larger than they anticipated. These benevolent women have collected clothing and money, which they have distributed to the most necessitous.

Rev. O. F. Burgess says that the four Protestant nations most interested in missions, viz., Germany, Holland, Great Britain, and the United States of America, are also most closely identified with the liquor traffic with those same countries they are trying to evangelize. "Christian America has been sending liquor to other countries at the rate of 6,000,000 gallons per year, including 807,000 gallons to Africa. For every missionary sent to Africa America is sending 100,000 gallons of Boston rum. For every hundred souls converted by American missionaries, one thousand are ruined by American rum."

The Methodist Church.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, after labouring in Hamilton and London, are now in Montreal, where their evangelistic labours are crowned with very great success. Trinity Church is crowded to its utmost capacity. Occasional services are also being held in other Methodist Churches. Two services are held almost daily but this number is exceeded on Sabbaths.

The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, now has forty students. The endowment been has increased by Senator Ferrier's bequest, to $51,000. Senator Ferrier's benefactions amount to $25,000. The college needs enlargement.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Cochran, of Japan, is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness.

There are now in Japan about 250 churches with a membership of 25,000. Last year the baptisms were 7,000.

Japan has decided no longer to tax Christian churches, and they are therefore on an equality with Buddhist and Shinto temples.

Methodism in Victoria, British Columbia, is advancing. A few years ago a second church was erected, which is well attended. The old church, built when the mission was inaugurated, has become too small, and the congregation on a recent Sabbath pledged themselves to contribute $20,000 toward rebuilding.

Revs. Dr. Shaw and J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba Conference, are spending several weeks in the Maritime Provinces in aid of the mission cause. Brother Woodsworth wants twenty-five additional labourers for the North-West.

The Methodist people have great demands made upon their liberality. The ecclesiastical year is rapidly advancing. Brethren on missions and poor circuits are necessarily greatly interested in the Conference collections. The Sustentation Fund is not the least deserving among those funds. Several ministers will probably receive less than $500 this year from all sources. Let our readers remember this when the Sustentation collection is made. St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, recently gave a collection for a similar fund in the Presbyterian Church, which amounted to nearly $2,000. How many hearts would rejoice if a few Methodist congregations would do likewise.

A brother in St. John's, Newfoundland, writes, "We raised $1,824 on Thanksgiving Sunday (Jan. 21st) in this Circuit, St. John's West, toward our church debt, by plate collections. Good, wasn't it? George Street Church alone raised $1,712 of it. A fortnight ago the other Circuit, East, had their Thanksgiving, and raised between $1,100 and $1,200."

Recent Deaths.

Rev. R. T. Tracy, M.A., probably the oldest Methodist minister in the world, died recently at Limerick, Ireland, after a brief illness. He was born in 1790, hence he was nearly one hundred years old. He retained his faculties to the last.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, died from an attack of acute congestion of the lungs. He was only sixty-one years old. He was at once one of the greatest theological scholars and an eminent Bishop. Canon Liddon said, in his funeral sermon, that he "was one of the band of Cambridge scholars who have rolled back an assault upon the New Testament more formidable in many respects than any to which the title deeds of our holy religion have been exposed since the first age of Christianity." The Bishop's personal character was as beautiful as his scholarship was splendid. He gave his entire salary to the erection of churches in his diocese.

Rev. David Edgar, of Ballynahinch, after being in the pastorate sixty years, entered in rest December 8th. Two weeks before he and his wife attended a communion together. On the way home she caught cold, and died in a few days. He soon followed her, so that in death they were not divided.

We regret to learn of the death, at Brooklyn, N.Y., of the Rev. R. Duncan, a member of the New Brunswick Conference, who had been placed on the supernumerary list in 1885, and who for the past two years had been living in Brooklyn. Bro. Duncan was a native of St. John, was educated for the Methodist ministry, and was ordained in 1857. He filled, in order given, the following stations:—Bermuda, Halifax, Barington, N.S., Pownal, P.E.I., Bermuda, Point de Bute, Moncton, Carleton, Portland, Marysville and St. Stephen. He was at one time president of the N.B. and P.E.I. Conference and several times chairman of districts. He was a man of sterling merit and a faithful pastor, whose death will be sincerely mourned wherever he was known.

Book Notices.

A Thousand Miles up the Nile. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Square 8vo, pp. xxviii.-500. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Full gilt. Price $2.50.

The visit to the United States and Canada of the accomplished author of this book gives it, in addition to its intrinsic merit, a special attraction. It is already one of classical authority on the subject which it treats.

We are apt to think that Egyptology, in its more learned aspects, is one that can only be studied in dry-as-dust tomes. But here one of the most vivacious of writers shows herself to be also one of the most learned of Egyptologists. She is one of the most eminent of living authorities on the archæology, art, symbolism, architecture, and history of this ancient mother of science and learning. Miss Edwards can not only decipher the hieroglyphic language of Egypt herself, but she can make its revelations of intensest interest to others. What a spell that old land of Nile exerts upon the mind! Old, even in the days of Herodotus, its peasant life to-day is the *fac-simile* of that pictured in undying colours on its tombs and temples five thousand years ago. Like one of its own mummies, it is wrapped in cerecloths which, when unwound, reveal the long dead past in the verisimilitude of life. How delightful a journey a thousand miles up the sacred river which

> "Flows through old, hushed Egypt and its sands,
> Like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream."

The mystery of the half-buried Sphinx is a type of the mystery of this ancient land. We come here upon the very roots of the history of civilization. Miss Edwards gives cuts of the very oldest known portrait busts in the world; and in the Boulak Museum we come face to face with the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

But this is anything but a book of dry-as-dust archæology. The accomplished author sketches with pen and pencil the picturesque aspects of things both ancient and modern. She gives vivid pictures of the many-coloured life of Cairo, of the strange blending of the Orient and Occident in the leisurely sketching and exploring tour up the storied stream, of the stranger blending of the majestic past and squalid present amid the ruins of Thebes and Karnak, of Philae and Luxor. A feature of much importance is the series of over seventy engravings, many of them full page; and the author bears witness to the fidelity and artistic taste with which her sketches have been engraved.

Geological Studies. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Professor of Paleonlogy in the University of Michigan. Pp. xxvi.-513. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.50.

By his original investigations and scientific writings Dr. Winchell has achieved a very distinguished reputation not only in his own country, but throughout the republic of letters. His "Sketches of Creation" and "World-Life" are masterly productions. We have here the fullest and ripest result of his studies in the fascinating subject of geology. While adapted for high schools and colleges, it is no less adapted for private study. The value of the work is evidenced by the fact that it has reached a third edition. Its value is greatly enhanced by its admirable illustration by nearly 400 engravings. Many of these are of superior excellence.

Professor Winchell employs the inductive method in the study of geology. He teaches his students from the observation of the facts around them to learn their meaning. This, especially for beginners, we think the only proper method of study. In this way the drift

phenomena, boulders, stratification, erosion, sedimentation, and the like, are carefully examined. The latter part of the book is devoted to a logical arrangement of the facts observed, and to the study of lithological, structural, dynamical, palæontological and historical geology. The whole subject is as interesting as a novel. If our younger readers, especially, would take it up systematically, it would give them a key to much of the unexplained significance of the universe around them, and give a perennial delight to their observations of nature. To the readers of this MAGAZINE it will detract nothing from the interest in this book to know that Dr. Winchell has been for many years an honoured member of the Methodist Church.

Imago Christi: The Example of Christ. By the Rev. JAMES STALKER, M. A. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Mr. Stalker is well known as the author of one of the most popular Lives of Christ—a book selected for use by the Epworth Leagues throughout the continent. This book is the outcome of studies connected with that work. One of the most influential books in all Christian literature is the "Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas à Kempis—a book which throbs with devotion to Christ, and stirs the hearts of Christians in every age. But the "Imitation" bears marks of the evil time in which it was written. There are in it elements of superstition and Mariolatry, which the Protestant conscience rejects. This book has much of the moral spell of the old mediæval manual of devotion. It is also marked by that spiritual power which comes only from contact with the Divine. It is forever true that Christ, if He be lifted up, will draw all men unto Him. In this volume the image of our Lord is set forth as influencing the home, the state, the Church and society; as a friend, a worker, a preacher and teacher, a sufferer, and as a lover and winner of souls. As we walk with Him in thought "our hearts burn within us," as did the hearts of the disciples on the way to Emmaus.

The Biblical Illustrator. By the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXCELL, M. A. St. Luke. Vol. III. 8vo, pp. 684. London: James Nisbet & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

This is one of the most extensive and comprehensive works illustrative of the Gospel of St. Luke that we know. Its character may be briefly summed up in the announcement on the title page. It contains "Anecdotes, similes, emblems—illustrations, expository, scientific, geographical, historical, and homiletical—gathered from a wide range of home and foreign literature on the verses of the Bible." What lends special interest and value to the book at the present time is that it covers very fully the greater part of the Sunday-school lessons of the year 1890. The greater part, we say, for this volume begins at the fourteenth chapter and continues to the end of the Gospel. Two other volumes give the earlier part of the Gospel. Nothing so fixes upon the mind a religious truth as an apt illustration. Such illustrations are plentifully given in these pages, the close printing of which compresses a vast amount of material within their scope.

Supreme things in their Practical Relations. By the Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 430. New York: American Tract Society; and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price $1.75.

Dr. Burr is well known as the author of those admirable works, "Ecce Cœlum," "Ad Fidem," "Celestial Empires," etc., which have been previously reviewed in these pages. In this book his pen has not forgot its cunning. He is master of a singularly felicitous style—easy to read and easy to remember. He discourses here of the most important themes in the universe—the supreme Book, the Bible; the

supreme government, that of God; the supreme institution, the Church; the supreme good and evil, sin and holiness; the supreme remedy, contact with Christ; the supreme career, the path of life; the supreme person, Christ as Helper and Friend. Such, and such like, are the august themes discussed in this book, which we commend to every thoughtful reader.

Simon Peter; His Early Life and Times. By CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D. New York: American Tract Society; and William Briggs, Toronto.

The character of Simon Peter is one of fascinating interest. We never grow weary of the study of the frank, fearless, impetuous disciple. Dr. Robinson has in this volume made him the subject of careful and discriminative analysis. He presents him in the environment of his times—the busy scenes and occupations of Palestine in the time of Christ. Many side-lights are thrown upon his life and character, and a result of the study of this book will be, we think, a more just appreciation of one of the foremost of the disciples—foremost in denying and foremost, also, in confessing his Lord.

Studies in St. Luke's Gospel. First Series. By CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.25

Focussed on the Gospel of St. Luke, as are the eyes of the Bible reading world during this year of grace, anything that throws light on the sacred page will be glady welcomed by multitudes of diligent Bible students. These chapters are especially adapted for purposes of Sunday-school illustration. Dr. Robinson is well known as being in close touch and sympathy with Sunday-school work and teaching. In these chapters that sympathy is abundantly manifested; and we cordially commend the book to all Sunday-school workers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Principal Austin brings out a new edition of 15,000 of his trenchant pamphlet on the Jesuits, re-inforced by articles by Professor Goldwin Smith and the Hon. John Carlton.

Prof. Ashley is editing a series of studies in political science; the first of which is "The Organization of an Ontario Township," by Mr. J. M. MacEvoy, one of his students.

The Rev. S. C. Kendal, of the Montreal Conference, issues a well written temperance story, showing the effects of the Scott Act in a rural community in Canada.

The Canadian Musical Herald is the title of a bright-looking new monthly, ably edited by W. E. Haslam and P. W. Mitchell, and published by Mr. E. T. Coates, Toronto. Price $1.00 a year. We commend it to two classes of patrons: those who understand music, and those who do not. The former will find in it much to suit the taste of even the most cultured; the latter will find it very useful in assisting their neglected musical education.

We are glad to note that that distinguished scholar and writer, and broad-minded divine, the Rev. Professor Clark, LL.D., of Trinity College, Toronto, has assumed the editorial management of the *Dominion Churchman*, henceforth to be known as the *Canadian Churchman*. This is a guarantee that it will be conducted in the spirit of high-souled Christian courtesy.

The leading article in the February number of *Christian Thought*, edited by Dr. Deems, New York, is an able discussion, by the Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., of "The Service of Free Thought to Christianity." This is the substance of an address given by Dr. Stafford at the summer meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Key West, N.Y. This society, composed of leading thinkers and writers, gives much attention to problems of Christian Philosophy. *Christian Thought* is its organ. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. $2 a year. Clergymen $1.50.

THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D. D.

THE

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MEMORIALS OF THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

I.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now."

A COMRADE in the march with us this side Jordan, as rear-guard, we rest by the camp-fires in the valley at the close of the day, would revive for a little the sweet memories of our fellow-pilgrim and soldier just passed through the divided floods and up the banks to the plains of light and peace in the heavenly Canaan. Bereft, we call ourselves, and sit in silence, or bow our heads in tears; but we forget we are a militant host sweeping through the gateway of the separated waters into the land of the covenant and the kingdom of the conquerors.

"And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die."

We forget in our sadness that the battle yet rages around us; that enemies gather from all sides; that walls and ramparts lift their horrid front to oppose us, and that high battlements and towers frown upon us as from the very heavens. Perhaps more thoughtful of our own grief and loss than of our companion's bliss and Canaan's gains, we forget for a moment we are the heirs of the promises: that walls and battlements and towers

cannot resist our triumphant course, and that our Joshua shall, by the power of God, lead us on to victory.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh."

It were, perhaps, thinking more of ourselves than of the living presence scarcely yet gone from our midst, the voice not yet hushed upon our ears, the cherished form but just faded from our sight—to linger in the land of sorrows, or abide even for a little in the shades of bereavement and death. There may be a melancholy pleasure in musing in the twilight of our mourning or weeping in the midnight of our grief; but ever with regard to our Lord's followers, faithful and true, as with regard to our Lord Himself have we this sure oracle: "He is not here; He is risen." In calmness and triumph he awaiteth the resurrection of the just. Human affection and kindly remembrances may bend tenderly over the grave; may plead, "Come and see the place where the Lord lay." But Christian courage and hope, divine command and holy brotherhood proclaim, "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen. Behold He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him." With all the definiteness and positiveness of fact, time, place; irrefragable testimony and indubitable identity; by many infallible proofs; what our eyes see, our ears hear, our hands handle, our full and certain knowledge attests and affirms, "He goeth before you, ye shall see Him." It is not death we are to look upon, but life. It is not departure and loss we are to brood over in unavailing sighs and regrets, but it is living example we are to follow, living doctrines we are to heed; like living faith and holy principles to seek, like noble character to gain, like crown of glory to win; even as all they have done who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

The faithful Scriptures of God are sparing of eulogy, especially of the estimate and praises of friends formed and uttered in the eloquence of our grief. Often the life is recorded; the deeds, the words that made and proved the man; they must tell the tale. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him," is outline enough for a primal saint; an outline that all the ages have not more than filled up. "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations; and Noah walked with God," is enough and good enough for the ancient preacher of righteousness whom God saved in the ark from the deluge of His wrath, and by whom He renewed the human race. "Abraham obeyed My voice, and

kept My charge, My commandments, and My statutes and My laws," is the testimony of Jehovah to the Father of the Faithful, and the measure of all He requires of men. "The man Moses was very meek, and faithful in all his house," was inspired epitaph enough for a leader of the people after long discipline of hardships, and a burdened, laborious and eventful life. "That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil," was the Holy Ghost's introduction to Job's indescribable sufferings and inexpressible sorrows, to his weary days of pain and wasting nights of watching which strengthened his moral fibre, attested his fidelity to God, enriched his experience and enlarged his eternal reward. "My servant David kept My commandments and followed Me with all his heart to do that only which was right in Mine eye," was the declaration of the Divine mind to keep the memory of David fresh in the political life of the people, and a sharp rebuke of Jeroboam's contrasted and condemned policy in leading the people away from God. "Asa did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, as did David his father, and removed all the idols that his fathers had made. But the high places were not removed; nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days," is the sum of the commendation of a godly man of royal estate that defended and maintained, as best he could, his national religion and his spiritual life against the perverse moral and dissolute political forces of his day. Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, crushed beneath the cruel stones hurled by malice, bigotry and ecclesiastical assumption and pride, finds monumental record in the dying prayers, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" "And devout men carried him to his burial." Of Barnabas it was enough to say, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith." Of Cornelius, the approved Centurion, that "he was a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house; which gave much alms to the people and prayed to God alway;" and of Dorcas, as in their tears they showed the coats and garments she had made while she was yet with them, that "she was full of good works and almsdeeds." "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," was all the great apostle of the Gentiles dared to claim to encourage and strengthen the responsibility-laden Timothy placed in charge of the multiplying churches of early Christendom. "I have glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," was our Adorable Lord's sufficient plea, testimonial and joy at the close of His earthly career in the wonderful communion with the Father in His intercessory prayer,

and in His preparation for the darkness of the grave, the brightness of the resurrection and the triumph of the ascension into glory.

God's worthies, those written high and shining out clear in heaven's everlasting scroll of fame are not always the lauded in life, or the paraded and bewailed in death; but to the glory of His infinite grace, they are they that went out not knowing whither they went, became heirs of the righteousness which is by faith, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible. "Through faith they were persuaded of the promises, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims in the earth, looking for the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." "Through faith they chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." "Through faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

That the name of our companion and fellow-soldier, the beloved Williams, passed onward and upward into light, will be registered among the heroes of our Canadian Methodism and the leaders in the Church of God on earth, there can be no doubt. That his life and deeds through the blood of the Lamb have won enrolment with God's worthies, on Scripture warrant we may not question. We know how he obeyed the call Divine in undertaking this holy ministry; how he went out, not knowing whither he went; how in perils, privations and conflicts, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible; how in labour he fainted not, in duty he wavered not, in temptation to worldly ease or honour he yielded not. We know what high conceptions he had of the Christian ministry, not walking in craftiness or handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; as an ambassador for Christ, as though God did beseech us by him, praying us in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. We know what clear views and high appreciation he had of the special doctrines of our Methodism; how fervently he believed them and how faithfully he proclaimed them; setting forth that the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men; that not by works of righteousness which we have done, but

according to His mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; and that perfect love casteth out fear. We know that he preached Jesus and the resurrection in the demonstration of the Spirit and power, and that through his labours multitudes were added to the Church of such as shall be saved. Fellow soldier, prince, hero, saint; may we follow thee as thou didst follow Christ.

II.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

BY THE REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

THE death of Dr. Williams has come home to me with a deep sense of personal loss. He was one of my oldest and most intimate ministerial friends. Probably with no other minister have I so frequently and so freely discussed all questions relating to our Church interests, to current theological thought, and to public affairs. Anything I could write or say with regard to these times of brotherly fellowship would be only a faint and imperfect echo of realities that words cannot adequately express.

When I came to the Elm Street Church, in this city, in 1865, he was in charge of Adelaide Street; and we met frequently in the "preachers' meeting" and on other occasions. Previous to that time my acquaintance with him was limited to meeting him in our Annual Conferences, where I knew him more as an independent critic of the administration than as an administrator. It seems to be only a few years ago since I remember him speaking on some matter in a half apologetic way, because, as he said, he was "the youngest Chairman in the Conference." In our association in Toronto, he impressed me as more ready to do battle for his views than to conciliate those who opposed him. With the one exception of a common strong interest in the great current questions in theology, there was nothing then that gave promise of the confidential intimacy that has from year to year grown closer and stronger, till death broke the chords of our friendship. As neither he nor I was distinguished for a plastic or yielding disposition, it has always been a surprise to me, and something I could not satisfactorily account for, that there should have been almost unbroken harmony in our views on all living questions, theological, ecclesiastical and political. We almost invariably found ourselves on the same side in our Annual and General Conferences.

Dr. Williams' physical form and appearance in an uncommon degree revealed the character of the man. His erect, stalwart form, frank, open countenance, and keen, honest eyes proclaimed, even to those who met him for the first time, that here was a man who scorned and despised all that was mean, tricky and time-serving.

In the *Methodist Recorder*, published during the General Conference of 1874, I wrote a brief sketch of his life and character. From this sketch the following extract is taken:

"In appearance he is sturdy, resolute-looking, with what, for want of a better word, we call a leonine expression of countenance. He is above middle height, rather stoutly built, and crowned with a massive gray head. There is an outspoken independence about his utterances in Conference debates that seems to indicate that he can do battle alone if need be. And even in arguing a case there is sometimes a defiance in his manner that seems more adapted to vanquish than to win an opponent. As a preacher he is distinguished by freshness and keenness of thought; but there is not unfrequently a depth and range in his line of thought that are a little beyond the grasp of hearers of limited reading and thinking. Hence, some men whose sermons carry far less weight of metal, may be more popular with the unthinking masses than he. But in his best moods, when he is kindled to white heat, till the resources of his thinking and reading become plastic and available, he reaches all classes, and stirs the emotions as well as quickens the intellect. His address at the reception of candidates for the ministry at the London Conference of 1873, will long be remembered as a noble specimen of religious eloquence which stirred all his hearers like a battle-hymn. He wields also a ready and vigorous pen, and is familiar with the discipline and history of our Church, and possesses good administrative abilities. He possesses little of the tact that can flatter men to win them, and to those who only slightly know him, at times appears less conciliating in manner than a careful regard for popular favour would dictate; but beneath his Welsh quickness and apparent combativeness he carries a kindly and tender heart, keenly alive to the finer influences of thought and feeling. We take him to be one of those men who would rather tread a rough path with a good conscience than gain advantages by fawning on men of wealth or power. He has for many years taken a warm interest in Connexional affairs and a prominent part in the discussion of Conference questions."

Though, in its main features, this portrait correctly represents the man, yet since this was written he had laboured in a wider sphere, borne heavier responsibilities, and his religious character had been mellowed into more mature ripeness. He had become more forbearing with those who differed from him, and less positive in the assertion of his own opinions. Yet, to the last, there were touches of the confident and decided manner of the earlier period of his life. But his sharpest conflicts with opponents were followed by no permanent antagonism or ill-feeling.

He was true and loyal in his friendship. This is not a small thing in a world where there are so many who will stand by friends only so long as it costs them no loss of any one's favour which they desire to retain. I might have doubts about the attitude of other men of smoother speech, but I always felt confident that John A. Williams would be as true to me behind my back as before my face.

He was a manly, independent man. This was his most distinguishing characteristic. He had opinions of his own, and was not afraid to express them. He often spoke out where more timid men would be silent. He thought for himself, and, whether his conclusions were popular with others or not, he stood firmly by what he believed to be right and true. Men of this type will not find it as smooth sailing as men who drift with whatever wind happens to blow. Yet in this he was right. Better stand alone and be true to our convictions of what is right, than to gain popular favour by time-serving conformity to what the policy of a shifting expediency may demand.

He was an extensive reader and kept well abreast of the best progressive thought of the day. Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold," and Farrar's "History of Free Thought," were books which, though he did not fully agree with them, enlarged the range of his thinking, and made a permanent impression upon his mind. He did not believe in men substituting their own interpretations of truth for the living word, and counting those who reject their opinions rejectors of the very truth of God. He often expressed the opinion that many put forth teachings about the Bible which the Bible does not claim for itself. He could appreciate what was good in the writings of men from whom he differed widely, such as James Martineau, Dean Stanley and Cardinal Newman; and yet he held with the firm grasp of a sturdy faith the simple truths of the Gospel relating to conversion and sanctification, and preached them explicitly and fervently. He united in an unusual degree a strong sympathy with the catholic and progressive spirit of the age with most of the characteristics of an old-fashioned Methodist preacher.

In this union of liberal thinking, with a steadfast adherence to the great central doctrines of our holy religion, I have never known any one just like him. It is easy to find men of liberal views and sentiments, and men who are zealous for orthodoxy; but rarely are these characteristics united in the same man. Though in strong sympathy with the spirit of the age, he was a man of a devout and godly spirit, who kept the fire burning in his own soul by frequent communion with God. He never outgrew

a readiness to engage in earnest evangelistic efforts to promote the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

The life of Dr. Williams offers another beautiful illustration of the way in which a personal experience of saving grace lifts men and women up into usefulness and honour, to which without this they would never have attained. Here we see an unfriended orphan boy crossing the Atlantic to Canada. He is savingly converted to God. The grace that renewed his heart quickened his intellect and awakened a hunger for knowledge. He became a minister of the Gospel, and in due time became a prince in the Church of God, living a useful life and dying in the triumphs of faith, all as the result of his conversion. The great lesson which this teaches is that nothing but personal godliness can fit us to do the work of life successfully and to triumph in death. The moment must come to all, when all that the world honours and seeks after will seem as nothing in comparison with the character and experience which result from living union with Christ.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave"

are not worthy to be compared with the life of a brave and godly man, who in all circumstances has been true to himself, his fellowmen and his God.

GOD'S SMILE.

As sunshine o'er the hill-tops
With glory lights the sky,
And clouds of gray are turned to gold
Before the gazer's eye:
Transformed to pillared pearl
And ruby radiance rare,
The sun thus builds a palace,
Of what was cold and bare.

So out of cold gray clouds of sorrow,
And mountain tops of strife,
God's smile can build a palace,
For the pure and noble life:
Not changing back to gray
With the setting of the sun,
But growing in its glory
While the endless ages run.

—*T. R. Earl.*

THE AXENSTRASSE—ON THE AXENBERG.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

THE CITY AND LAKE OF LUCERNE, AND THE RIGI.

BURGLEN,
ON THE ROTHE NASE.

LUCERNE is a quaint old town of 15,000 inhabitants. Many of the houses are built of carved timber, with the upper stories projecting, and with broad overhanging eaves. Its ancient walls, and towers, and battlements climbing the slopes of the surrounding hills, and the dark background of Mount Pilatus, are very imposing. Through it rushes with arrowy swiftness the River Reuss. The river is spanned by four bridges, two of which have long covered arcades, the spandrils in the roof being decorated with very strange paintings. One series of 154 represents scenes from the Scriptures and from Swiss history. The other series represents Holbein's celebrated "Dance of Death." The paintings are accompanied by descriptive German verses. Death is represented as a skeleton, masquerading in a variety of characters. He arrests a gaily-dressed gallant going to a festival, while the guests wait in vain; he lays his bony hand on an infant in the cradle, while the mother, filled with trepidation draws near; dressed in plumes and velvet doublet, he confronts a warrior on his horse; he appears as a spectre at a banquet; he holds aloft an hour-glass to a reveller; he tears a banner from the grasp of a mail-clad warrior, and rides victorious through a battle-scene. With a wicked grin he holds the train of a queen walking in a procession, and acts the acolyte to a priest at the altar; he

STEAMER ON LAKE LUCERNE.
GERSAU AND MOUNT HOHFLUH IN THE BACKGROUND.

appears suddenly to a king and his ministers at the council board, to a bride among her tire-women, and plays on a dulcimer to a new-wed man and wife; he snatches his spade and mattock from a gardener, and arrests travellers on the highway; he comes to a

goldsmith among his jewels, to a merchant among his bales; he mixes the colours of an artist; he greets a proud court dame in her state, a magistrate in his robes, a monk in his cell, and a gay pleasure-party in a carriage. He snatches the sceptre from a monarch, and his red hat from a cardinal. With a wicked leer, he puts out the lights upon the altar where a nun is kneeling, while she turns her head to listen to a youth pleading at her side. In cap and bells he dances with a queen, and leads a blind beggar into an open grave. The sketches are full of character and expression, ranging from tragic to grotesque, yet all full of solemn suggestion. Underneath this great picture gallery of Death,

> Among the wooden piles the turbulent river
> Rushes impetuous as the river of life.

And through the long gallery, too, flows unheeding the stream of life—peasants, market women, and school-children, who stood to watch me as I studied the pictures and jotted down the above notes.

The quaintly carved Rath Haus, the arsenal, the Wein Markt, and the walls and towers, with the overhanging houses, and the queer old Schwann Hotel where we lodged, were objects of intense interest.

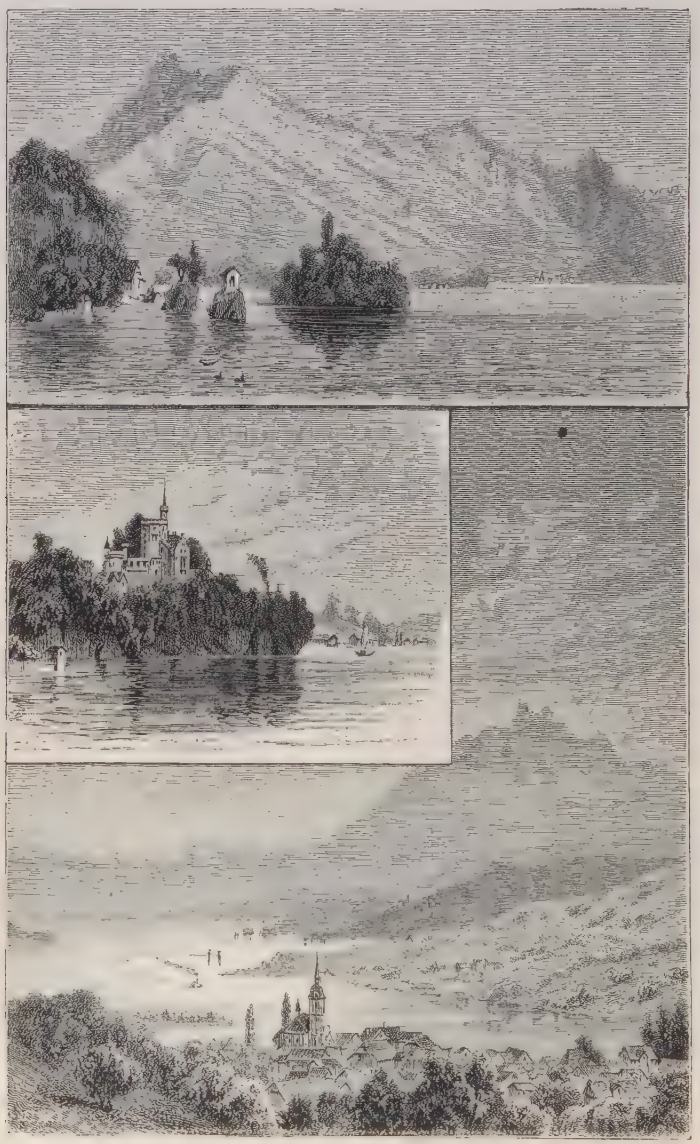
We were greatly impressed by the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, carved by Thorwaldsen, in the face of a high natural cliff, in commemoration of the twenty-six officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who fell in defence of the royal family of France during the Revolution. The dying lion, twenty-eight feet long, transfixed by a broken lance, endeavours, with a look of mournful majesty, to protect the lily-shield of the Bourbons with his paw. The rock is overhung with trees and creeping plants, and a spring which trickles down one side forms a dark pool, surrounded by shrubs, at the base, in which the colossal effigy is reflected. It is sublime in its simplicity, and touching in its tragic pathos.

Of this Carlyle finely says: "Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *ranz-des-vaches*, the granite mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks."

In the evening a number of us attended an organ recital in the venerable Hofkirche, an ancient building with two tall and slender spires. At the entrance is a rude relief of Christ in the Garden, arrested by black-faced soldiers, who carry real wooden staves and iron cressets.

During the travelling season, the Protestants are allowed the

use of the church for worship after the Romish service is over. The same sacristan, who veils the altar, distributes the Protestant



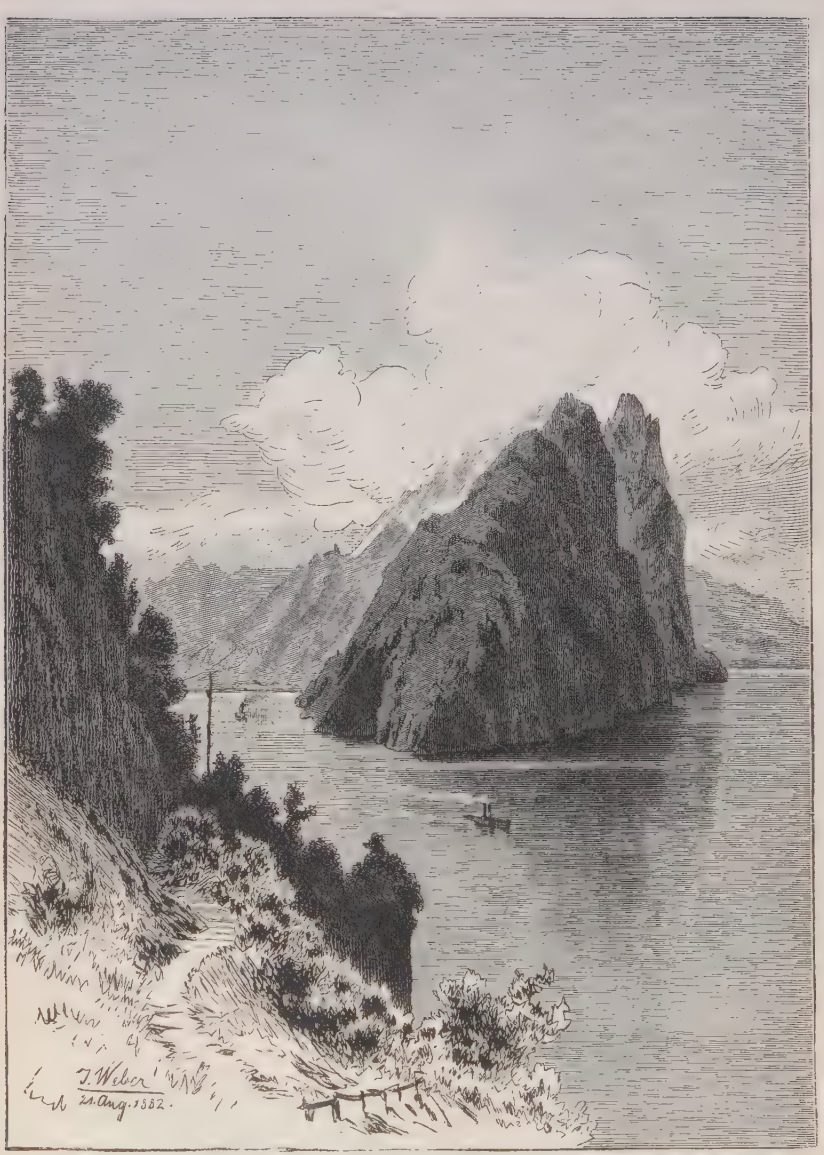
KUSSNACHT, NEUHABSBURG, MEGGENHORN.

hymn-books, and from the same pulpit the doctrines of the two Churches are preached. The canton which owns the church thus carries toleration to its extremest limit.

The organ performance I liked much better than that which I heard on the great instrument of Freiburg, or, indeed, than any other I heard in Europe. A master-hand was at the keys, and played with exquisite feeling and expression. First, clear flute-like notes came stealing on the ear, like the chanting of a far-off choir. Then came a burst of sound that shook the solid walls, dying away in the distance in deep tones of human tenderness, then swelling into an exultant pæan of triumph. Then came a pause of silence and another tempest of music, out of which warbled, like a human voice, a sweet air. It was like a dove gliding out of a thunder-storm. Then soft echoes answered, faint and far. Slow and solemn movements followed—stately marches, and infinite cavalcades of sound. A lighter air was taken up and expanded, unfolded and glorified, the organ rolling in thunder, but the sweet air singing on like a bird through it all. The closing performance was a famous storm-piece. The sighing of the wind and the moaning of the pines grew louder and louder, then in a lull was heard the prayer of the peasants, which was soon drowned in the burst of rain and hail, and the crash of the loud-rolling thunder shaking the very ground. Then the storm died away, and a sweet hymn of thanksgiving, like the singing of a choir of angels, stole upon the ear. The twilight deepened into gloom, the vaulted arches receded into darkness, the tapers twinkled upon the altar, the figure of the dead Christ on the cross gleamed spectral through the shadows, and a group of tourists from many lands sat entranced and touched to deep emotion by the spell of that wondrous music.

The walk through the cloisters surrounding the Freidhof, or Court of Peace, with its touching monuments, and storied tombs, and the glorious glimpses of the sunset light on the snow-capped mountains was impressive in the highest degree.

We had a glorious day for the sail on the Lake of Lucerne and the ascent of the Rigi. The lake is most irregular in shape—great mountains jutting out and deep bays receding into deeper ravines. In these bays are many charming villages, embowered amid orchards, each with its red-roofed church and elegant hotels and villas. Three quarters of a million of tourists visit these romantic waters every year. It is amusing to study, on the deck of the little steamer, the natural history of this ubiquitous class—the *blasé*, the cynical, the sentimental, the gushing—the latter chiefly very young ladies—and the other varieties of the tribe of whom one of our cuts presents a usual assortment. It is a rare delight to glide over these storied waters, and along those picturesque shores. On leaving Lucerne we get a magnificent view of



THE BURGENSTOCK FROM THE FOOTPATH BETWEEN VITZNAU AND GERSAU.

old Pilatus, looking like a gigantic face, gazing ever upward to the sky, with calm eternal smile. Soon we touch at Tribschen, long the home of Wagner; at Weggis, where a land slide of the conglomerate rocks pushed thirty houses into the lake; and at

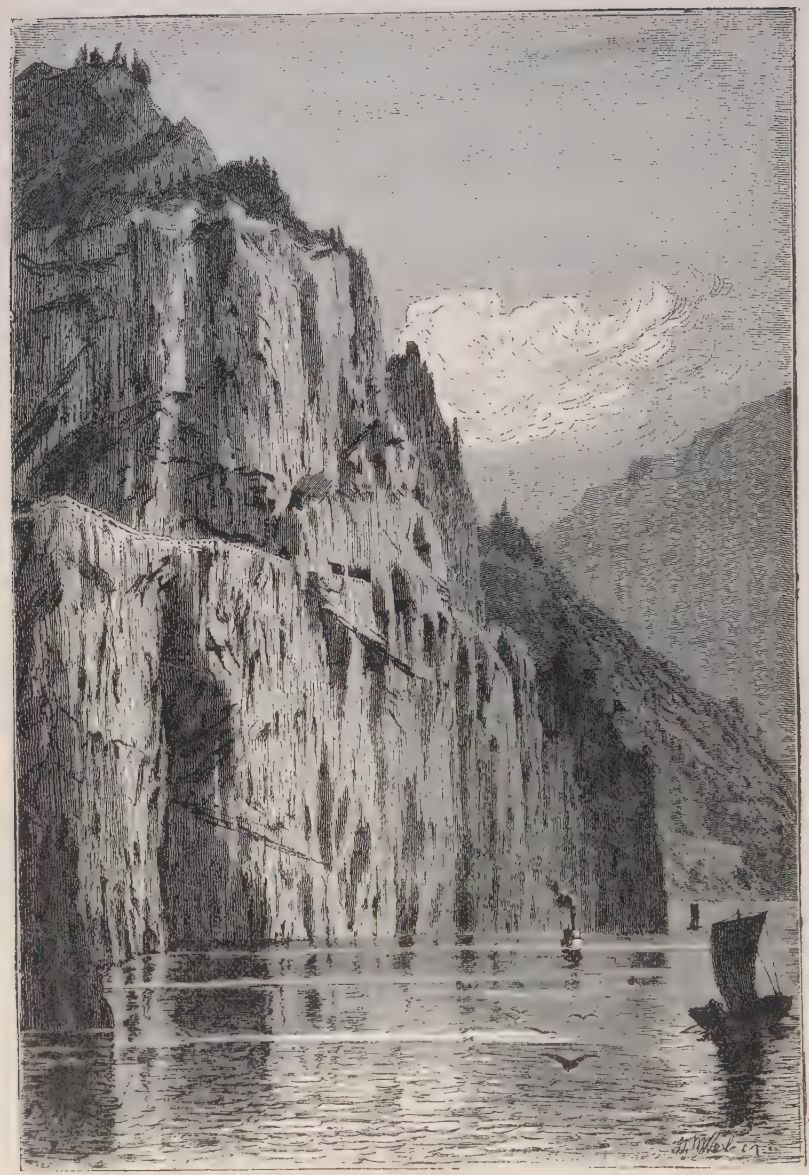
Vitznau, were we ascend the Rigi, 5,906 feet above the sea. A railway leads from the picturesque village to the summit. The engine climbs up by means of a cog-wheel, which catches its teeth on the track. In one place it crosses a skeleton iron bridge. As we climb higher and higher, the view widens, till, as we round a shoulder of the mountain, there bursts upon the sight a wondrous panorama of mountain, lakes, and meadows, studded with châlets, villages and hamlets, and distant towns. The view sweeps a circle of 300 miles, and commands an unrivalled prospect of the whole Bernese Oberland.

Beneath us, like a map, lie Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the

TELL'S CHAPEL.

distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view —now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—is a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint, far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine float softly up, and all the beauty of the "incense-breathing morn," unfolds itself to the sight.

A mighty host of glittering ice-crowned peaks raise their stupendous crests on every side; their cliffs and precipices worn and furrowed by the storms of a thousand ages. In glorious but terrific majesty they stand, the silence of their pathless solitudes unbroken save by the shrill cry of some bird of prey or the dread thunder of the descending avalanche. Those lines in Childe Harold recur to us:



THE AXENBERG AND AXENSTRASSE.

". . . Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers round these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

One hundred and thirty mountain peaks are visible; within nearer view is Sempach, where Winkelried gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears in his arms, then buried them in his bosom, and "death made way for liberty." And there was the wild Morgarten fight in 1315, where 1,300 brave Switzers, herdsmen and peasants, repulsed from their mountain vales 20,000 of the Austrian chivalry; and there is Cappel, where Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer, fell pierced by 150 wounds. His body lay all night upon the field of battle, and next day was tried for heresy, was burned, and the ashes mingled with those of swine and scattered on the wandering winds. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful, and, above all, has not the thrilling historic memories.

On my first ascent of the Rigi I remained all night in a futile attempt to see the sunset and sunrise. As the sun went down, a yellow haze, like gold dust, filled the air and glorified the entire landscape. But just as we reached the summit, we plunged into a dense mist, and groped our way to a huge hotel which loomed vaguely through the fog. Here, a mile high among the clouds, a hundred and sixty guests—English, French, German, Russian, and American, and of every grade of rank—sat down to a sumptuous *table d'hôte* in the highest hotel in Europe, and one of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bedrooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take goode care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant *salons* the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley crowd of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sun-rise. The strangely muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain, bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpet knights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama we caught through the rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever,

who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets, burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might also have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voice of the Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'"

SCHILLER'S MONUMENT.

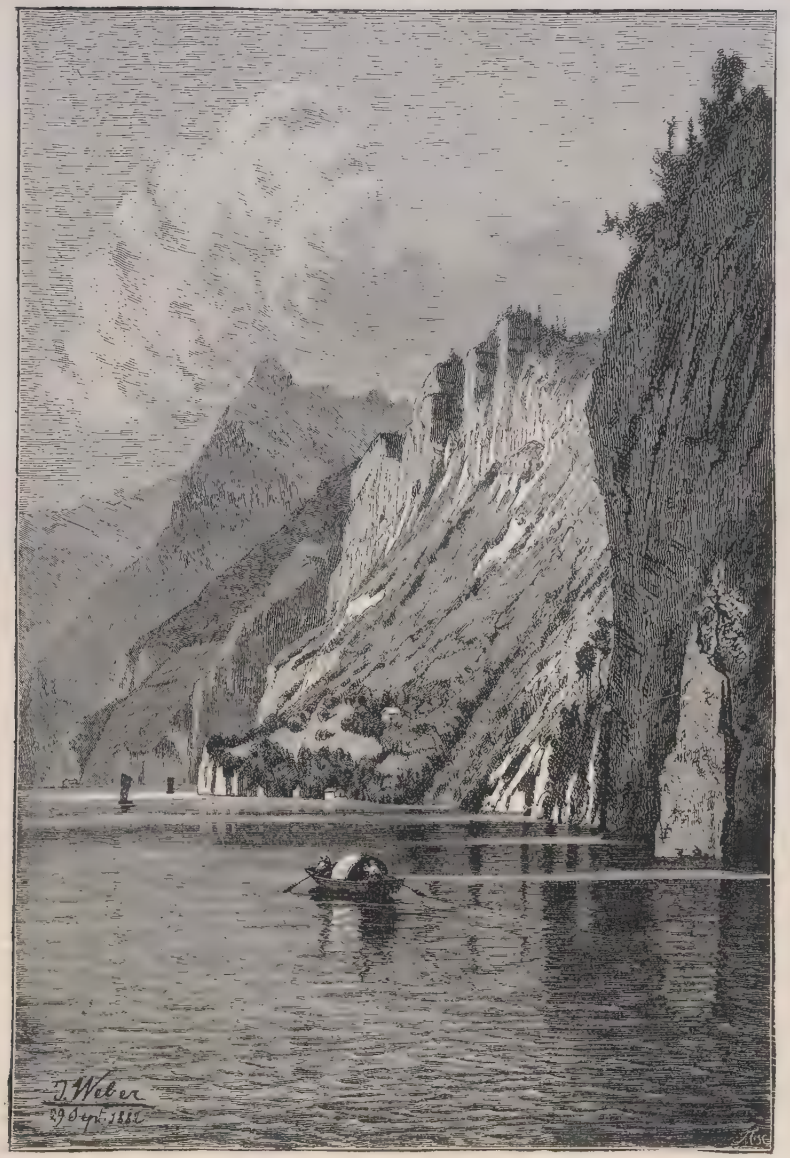
Taking the steamer again at Vitznau we pass through a narrow strait, and cast a parting glance at the Bürgenstock, which, seen from here, descends almost perpendicularly to the water, and presents a wild and rugged appearance. Gersau, where we next stop, enjoys the singular reputation of having maintained its independence for five hundred years—up to the close of the last century—as the smallest Republic in the world.

Making another turn, just where impassable mountains seem to block the way, we enter on the sublimest section of the lake, the "Sea of Uri."

> That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
> Its depth of water flanked as with a wall,
> Built by the giant race before the flood,
> Each cliff and headland and green promontory
> Graven with the records of the past;
> Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
> Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
> From godlike men.

The whole region is a sanctuary of liberty. Memories of Sempach and Morgarten and Rütli; of Winkelried and Fürst and Tell; of purest patriotism and heroic valour, forever hallow this lovely land.

On either side the cliffs, shagged with ancient woods and crowned with never melting snow, rise abruptly from the deep dark waves, and sweep upwards from eight to ten thousand feet.



RUTLI.

There, to the right, is the meadow of Rütli, where, five hundred years ago, the midnight oath was taken by the men of Uri, which was the first bond of the Swiss Confederacy; and further on the monument of Schiller, the bard of Tell. Do you ask, where is

the "meadow?" The steep slope, shown in our cut, is what they call a meadow in this land of mountains. And higher still is the cave in which sleep the patriot three, to awake in their country's hour of danger, to defend her ancient liberties.

"When the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagle's lonely sky;
When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!"

Near by is the noble Schiller monument, a rocky pillar eighty feet in height, fashioned in the morning of the world by Nature herself for the bard who was to hymn the rise of Helvetian freedom. The rock bears the following simple inscription, in golden letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELL'S
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER
DIE URKANTONE
1859.

"To the Bard of Tell, Frederick Schiller, the Forest Cantons, 1859."

Nearly opposite is the famous "Tell's Chapel," so familiar from pictures, where the hero leaped ashore, and where for four hundred years the simple peasants have worshipped at this tiny shrine in the sublime cathedral of the mountains. The whole region is rife with legends of William Tell. Critics try to make us believe that he never existed, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the village in which he was born, and his statue, with a crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain, on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how can I help believing the grand old story? I crossed the noisy Saachen, in which, when an old man, he was drowned while trying to save the life of a little child—a death worthy of his heroic fame.

High above Tell's Chapel, hewn out like a narrow shelf in the beetling crags, is the famous Axenstrasse,* or public highway, in

* On the occasion of my first visit I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewn in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended

places piercing the solid mountain, and lighted by great arches broken out of its side. The steamer sails close beneath this awe-inspiring cliff, where can be traced for miles this unique road. "Suddenly a low rumbling sound is heard proceeding from the interior of the rocks, a shrill whistle pierces our ears, and a cloud of white smoke rises skyward; a railway train shoots out of the rocks, to disappear again instantly in the mountain-side. It is the St. Gothard train making its way to Italy through the hearts of the mountains."

FLUELEN.

As we sailed over the waters of this storied lake, our little vessel was dwarfed to insignificance by the majesty of the surrounding mountains. The twilight deepened, and the lengthening shadows threw their mysterious veil over wave and strand, from the rustic chapels on hillside and shore rang out the sweet solemn Angelus, the far summit of the Mythen glowed like an evening altar fire, the snow peaks of the Brisenstock, and his Titan brotherhood gleamed rosy red, then paled to faintest pink, and pearly white and ashen gray, and the angel of shadow and silence drew the curtains of darkness over the scene.

> "I heard the trailing garments of the night
> Sweep through her marble halls;
> I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls."

The Canadian tourist party had no experience during their whole journey which left more haunting memories than the adventures of this red-letter day.

beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, so familar in pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left upon another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost sacrilege.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

IV

AT SET OF SUN.

Bombay, February 18th. We had another busy morning, making various arrangements for sea. Mabelle and I had only just sufficient time to reach Government House to be present at Lady Reay's *purdah* party, to which only ladies are admitted. The entertainment derives its name from the *purdah*, or curtain, behind which Mahomedan and Hindoo ladies are supposed to live, veiled from the sight of men. Lady Reay's visitors were all dressed in their best, and seemed full of delight at this pleasant incident in their monotonous life; but their ways of showing enjoyment were various and amusing. Some wanted only to look on; others were glad to talk to any English lady who could converse with them, while others again were much taken up with the sweetmeats and ices.

Several of these ladies asked me to allow them to go on board the yacht; and when the others found that I had promised to try to make arrangements to preserve the *purdah* properly, they all wanted to come. I found, therefore, there was nothing for it but to give a large party on the only vacant day left to us before our departure from Bombay.

Some of the dresses were quite gorgeous, and would take long

JINJEERE FORT.

to describe. The Parsees looked slim and graceful as Greek girls. The Hindoo ladies draped their *saris* around them; while the Mahomedans, with their bright-coloured trousers, skirts and yashmaks, made a vivid contrast to the other guests. The skirts of some of the ladies must, I am sure, have had more than a hundred yards of satin in them. When it was time to leave, it was curious to see how closely all the ladies veiled. Some of the attendants were provided with bundles which proved to be immense veils. These they threw over their mistresses, shrouding completely both face and figure.

February 20th.—Attended the beautiful evening service in the cathedral. The crew of the *Sunbeam* accompanied us. The cool drive back to charming Malabar Point was most refreshing, and we enjoyed our quiet dinner and pleasant chat afterwards on the veranda, notwithstanding the sad reflection that it was our last evening with our dear and kind friends.

February 21st.—After breakfast I had to hurry on board to

make the final arrangements for the visit of the *purdah* ladies, and for our start this evening. It was rather a difficult matter to get our visitors on board the big steam-launch and other boats without visible masculine assistance; but all was accomplished safely and satisfactorily, and they mustered in great force. I think they all enjoyed this little expedition, with its novel experiences, greatly.

As soon as the last lady had departed we hurried off to attend the St. John's Ambulance Meeting, at which the Governor kindly presided. I earnestly hope it may be the means of reviving in Bombay some interest in the rather languishing local branch of a very useful institution. Directly after this meeting, Tom, who had intended to go on board with Lord Reay, was carried off by the bishop to see the Sailors' Institute.

CAPE GOA ENTRANCE.

All too soon came the last parting; and, in a long procession of barouches, phaetons, tandems and dog-carts, we drove down to the pier, descending the steps for the last time, with several friends who had come to see us off. It was a sad business.

February 22nd.—We had been told that Jinjeera was seventy miles distance from Bombay. Instead of seventy, it proved to be only thirty-five miles from Bombay; so that we had actually overrun it. Knowing that we were expected, there was nothing to be done but to beat our way back against the wind during the night.

The landing was rather difficult, for, owing to want of space, the boat had to be pushed in stern foremost. Having received the salaams of the Nawab and returned his hearty welcome, we took a long walk all round the curious old fort of Jinjeera, built

five hundred years ago. I found the walk very fatiguing, owing to the heat, and so did many of the others.

The temperature would, indeed, have been unbearable, but for an occasional puff of cooler air which reached us through the embrasures. Some of the guns were of Spanish manufacture, dated 1665, but most of them were lying useless on the ground. In no case would they avail much against modern ordnance; but the fort, owing to its natural advantages, would be difficult to attack.

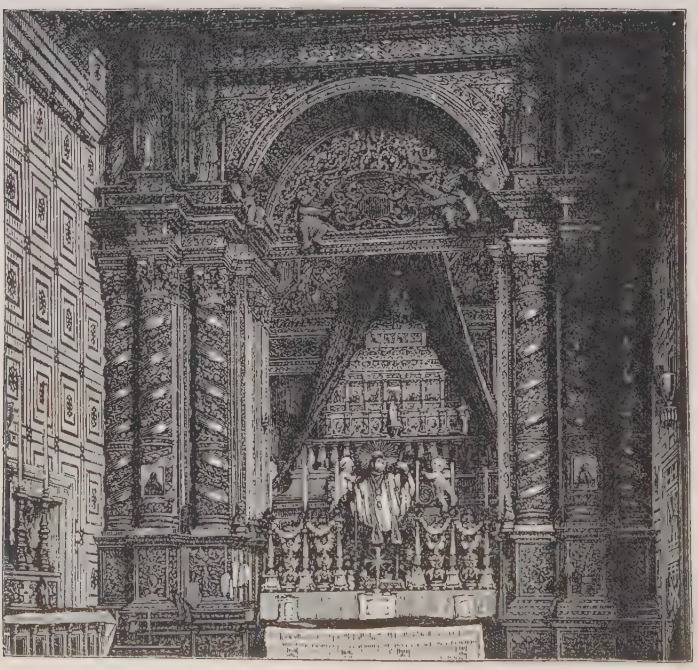
It was delightfully refreshing to be able to rest in a spacious bungalow, after our tour of the fort was over. The Nawab accompanied us on our return to the yacht, and afterwards sent us a most acceptable present, of two huge bunches of bananas, as well as other fruits and vegetables, besides milk and ghee.

The Nawab's second wife, whose mother we had met at Bombay, is a pretty little girl of about thirteen. She came on board to see us, but many precautions to preserve the *purdah* had to be taken. She had never been on board a yacht before, and was naturally much interested in all she saw.

Soon after twelve we resumed our voyage to the southward before a deliciously cool breeze, which lasted for a considerable time. At sunset we were off Ratnagiri, an ancient Mahratta fort connected with the mainland only by a narrow sandy neck. Its southern extremity is nearly 300 feet above the sea level, thus forming a headland, surmounted by a line of fortifications and bastions of great strength. The complete isolation of its position has doubtless caused it to be chosen as the place of detention of King Theebaw, who can have but little chance of escape.

February 26th.—Orders had been given for steam to be ready in the launch by six o'clock, so that we might get ashore soon after daybreak. From the sea, the Portuguese settlement looks like a series of promontories, each crowned by a fort, with the river Mandovi in the centre, running up into the interior between richly wooded banks. Never was any place so totally unlike what I had expected—in fact, it did not in the least correspond to the idea which any of us had formed about it. The palace of the Governor (who was for over three centuries called the Viceroy) stands in the city of New Goa. The distant Ghâts formed a fine background to the picture, which included several white-spired English-looking churches, perched here and there on convenient knolls. The inhabitants whom we saw on the river wore scarcely any clothing, and paddled about in little canoes somewhat similar to those used in the South Sea Islands and Ceylon. These boats are extremely narrow, and are provided with an outrigger in the shape of an enormous rough block of wood, connected with the canoes by bent spars some four feet long.

After a pleasant voyage of about eleven miles in tow of the steam-launch, we were told that we had reached our destination. But where was Goa? We were all expecting to see ruined palaces, churches, and houses; whereas all that was visible was one massive arch and gateway about a hundred yards distant, standing like the Irishman's "main gate," in the centre of a field, with no wall on either side of it. Meaningless as it now looked, this was the celebrated *Arco dos Viceroys*, or Arch of the Viceroys, originally built in 1599, and composed of blocks of black



ST. XAVIER, GOA.

granite. The façade used to be adorned with paintings representing incidents of the Portuguese war in the Indies; but they are now effaced by whitewash.

By this time the heat had become so great that, finding no carriage was forthcoming, I had almost resolved to give up the idea of visiting the wonderful old palaces and churches which we had taken so much trouble to come and see; but Tom and the Doctor encouraged me to make an effort, and improvised a sort of carrying-chair for me. We accordingly proceeded up a steep hot road, through the aforesaid arch, to the Palace of the Viceroys,

for all that now remains of the splendid palace is a small portion of the chief gateway. The palace began to fall into decay when the city was abandoned; and although from time to time there was an idea of repairing it, the work was never seriously undertaken.

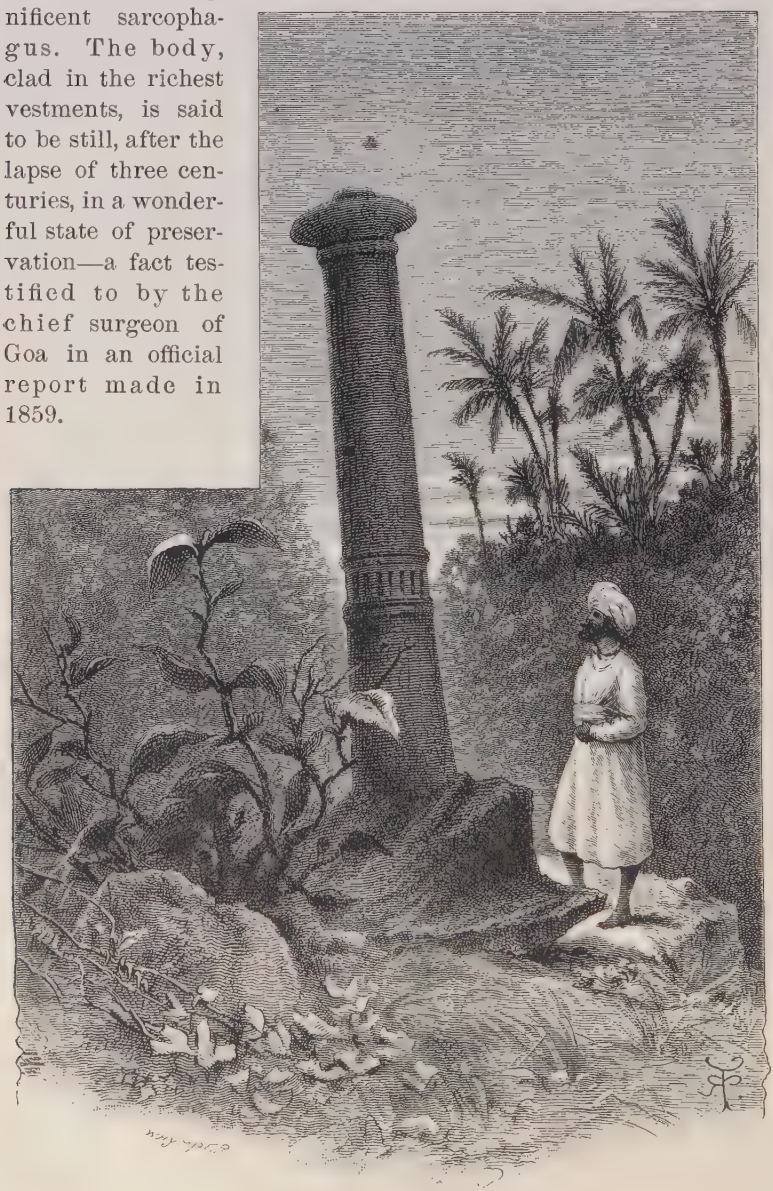
The small Church of S. Cajetan was the first place we visited after passing the entrance to the palace. Outside the church, exposed to the full heat of the burning sun, a party of half-clad natives were scrubbing *with soap and water* some fine full-length oil portraits of past viceroys, governors and archbishops, which had been removed from the sacristy for this purpose. Among them were those of Vasco de Gama, and of Affonso Albuquerque, the first European conqueror of Goa. When at last we gained admittance to the church, we much admired its graceful dome and the fine altar-piece in the principal chapel. The windows of the church are made of the small panes of the thin, semi-transparent inner scale of the pearl oyster, used in place of glass—a fashion still followed in many of the private houses of Goa. These shell windows admit a peculiarly soft and tender light.

From S. Cajetan we proceeded to the Cathedral of S. Caterina, one of the oldest buildings of Goa, which took seventy-five years to build, and has been well described as "worthy of one of the principal cities of Europe." We were amazed by the richness of the materials, and the artistic beauty of the elaborate carving which met the eye in every direction.

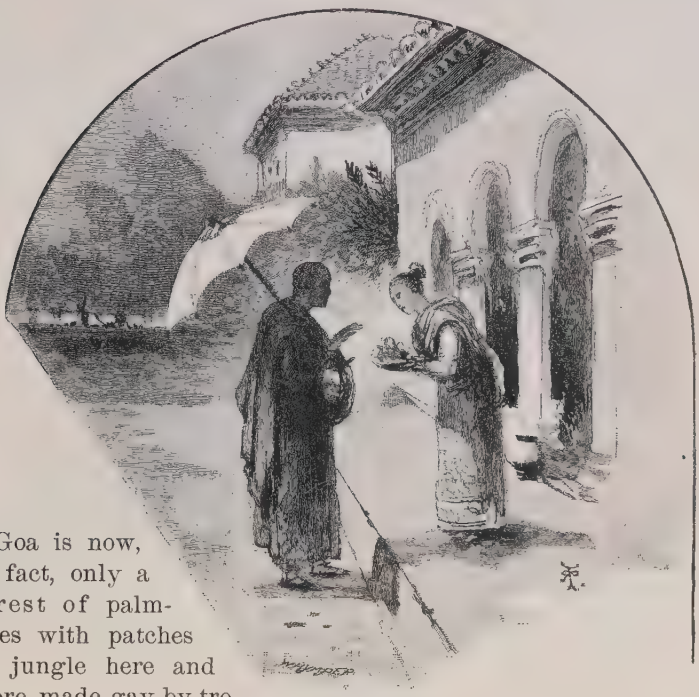
The site of old Goa is terribly malarious. The Government having abandoned the city, it was deserted by everybody else; the finest houses, after standing empty for years, gradually falling to pieces, so that literally not one stone remains above another. Old Goa was one of the headquarters of the terrible Inquisition, and until comparatively recent days its most cruel decrees were there executed with stern and heartless rigour. The tower of the Cathedral of S. Caterina containing five bells, the largest of which, still in daily use, is the same which was formerly tolled on the occasion of the *auto-da-fé*. It was quite thrilling to listen to its deep knell, and to think that those same tones must have fallen upon the agonized ears of the poor victims of an odious tyranny.

Close to the cathedral once stood the Palace of the Inquisition, a vast and magnificent building, the space occupied by which is now filled with dense jungle. It is the home of venomous snakes, not to be met with in any other part of the island. Probably some special shrub or herb which they like grows there and nowhere else. From the cathedral we passed across an open space

to visit the Church of Bom Jesus, containing the chapel and tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and a fine altar, in the centre of which stands a colossal image of St. Ignatius of Loyola. St. Francis (who died at Sanchan, in Malacca) rests in a crystal and silver coffin within a magnificent sarcophagus. The body, clad in the richest vestments, is said to be still, after the lapse of three centuries, in a wonderful state of preservation—a fact testified to by the chief surgeon of Goa in an official report made in 1859.



INQUISITION STAKE, GOA.



BUDDHIST PRIEST.

Goa is now, in fact, only a forest of palm-trees with patches of jungle here and there, made gay by tropical flowers. From this mass of vegetation the spire of a church rises or the tower of some ancient building occasionally peeps forth.

Pangaum, or Nova Goa, is a nice clean-looking little town, of some 15,000 inhabitants, at the foot of a hill covered with palm-trees. It is of comparatively recent growth. In 1843 it was formally declared to be the capital of Portuguese India, and the Governor, the Archbishop, and other authorities and dignitaries now live there. Only the gentlemen landed. I occupied myself in taking some photographs—under somewhat difficult conditions, for the breeze was stiff and strong, and the steam-launch was by no means steady. The anchor was soon weighed, and the *Sunbeam* once more spread her wings to the favouring breeze. The wind was light all day; but the old *Sunbeam* glided gracefully along, and made good progress through the hot air.

February 28th.—The sun becomes perceptibly more powerful each day. We have now resumed our usual life-at-sea habits. In the morning we go on deck at a very early hour, to enjoy the exquisite freshness of the dawn of the tropical day. Tom and the Doctor help to man the pumps. Then we are most of us *hosed*. An open-air salt-water bath is a luxury not to be appreciated

anywhere so thoroughly as in these tropical climates. After an early breakfast we settle down to our several occupations—the children to lessons, till it is time for sights to be taken and calculations made. I have always plenty to do in the way of writing, reading and general supervision. Often do I look wistfully at

SEYCHELLES PALM.

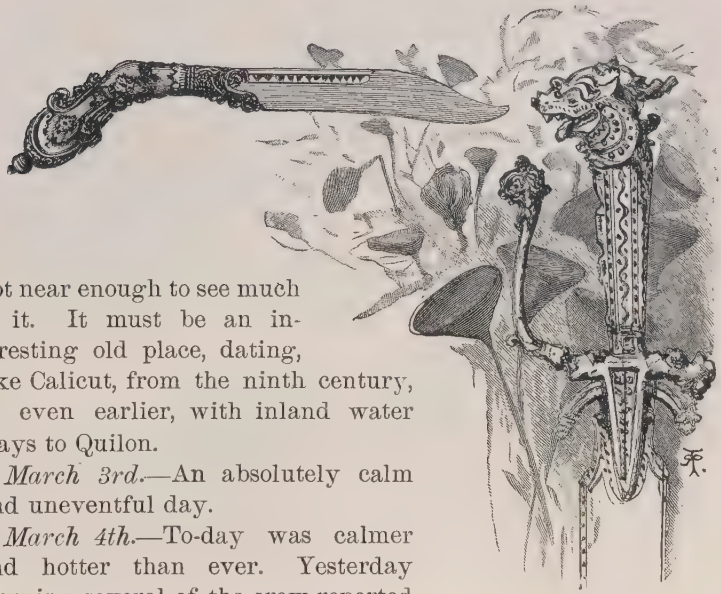
the many books which I long to read, and think regretfully of the letters and journal that ought to be written; but a good deal of time has to be spent in less interesting, and certainly more prosaic, work.

February, 29th.—The air is still occasionally hot and oppressive. The *Sunbeam* sails like a witch in her new suit of light canvas,

and we pass the little native craft as if they were standing still, even in the lightest of breezes, for which they are specially built.

March 1st.—At noon we were off Calicut, a curious old town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, to which belong many ancient stories and traditions. As we all know, it gives its name to that useful and familiar material—calico. This was the first point of India touched by Vasco de Gama nearly 400 years ago, after his long voyage from Portugal.

March 2nd.—We passed Cochin in the course of the day, but not near enough to see much of it. It must be an interesting old place, dating, like Calicut, from the ninth century, or even earlier, with inland water ways to Quilon.



CINGALESE WEAPONS.

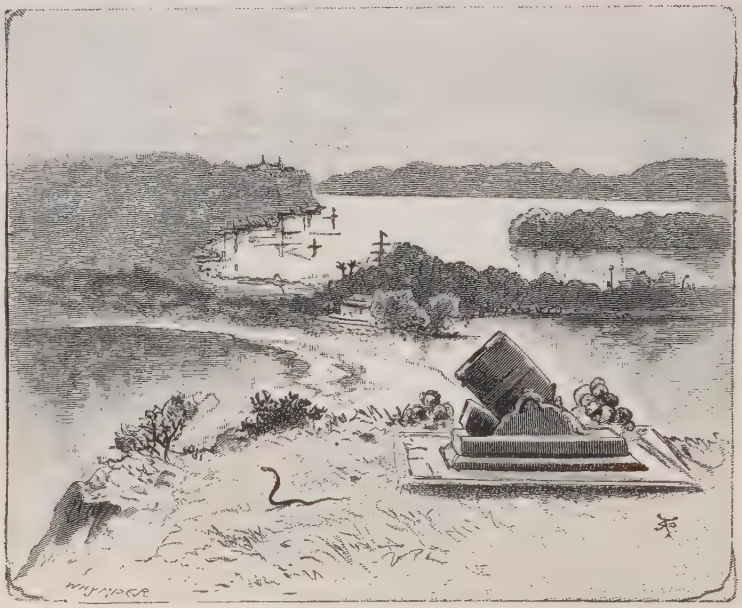
March 3rd.—An absolutely calm and uneventful day.

March 4th.—To-day was calmer and hotter than ever. Yesterday morning several of the crew reported themselves to the doctor as being sick, though, upon examination, he found that they were only suffering from the effects of a too-vivid imagination. Some medicine of a nauseous but otherwise innocent character was accordingly prescribed, with the satisfactory result that all the *malades imaginaires* are "Quite well, thank you, sir," this morning.

March 5th.—At 9.30 a.m. we dropped anchor in the harbour of Colombo. We were soon comfortably established in the new and splendid Oriental Hotel, and busy with letters and newspapers. As soon as the air had become a little cool, we drove along the sea-front, called Galle Face, and enjoyed the delicious sea-breeze.

On our way back we were overtaken by a funeral procession. First came two of the quaint little bullock-carts peculiar to Ceylon, drawn by the small oxen of the country, both carts being

literally crammed full of people, apparently in the highest spirits. Then followed a long, low, open vehicle, rather like a green-grocer's van painted black. In the rear of the procession was another bullock-cart, fuller than ever of joyous mourners, and drawn by such a tiny animal that he seemed to be quite unable to keep up with his larger rivals, though urged to his utmost speed by the cries and shouts of the occupants of the cart. Altogether, anything more cheerful and less like one's ordinary conception of a funeral procession I never saw.



TRINCOMALEE HARBOUR.

March 6th.—We were called at 4.30 a.m., to enable us to start by the seven o'clock train for Kandy. The beauty of the journey in the cool air of the early morning quite compensated us for the inconvenience of so early a start. A comfortable saloon carriage, with luxurious armchairs, had been attached to the train for our use, besides a well-arranged refreshment car, in which civil waiters served an excellently prepared meal.

After leaving Colombo we passed through vast fields of paddy, some covered with the stubble of the recently cut rice, while others were being prepared for a new crop by such profuse irrigation that the buffaloes seemed to be ploughing knee-deep through the thick, oozy soil. After our train had ascended, al-

most imperceptibly, to a considerable height, we came to the Valley of Death, so called because of the enormous mortality among the workmen employed upon this portion of the railway. Thence we passed through scenes of wondrous beauty to Rambukkana, where the train really begins to climb, and has to be drawn and pushed by two engines—one in front and one behind. The Satinwood Bridge at Peradeniya seemed quite a familiar friend. In the afternoon I went to keep my appointment with Dr. Trimen, the present curator of the gardens, and successor to our friend Dr. Thwaites.

We scarcely got back in time to dress for dinner at the Pavilion, as they call the Governor's residence here. Tom, Mabelle and I arrived at eight o'clock. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were of the party, which included a good many interesting people. The effect of the servants' liveries was quaint and decidedly picturesque, and I believe the fashion in which they are made is very old. The smartly cut, long swallow-tail black coat, profusely braided with red and yellow, is worn over a snowy white cloth wrapped round the waist and reaching to the feet, and the smooth hair is kept in its place by a large circular comb at the top of the head. Out of doors, a gracefully carried umbrella is the sole protection from the sun.

March 7th.—The morning broke misty, foggy, and decidedly cold for our early start back to Colombo. We found this change rather trying after the heat through which we have been voyaging. There was a great deal of business still to be done at Colombo, including the purchase of additional cool clothing for the crew, and the laying in of fresh stores and provisions. It was, therefore, not until the evening that we were able to start upon a little expedition, I in a jinrikisha, Tom on foot. We had a pleasant stroll through the town and outskirts, exploring some lovely little nooks and corners full of tropical foliage.

At last everything and everybody were collected on board; our usual parting gifts of books and newspapers to barracks, hospitals, and schools were sent ashore, and we steamed slowly out of the harbour and round the breakwater. Then "Full speed ahead" was the order given, and once more we left the lights and luxuries of land behind us, and sailed forth into the soft tropic twilight.

Tuesday, March 8th.—It was 1.10 a.m. as we passed the lighthouse. I stayed on deck until the land seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness; but when I came up again at 6 a.m. we were still running along the coast, near enough to see some of its beauties, though not so close as to make it possible to appreciate the exquisite loveliness of the Bay of Galle.

Wednesday, March 9th.—Early in the morning we saw the celebrated rock called "Westminster Abbey," which is curiously like that grand old pile, especially when the two pinnacles are seen from a distance. The sun was sinking fast when we shaped our course for the entrance to the harbour of Trincomalee. I was on the topgallant forecastle with Tom, and most delightful it was in that airy position. I half regretted the departure of the daylight, for I should have liked to have seen more plainly the entrance to this wonderful harbour, pronounced by Nelson to be one of the finest in the world.

After dinner Tom and I went for a row, and explored the har-

JUMPING FISH.

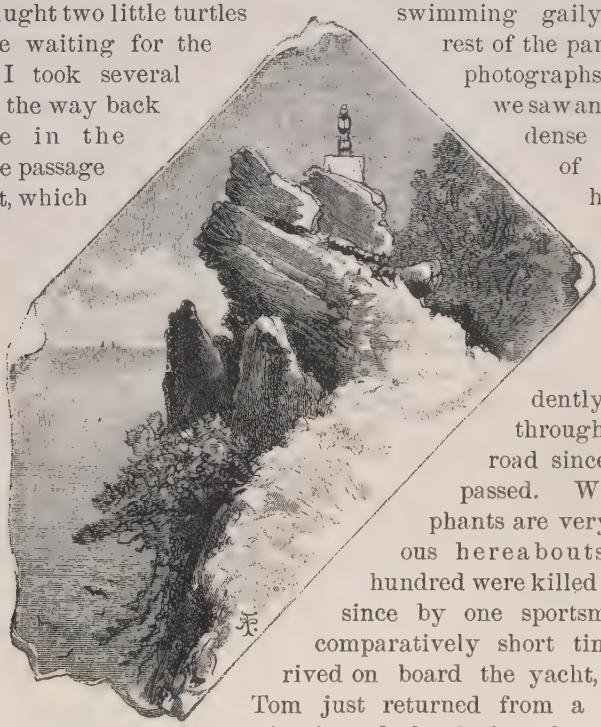
bour by moonlight. There was a good deal of singing at a row of cottages ashore, where, I suppose, the dockyard labourers live. The night was absolutely perfect; the moonlight on the water, the distant mountains, the near forts, and the white sandy beach, all making up an ideal picture of tropical beauty and repose.

March 10th.—At 6 a.m. we all went on shore. The harbour looked finer in some ways, though perhaps not so poetic as by moonlight. After passing the Admiral's house we drove, through a straggling village embosomed in trees, to the post-office, where we deposited a mail which, to judge from the astonished looks of the officials, must have been much larger than they usually re-

ceive. It would have to be carried some eighty miles by runners to meet the mail-coach, and then travel another hundred miles before being deposited in the train; so that I fear it will give some trouble. The poor letter-carriers are bound to take any parcel weighing eleven pounds.

At last we reached the hot springs, seven in number, where we found a temple and other little buildings close by. The water bubbles up through square and round holes, and was so hot (115°) that it was almost impossible to bear one's hand in it; but we caught two little turtles swimming gaily about. While waiting for the rest of the party to arrive I took several photographs.

On the way back we saw an opening made in the dense jungle by the passage of an elephant, which had evidently crushed through into the road since we had passed. Wild elephants are very numerous hereabouts, and a hundred were killed not long since by one sportsman in a comparatively short time. Arrived on board the yacht, I found Tom just returned from a long examination of the dockyard and naval establishment. During the morning we had many visitors on board, all profuse in kind offers of hospitality, and desirous of doing everything to make our brief stay agreeable. About five o'clock Major Nash called and took us for a drive on the heights, from which there was a fine view across the bay and harbour beneath us.



SAMI ROCK.

We next drove to the Admiral's house—a charmingly-placed dwelling. A well-cared-for garden encircles it, full of valuable plants and flowers; and the view over the bay is wide and lovely. We went through the barracks, and then walked, or rather

climbed, up to the signal station, below which a new fort is being made which will carry heavy guns. The way was long and the road rough; but still we climbed on and on to reach the famous Sami Rock, which rises sheer from the sea, and is a sacred spot for Hindoos, who have come here by thousands to worship for many centuries. Behind the rock stands a small monument, erected in memory of a young Portuguese lady, who, having seen her lover's ship leave the harbour and disappear below the horizon, threw herself in despair from the cliff. The drive to the boats was all too short, and the time for the inevitable farewells came but too quickly. Steam was up when we got on board, and in a few minutes we were leaving this beautiful harbour behind us, exactly twenty-four hours after we had entered it. Trincomalee is certainly a noble harbour, but Tom is strongly of opinion that it would be more valuable in the hands of the Indian Government than under the Admiralty.

Sunday, March 13th.—We had the Litany at 11.30, and evening service later, with most successful Chants, the result of much practising yesterday and on Friday.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Soundings were taken at frequent intervals throughout the morning, for we were uncertain as to the strength of the currents, and could not see far ahead, as the sky was both overcast and misty.

GETHSEMANE.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

Into the woods my Master went—
Clean forspent—forspent:
Into the woods my Master came—
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him:
Their little grey leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out the woods my Master went—
And He was well content:
Out of the woods my Master came—
Content with Death and Shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last
From under the trees they drew Him last:
It was on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION TO HERMON.

SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH.

After breakfast, on Thursday morning, March 31st, 1887, we started from Jerusalem for our ride through Palestine. It was a busy morning, and the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean Hotel presented a curiously animated scene. Valises and trunks were being bundled into great square sacks and suspended, pannier-fashion, across the backs of the pack-horses and mules. Tourists were hurrying hither and thither, doing the last bit of shopping, or curio-selecting, or watching dubiously the violent hands being laid upon the varied *impedimenta*, so dear to the English and American traveller. Horses were neighing, and muleteers shouting in shrill Arabic, as they secured the heavy packs, or apostrophised the impatient animals, tugging at their head-ropes, as they stood ranged in line beside the hotel. Crowds of onlookers—for your Oriental seems always at leisure—were watching the scene, with a sort of dignified laziness, discussing occasionally, in low tones, the *materiel* or *personnel* of the party, glad, apparently, of a break in the monotony of what they know as life. At length all was ready; baggage packed, letters and parcels dispatched home-

wards, the last helmet or riding-whip purchased, and the word was "Off." Outside the Jaffa Gate the start was made, and in a few moments we looked our last at the square strength of the Tower of Hippicus and the lofty portal of the Bab-el-Khalil, and were cantering down the narrow roadway toward the hill of Scopus, and the great highway to the North.

I had exchanged my old horse, Sheikh Backsheesh, for a handsome little horse formerly ridden by a member of our party who had elected to make the rest of the journey in palanquin, and the new horse being very fresh, and I very nervous, I spent something what the French call a *mauvais quart d'heure*, in becoming acquainted with, and adjusted to, my new and decidedly lively mount. When I became better acquainted with him, I named him Saladin, and in grace and gentleness, and "go," he well deserved the chivalric title.

At the highest point, as we crossed Mount Scopus, we turned to look our last upon Jerusalem. It is, perhaps, the finest point from which to see the city as a whole. The view from Olivet, across the Kidron Valley, is much more near and vivid, but that from Scopus being more distant, gives a bird's-eye view of the city and its environs, as it lies to the south of the traveller, with the hills of Bethlehem in the background of the picture and the lovely slope of the mount of Olives to the east, while westward rolls an undulating country rising up to the heights of Bethhoron and Neby Samwil. It was from the summit of Scopus that Titus besieged the city, in that terrible beleaguering which resulted in its overthrow; and it is from the summit that thousands upon thousands of peaceful pilgrims, of all ages and all shades of Christian creed, have looked with awe and veneration upon the Holy City.

After passing the crest of Scopus, the road traverses an arid plateau, around which arise heights still more arid, and, here and there, sites of ancient places, identified with Scripture incident. To the left is Shafat, the ancient Nob, where the Tabernacle and Ark were stationed in the days of Saul; and a little farther Tuliel-el-Ful, the Little Hill of Beans—is said to be unquestionably the Gibeah of Saul—the birthplace of the first Israelitish king, and the seat of his government. Here is the spot where seven descendants of Saul were slain by the Amorites, and here took place that most touching of all instances of motherly devotion, the long watch of Rizpah over her dead sons.

At length, about noon, we came to a ruinous village on an arid ridge, at the nearer foot of which, in a green meadow by a fountain, was a large white tent. It was our lunch-tent, now used for the first time, but hereafter to be the solace and shelter of many

a weary and scorching noontide. It was good to get off the saddle and lie on the rugs spread inside the tent, and good to look and think upon the hillside village just before us, for we were at Bethel. There was not much, truly, in the sight itself to move to admiration or even to passing interest, for the Bethel of to-day is a poor hamlet of squalid huts, sheltering some five hundred inhabitants. A tower rises in the centre of the village, and scattered about are a few fragments of former splendour, but all now is ruin and decay. As with all the sites of Palestine, it is the past that fills the eye.

One thinks of the altar here, erected by Abraham, after receiving, solitary and childless stranger as he was, the promise that to

SHEPHERDS.

him and his seed this land should be given for an heritage; and hither he came again to worship and repent, after his sojourn and sin in Egypt. Here, too, another solitary stranger, Jacob, fleeing from the home he had lost through his duplicity, laid him down, after his forty miles of weary travel, beneath the starry canopy of the Syrian night. Here he saw the vision of the opened skies and the ladder reaching from heaven to earth, with angel-messengers coming and going thereon; and here in the morning he rose refreshed, repentant, awed, by the thought of the Almighty's presence and regard. "And he called the name of that place, Bethel, the House of God," for he said, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The later memories are as tragic as the earlier are peaceful.

Here Jeroboam set up a golden calf, and the idol altar was cleft by invisible hands, as the warning prophet called on the name of the Lord; Bethel, the House of God, became Beth-Aven, the House of Idols, until at length, Josiah the king of Israel completely destroyed it, and razed to the ground every building it contained, except the sepulchre of the prophet who had been God's messenger to Jeroboam. It stands to-day an unquestionable witness to the truth of the prophecy, "The high places of Aven shall be destroyed, the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars. For thus saith the Lord, seek ye Me, and ye shall live; but seek not Bethel, . . . for Bethel shall be destroyed."

After a couple of hours' halt, we resumed our journey along a road at first rough, but after awhile showing indications of improvement, as we reached the hilly but fertile lands of Ephraim, with vineyards and orchards on the slopes on either hand. By-and-by, our road led through a most picturesque glen, the Wady-el-Haramiyeh, or Glen of the Robbers, a locality of bad repute, as its name indicates, but certainly a most lovely spot, especially at the Robbers' Fountain where the water drips in glittering profusion over a fern-covered cliff.

Towards evening we reached our camp, pitched on a picturesque hill-side overlooking the village of Sinjil, and a wide spread plain below. Here, perhaps, I cannot do better than introduce to my readers my *compagnons de voyage*. We were now a large party, twenty-two in all, our original number having been increased by several additions at Jerusalem. We were of mixed nationality, twelve being English and ten Americans. Nine of us were ministers, one was a lawyer, one a young doctor, three were business men, one was a young man just from college beginning a tour nearly world-wide, and one was American Consul at Jerusalem. Six were ladies, all but one having husband, brother, or son in the party. Two of the ministers were also editors, one of a London religious paper and the other of a paper published in Cincinnati. We represented many shades of religious thought and creed, counting among us Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and one who took to himself the name of Rational Christian. Such, in brief, was the composition of our cavalcade. We were housed when in camp in fourteen tents, having beside a large tent in which we all dined and breakfasted together, and a tent in which our cooks prepared the food. Very admirable certainly were all the arrangements of the camp. The tents were strong and roomy, handsomely lined on the inside and ornamented with arabesques in some red material, and each tourist had a comfortable bed on

an iron bedstead, and was plentifully supplied with washing utensils, towels, etc. The meals were excellent, well-cooked, full of variety, of several courses, and served as regularly and carefully as if in a good hotel, and not in a tourist camp in the wilds of Palestine. On the whole, I was not served as well in any hotel in the East, perhaps, as during that camping out. The admirable arrangements, and the immense amount of material to be transported on horse or mule—tents, luggage, provisions, beds, tables, *cooking stove*, etc., etc.—of course implied a large retinue, and our

SHEEPFOLD.

entire force consisted of forty-two attendants and between eighty and ninety horses, and numbered quite a village when we camped.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having as our dragoman Mr. Bernhard Heilpern, the chief dragoman in the employ of Messrs. Cook & Son. He is a man of remarkable attainments and versatility, speaking several languages with fluency, having the Scriptural history of the various scenes traversed at his fingers' ends, and well-informed upon Palestine matters generally, knowing the country thoroughly, and possessing indomitable courage and marvellous influence over the Arabs by his knowledge of their

language and customs, and his masterful and fearless manner; he at once inspires his parties with confidence, both in camp and on the march; while the admirable discipline he maintains among his motley throng of muleteers and camp attendants, makes person and property perfectly safe while under his care. Mounted upon his mettlesome little Arab mare at the head of the cavalcade, his strong frame set off by a well-fitting riding suit of light cord, and his bronzed face surmounted by a white pith helmit, he formed a very noteworthy and striking figure. I can wish my readers no better fortune, should they visit Palestine, than that they may have Mr. Heilpern for *cicerone* through its memorable scenes.

But to continue. The early morning found us in the saddle, and in a short time we reached the ruins of one of the most celebrated places of Scripture story—Shiloh, so long the capital city of the Israelites, and the scene of so many striking events. The modern Arab name of the place, Seilun, recalls its ancient title pretty plainly; but there is little else, at least above ground, to indicate the fact that a large and important place once occupied this site. Here Joshua divided the land among the tribes and set up the tabernacle. Here dwelt Eli, and here Hannah brought the young Samuel to minister before the Lord in His house. Somewhere here too, sat Eli on that dreadful day when news was brought him that in an engagement with the Philistines there had been a fearful defeat, that his two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were dead, and, worse than all, that the Ark of God was taken.

A great oak tree, shadowing with its branches some ruins, marks mournfully enough the site of Shiloh, and the significant words of the Prophet Jeremiah read strikingly solemn in view of its utter desolation, "Go ye now unto My place which was in Shiloh, where I set My name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."

After leaving Shiloh and its fertile plain, the road leads through the Wady-el-Lubban, and pass the supposed site of the Lebonah, mentioned in the Book of Judges, and then up hill and down dale for an hour or two, till finally, after reaching a plateau commanding a splendid view, it descends to a smooth and grassy level at its foot.

I remember very vividly the transition from the undulating upland country to this broad, comparatively level and grassy plain, bounded in the distance by lofty hills rising sharply outlined against the cloudless sky. At a brisk pace, glad of the smoothness and springiness of the turfy road, our horses advanced across the plain, and our hearts were stirred with more than ordinary interest as we neared the hills, for who could approach

Ebal and Gerizim without thrilling thoughts of the scenes of which they were the theatre? And so, along the lovely plain of Mukhna, we rode on around the base of the nearer hill—Mount Gerizim—and drew up and dismounted at the gate of a low enclosure on a spur of slightly rising ground projecting from the hill. No place in all the land of Palestine is more closely identified with the Christ than this. In the centre of the enclosure, a funnel-shaped hole in a heap of *debris* gives the certain position of

CAMP SCENE.

one of the most sacred and interesting sites existing. It is Jacob's Well, the scene of our Lord's interview with the Samaritan woman and of the wonderful conversation that followed. Wearied with His journey on the same road over which our horses had just travelled, and over which His blessed feet had walked, He "sat thus on the well," and, thirsty wayfarer as He was, begged a draught of cool water from the deep well, whose shaft goes down at our feet. Above us towered the hill to which the woman pointed, saying "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain," propounding the question which led to the declaration of the essen-

tial spirituality of all true worship and of His own Messiahship and authority. Stretching around us were those same fertile fields of Mukhna to which He directed His disciples' attention, when He bade them think of and be ready for the whitening harvest of the world.

The well itself is by no means what one expects to find. It is not a bubbling spring, it is a shaft cut through the solid rock, some nine feet in diameter and over seventy feet in present depth, though, if the rubbish which has fallen into it were cleared out it would be found, perhaps, to be double that depth. In the Middle Ages, a church was erected over this celebrated site, and it is through the ragged hole in the *debris* of this church that one looks down into Jacob's well.

A curious incident happened to me here. As we approached the well, I remarked to my friend, M—., with a laugh, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible down Jacob's Well, as Dr. Andrew Bonar lost his, long ago," alluding to the pocket Bible which I carried with me, and was marking at the various sites mentioned, as we travelled over them. A few minutes afterwards, I stood reading the fourth chapter of John at the well side as my friend photographed it, and then thrust the Bible in my pocket while M—. lighted a piece of magnesium wire and threw it down the shaft. As I stooped over to look down the well, lit up by the flaming wire, all at once, the Bible slipped out of my pocket and tumbled straight down the shaft, putting out my friend's wire as it fell. I stood like one thunderstruck, startled not only at the incident, but that what I had so recently joked about had really come to pass. I lost my wife's Bible down Jacob's Well.

Now for the sequel. Sitting at dinner one day, some weeks after, in Damascus, I was relating the incident, and a lady of the company, wife of a medical missionary in Nazareth, begged me to allow her to try and have it recovered. I was delighted to do so, of course; and just before I left Syria, word came to me that my Bible had been brought up from the bottom of the well by a man who had been lowered down for the purpose. That Bible is now before me, treasured all the more for this memorable episode in its history. There are not many Bibles in the world that have lain for weeks at the bottom of Jacob's Well. The funny part of the story is to come. Jacob's Well is dry, at least at the season at which I visited it, it was; but my Bible is damaged by water, and the damage occurred in this way. A few days after I lost it down the well, a caravan of Russian pilgrims came along, and the guardian of the well, *poured water into it*, in anticipation of their visit, in order that the devout and simple-minded pilgrims

might drink out of Jacob's Well, and carry away water from it in their bottles to Russia! And so my Bible, with its water-soaked covers and leaves, bears silent witness to the pious fraud practised upon the poor Russian devotees; not the only one, doubtless, of which they were the victims.

JACOB'S WELL AT SHECHEM.

From Jacob's Well we rode a few hundred yards to where, in a small enclosure, was an ordinary Moslem tomb. It is the traditional tomb of Joseph, and very probably occupies the genuine site of the patriarch's grave, where his embalmed body, carried at his dying request from far-off Egypt, was laid to rest in that

promised land which his prophetic soul foresaw as the home of his descendants. Then, turning our horses' heads into the narrow valley between Gerizim and Ebal, we joined those of our party who were climbing up the long and laborious path to the summit of the Mount of Blessing. It was a stiff climb for horse and rider, but the interest of the experience well repaid the trouble. The view was glorious. Below us, brilliantly carpeted with variously tinted verdure, lay the fertile plain of Mukhna; opposite, and at a little distance, rose the twin historic height of Ebal, while, in the lovely valley between, amid a sea of foliage from its plantations of olive and fig and apricot and plum, appeared the white roofs of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, a very paradise of natural beauty.

Far away in the distant west lay the blue line of the Mediterranean, and nearer in every direction was an undulating sea of hill tops, especially to the north, where they culminated in the mountains of Gilboa and Galilee and the far-off height of snowy Hermon.

Gerizim is still the centre of Samaritan worship; a broad, shelving, rocky platform, on its summit is their traditional place of sacrifice, and on it, yearly—for they still "worship in the mountain"—the paschal lamb is slain at the season of the passover. At its base, they have lived distinct from all other peoples of the earth, retaining their own customs and celebrating their own worship through all the changes of the centuries. They are now but a handful, about a hundred and fifty at most, and yet they hold to their isolation of community and creed. In their synagogue at Nablous we saw their high-priest, and had a peep at what was declared to be the celebrated Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, affirmed to be three thousand years old.

But Gerizim and Ebal are interesting, perhaps, mainly because of the drama enacted on their slopes, when the Israelites were assembled, by God's command, in the valley between them, and the Levites pronounced blessings upon the obedient, from the slopes of Gerizim, and, from the slopes of Ebal, cursings upon the rebellious. I remember well our descent of the mountain as the evening drew to its close. The white tents of our camps gleamed a welcome sight through the park-like trees, as we wound down the zig-zag path to the foot of Gerizim, and approached the charming site selected for it on the lowest slope of Ebal and just outside the town of Nablous. And I remember, too, how, when all our fellow-travellers had retired, my friend and I paced up and down in the solemn midnight under the stars, recalling the memories of the past.

It is a pleasant ride from Nablous to Samaria, through a richly fertile region, the country undulating in billowy slopes of vivid and varying verdure, and the road winding through glades whose every turn gave a fresh setting of the exquisite landscape. From a spot where the arch of an ancient viaduct spans the road, one gets a charming feature of a hill in the immediate foreground, whose fair, rounded, symmetrical slopes are crowned with dwellings. It is the site of the royal city of Samaria, the "hill of Samaria" bought by Omri, king of Judah, from Shemer, whose name it perpetuates, and erected into the capital city of the Ten Tribes, which it continued to be until the captivity. Many of the most striking incidents of the Books of Kings had their scene on this spot. It was the very centre of idolatrous worship, the very focus point of rebellion against the Almighty. Here Benhadad, of Damascus, was defeated by a small band of Israelites in the reign of Ahab; and here, beleagured by the Syrian hosts, the city suffered such privation that the awful compact was entered into by two starving women of its inhabitants. "Give thy son that we may eat him to-day and we will eat my son to-morrow." One recalls, too, the incident of the four leprous men by the gate of the besieged city, saying one to another, "Why sit we here till we die?" and then venturing in despair into the Syrian camp, to find that the besieging host had fled.

Samaria, after many vicissitudes, was rebuilt by Herod the Great, to whom it had been given by the Emperor Augustus. He erected a magnificent town on the ruins of the former ones, and called it in honour of giver, Sebaste, the Greek translation of the Latin Augustus. Its modern Arab name, Sebastiyeh, is simply an adaptation of this name. Of its former grandeur hardly a vestige remains. The ruins of a fine old church of crusading times crowns the highest point of the slope; and along the south side of the hill, a succession of columns, some erect and some prostrate on the ground, or built into the rude stone fences, shows the course of a splendid colonnade, or series of colonnades, which once beautiful the city of Herod. But all is ruin—the ancient prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter, "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God."

As cloth is tinged of any dye
In which it long time plunged may lie,
So those with whom he loves to live
To every man his colour give.

—*Hindu Proverb.*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GEORGE STREET AND RICHMOND STREET CHURCHES OF TORONTO, THEIR SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.

BY T. G. MASON.

The very interesting series of papers recently contributed to the pages of this Magazine by my honoured and revered friend, the late Hon. Senator Macdonald, on "Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto," has not only recalled the names of many worthy citizens, long since passed to their reward, but has rescued from oblivion many events connected with the early religious life of Toronto that should be held in lasting remembrance.

Perhaps no two churches have exerted a wider influence for good throughout the length and breadth of Canada than the above named two, and, I venture to say that many thousands, besides myself, read these timely papers of Mr. Macdonald with not only pleasure, but with feelings of thankfulness to him.

There are, doubtless, many other incidents in connection with these historic churches, outside of Mr. Macdonald's "Recollections," that may be recalled with some degree of interest. Let me record a few:—

At the time I was entered as a scholar at the old George St. School the late Mr. Alex. Hamilton was Superintendent, and among his staff of teachers, as far my memory serves me, were Mr. John Macdonald (the late Hon. Senator Macdonald), the late Mr. Wm. Gooderham, and I think his brother, the late Mr. James Gooderham, Messrs. William Edwards, Thomas Keough, Josiah Purkis, and my two brothers, W. T. and J. H. Mason, Mr. William Osborne and his daughter, Miss Osborne, Miss Bilton, Miss Storm, Miss Toye, Miss Barbridge, and many others. The school met regularly every Sunday in the body of the church, at nine o'clock in morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was in a flourishing condition, and this reputation it maintained to the time of its closing and exodus in June, 1845, to the then new Richmond Street Church. In fact, all the Methodist schools in Toronto and Yorkville, in connection with the British Canadian Methodist Church, were aggressive and prosperous, and I think continued to maintain that gratifying condition till the time of the union with the Canadian Methodist Church in 1847, since which time even increased prosperity and expansion have marked their history in Toronto.

In the summer of 1843 a great demonstration and picnic of the various British Canadian Methodist Sunday-schools in the city

took place. This was a notable event at the time, nearly the whole city appeared interested in its success, and on the day it took place many of the principal streets presented quite a gala appearance. The spot chosen for the picnic was on Mr. Jarvis' farm, the gate entrance to which was near to the present corner of Jarvis and Queen Streets, Jarvis Street below Queen Street being then known as New Street. For several weeks previously earnest workers had been busy making preparations, and when the day arrived, waggon after waggon came filled with appetizing loads of good things. As they passed along the streets and the different schools joined in the march, the procession presented a very imposing sight, and received the greetings and cheers of the many thousands of spectators who lined the sidewalks.

The procession entered the farm gate on Queen Street and passed up the farm road, on either side of which fields of golden grain or perfumed clover were waving in the breeze and made the march most delightful. That farm road is now the present Jarvis Street, with its fine private residences, asphalt pavement and broad boulevards.

At that time the pastorate of the George Street Chapel (no one would presume to call a Methodist Meeting House a Church in those days) was filled by the Rev. John P. Hetherington (father of our esteemed Mrs. C. C. Taylor) and the Rev. Dr. Selley. Mr. Hetherington was a Christian gentleman in the highest sense, and was not only esteemed for his pulpit ministrations, but was beloved for his excellences as a man and as a spiritual adviser and counsellor.

My youth did not enable me to form opinions as to the literary character or logical force of his sermons, but I know that my parents and others deemed them almost beyond criticism. But my youth did not prevent me from valuing the brevity of his discourses; seldom did they did exceed thirty minutes in delivery, oftentimes less, consequently his memory has been cherished by me with profound and loving reverence. He knew when he was through with his theme to stop, without reference to the clock or other orthodox regulators of pulpit occupants.

The choir of the chapel numbered about twenty voices, under the leadership of Mr. William Booth, who, with his three daughters, led the musical services. They were supported by a few instruments, among which a violoncello and a flute were prominent, the latter instrument played by Mr. William Edwards. In those days organs were looked upon by Methodists with considerable jealousy and suspicion, savouring strongly, as they thought, of High Church tendencies. Not till the Richmond Street Chapel was opened (we

could not even then say church) were organs in any Methodist Chapel, at least I am not aware of the introduction or use of any. Among others who then belonged to the choir was Mr. Thomas Clarke, who afterwards left a valuable legacy to the Richmond Street Church, a tablet to whose memory was a prominent feature on the walls of the church up to the time of its conversion to business purposes.

Mr. William Edwards, Mr. George Simpson, and Mr. Joseph Stephens were also faithful members of the choir. As my good father had an idea that I could sing alto, he entered me as a member of the choir shortly after we came to the city. I was quite a child in pinafores, and I well remember that the first night of practice, after I joined, the proceedings were so interwoven with prosy discussions that I fell asleep and was only aroused by some good angel shaking me vigorously by the arm, and telling me it was time to go home, an intimation which I welcomed with becoming gratitude.

If the purchase of the McGill Square property and the building of the Metropolitan Church in 1868 was considered a bold undertaking then, assuredly the purchase of the Richmond Street property in June, 1844, and the erection of the Richmond Street Church was indeed a bold and aggressive undertaking. Let me record the names of the originators of that eventful enterprise: The Revs. Messrs. Hetherington and Richey; Messrs. Samuel Shaw, Richard Woodsworth, Alex. Hamilton, Charles and William Walker, John Sterling, William Osborne, John G. Bowes, Thomas Storm, George Bilton, Thomas Wheeler, and Joseph Wilson. Well do I remember the interest awakened when the first announcement of the purchase and decision to build a new church was made, and well do I recall the delight of all who, on that memorable afternoon, August the 20th, 1844, witnessed the laying of the corner-stone, and again the increased interest taken at the opening services, Sunday, June 29th, 1845. In fact, where was the Methodist in Toronto, or, for that matter, where was the Protestant in or around the city, who was not more or less interested in those opening services? Certainly not a Methodist but whose cheek glowed with honest pride when the event was consummated and the chapel dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Crowds flocked to its doors, and every seat in the body of the church and capacious galleries was occupied. While in the light of the present day we may not admire the architectural features of the building, yet the sight of that vast congregation rising to sing, was most impressive, as Rev. Mr. Richey gave out the opening hymn:

"And will the Great Eternal God
On earth establish His abode,
And will He from His heavenly throne
Avow our temple as His own?"

Fortunately I possess a copy of the opening programme, and so can authoritatively give the above stanza as correct, although many are under the impression that he used the 540th hymn in our old hymn-book:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

These opening services were of extraordinary interest not only to the citizens of Toronto but to people living within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Consequently, on the morning of Sunday, June 29th, 1845, crowds drove into the city from all quarters. The fact that the Rev. Matthew Richey was to be the preacher was alone sufficient to rouse expectation to the highest pitch, and, need I say, they were not disappointed. Few heralds of the Cross had a more extended reputation or were more eloquent, polished, and impressive, than Mr. Richey, and few had a wider reputation for high-toned spiritual life. The text on this occasion was, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (1 Cor. iv. 7.)

By general consent it was deemed that for the new chapel important changes in the musical services would have to be inaugurated. In the first place, it was decided that an organ should be introduced. Negotiations were opened with a Mr. Coates of Oakville, which terminated in the trustees buying one from him for the magnificent sum of £125 ($500); and for this amount the Church's worthy old friend, Mr. Deens, very kindly gave his note. For some time the question of choir management was a perplexing one, but finally the trustees settled it by appointing Mr. Robert Wilson (a son of one of the trustees) to the position of organist and choir-leader.

Then came the enthusiasm; practice meetings were held two or three evenings per week at Mr. Wilson's house, corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, in the building at present occupied by the Army and Navy Clothing Store. It is not necessary to recall incidents which occurred during months of preparation prior to the opening, but some of the titles and words of the anthems selected struck me, as a boy, as very comical. One in particular, in which the words "O happy, happy Solyma" were iterated and reiterated till the brain reeled with "O happy, happy Solyma," and singers and listeners breathed peace only when the last note of the final amen was reached.

The Baron de Fleur, a local musical celebrity, was I believe the composer of this wonderful composition, his genius appeared to bristle in every bar; but although I have waded through piles of music, since I have grown up, I have never been able to get one glimpse of that immortal composition. It is not among the classics; doubtless it lies buried in the darkness of Pompeian obscurity. There let it lie.*

Mr. Robert Wilson continued to officiate as organist until his removal from the city, possibly for two or three years, and was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Townsend, an Englishman, who, in spite of a besetting sin, was generally well liked by his choir members.

The choir was from the first a compact, well-organized body, but it had its ups and downs, as most choirs do, and passed through many vicissitudes, (and may I say it in undertones and in a parenthesis) they had many differences with the trustees and several resignations. In July, 1851, Mr. Townsend was succeeded as organist, by Miss Higginbottom (the late Mrs. James Aikenhead), who very generously gave her services gratuitously. She was supported by Mr. Jeremiah Lea and Alderman Baxter as choir-leaders. In 1852, the original organ was replaced by a larger one. If I mistake not, Alderman Baxter selected it in Montreal. It was, indeed, a great improvement on the old one, and as it contained a Tremolo stop many of the congregation thought it was one of the greatest triumphs of the age. It was perfectly heavenly, and they never seemed to tire listening to its "tremolous" notes. Miss Higginbottom was succeeded, as organist, by Mr. Edward Hastings (son of another trustee). One of the lady singers in the choir (Miss Hancock), possessed a brilliant and powerful soprano voice, and was very popular thoughout the city. She afterwards became Mrs. Hastings, and for a number of years continued the leading soprano of the church. In 1857 or 1858 I withdrew to the Terauley Street Mission—which afterwards developed into the Elm Street Church, so my connection with the old Richmond Street choir ceased.

During the number of years I was a member of the choir there was rarely a difference among them. Most were members of the Church, and those who were not members were either in the Sabbath-school (like myself), or were in other ways interested in church work. Every year they held what was termed their "choir feast;" this usually occurred at one of the private residences of the members, and was an event all looked forward to

* The reader will, of course, not confound this production with Handel's fine chorus, "Happy, happy, Solomon," in his less known Oratorio of "Solomon."

with lively interest. More enjoyable evenings I have seldom experienced in my life—social intercourse, singing, readings, discussions on musical subjects, wit, repartee, dominated the atmosphere—and when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" overtook us it was the only unpleasant feature of the evening. We broke up, regretting that the hours were not longer.

I continued a scholar in the Sabbath-school until I was appointed assistant librarian—Mr. Robert Brown being librarian.

It has been my privilege to listen in the grand old Richmond Street Church to the sermons and addresses of some of the most eminent men, not only of the Methodist, but of other Churches; but none do I recall with more lively interest than our good old friend, and Indian Chief, the late Rev. John Sunday. So exceedingly popular was he that any announcement that he was to speak or preach was sufficient to crowd the largest building to its utmost capacity. He was exceedingly original, and his illustrations were always striking, amusing and to the point. I recall one—it was, I think, at a missionary meeting in the church during the time of the discussion on Union with the Canadian Methodist Church in 1847. Many British Canadian Methodists, of whom John Sunday was one, looked upon the scheme with disfavour. John Sunday was doubtful and fearful, he would not oppose, yet he could not approve. At this meeting he used this illustration: "Mr. Chairman, I don't know what to think about this Union business; I am like de dog, I am not like de duck. De dog, when you throw him a bone or some meat, he go first and smell all round it, den he thinks about it before he eat it; but de duck, when you throw him anything, he go quick and gobble it right up, and after he eat it den he begin to think about it." And then, after a pause, as he turned to the chairman, he said, with a comical expression, "Mr. Chairman, I ain't like de duck." The effect was tremendous, the very building shook with the applause that followed.

I feel that I am trespassing upon the time and patience of my readers too much, and therefore would prefer to close this sketch without another word; but a little incident occurred one evening in a small room in the basement of the Richmond Street Church which I think I ought to refer to.

One Sunday morning, I think it was in 1860, the Elm Street Church was burned down, and although it was a wretched old structure—damp, cold and uncomfortable, yet after viewing the ruins on that Sunday morning it was very difficult to restrain the silent tear. We felt—at least I did—that we were bereft of our spiritual home, that we were cast upon the world

with no house of God to go to. However, after the first feelings of sorrow had passed, some of the principal members began to consider what was the most practical thing to do under the circumstances. They could not brook the idea of abandoning the spot and allowing the congregation to scatter. That part of the city was not then populous, as it is now, and, furthermore, we were confronted with the fact that the entire country was passing through a prolonged financial crisis, and what prospect was there of raising money from the mechanics who mainly composed the congregation? However, relying on God's blessing, and acting on the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," a move was made to secure another church. During the week following a meeting was called to consider the situation, and, if possible, to suggest ways and means for erecting a new edifice. Through the kindness of the trustees of the Richmond Street Church a room to meet in was generously placed at the disposal of the Elm Street people. About forty of the congregation attended. Scarcely any one indulged the hope that anything would come out of it, or at most that not more than a couple of hundred pounds could be raised out of such material; but before that meeting closed nearly a thousand pounds had been subscribed toward the erection of a new church. Almost every one at that meeting pledged himself to do something. Two men alone remained silent. At last, while some were adding up the figures, one of the two arose, and addressing the chair, said: "Dr. Elliot, I am sorry that I cannot contribute as much money to the new enterprise as I should like to, but I promise you I will send as many children to the Sunday-school as any man present."

This little sally of humour changed the serious character of the meeting as by magic. The enumerators finished their work, announcing that over £900 were promised, and that meeting, which commenced in almost fear and trembling, broke up in joy, every one going home delighted at the unlooked for results.

May all church meetings terminate as happily as this one, is the prayer and wish of the narrator. Thus one of the most successful church enterprises ever started in Toronto was inaugurated. The Elm Street Church has had a unique and triumphant record, and to-day it still stands as one of the most prosperous, aggressive churches in the city of Toronto.

Returning to the Richmond Street Church, let me record the fact that it has been the scene of many glorious revivals. Scores of ministers and hundreds of laymen, and "elect ladies" not a few, throughout Canada look back to it as their spiritual birthplace.

To such the very walls (which are still retained) are eloquent with salvation, and whilst many may mourn that it no longer exists as a church, they, doubtless, rejoice that the messages of salvation goes forth from its precincts now daily, and that "the glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former." If so, and I believe their hopes and prayers will be abundantly realized, no one will rejoice with them more sincerely than the young George Street Sabbath-school scholar who has lovingly penned these records.

WHAT THEME, O SINGER?

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Why is it that the poet's theme
Is drawn from earth alone?
If things that perish fill his dream,
Oblivion must atone.

Beauty will fade, and love will die,
If all of earth it be;
And still will be the hearts that sigh,
And dark the eyes that see.

Fame which the busy years have built
Will all have passed away;
Only the heart's own load of guilt,
Or dower of peace will stay.

If on things transitory all
His soul and song be spent,
In them his star shall find its fall,
His sun its occident.

Nor let thy muse, O singer, mate
With error and with wrong;
The poet's fame must share the fate
Of what inspires his song.

The poet with his theme must go:
He who would live for aye,
Must on some worthier theme bestow
The music of his lay.

Sing of the soul, O singer; sing
Of Truth, and God, and Heaven;
And guerdon of eternal spring
Will to thy muse be given.

Benton, N.B.

ESTRANGEMENT OF THE MASSES FROM THE CHURCH.*

BY BISHOP J. F. HURST, D.D., LL.D.

THE disproportion between the few who are attendants at Christian churches and the multitudes who never cross the threshold of one, is a terrible reality. The churches are a unit in admitting the unwelcome fact. No optimist, with the chimes from a dozen bells in his ears at once, dares to deny that throughout Christendom, where one individual pauses and enters the sanctuary on the Sabbath day, at least two others pass by, and go upon errands of indifference, work, or downright sin.

Should all the people in the Protestant world desire to hear the Gospel just once, and approach the churches for a single service, they would pack the very streets which run past the sacred edifices. The Protestant world builds its churches as if it expected only our most worthy selves, and our well-behaved and highly respected neighbours, and advantageous commercial friends, to worship in them. In the parable of the Great Supper our Lord portrayed the generous invitations, the forceful liberality of the feast, and the many who accepted the invitations. But there is no intimation that the host had a scanty table or a limited supply of seats. His only anxiety, as He Himself declared, was "that My house may be filled." Every word which our Lord spoke, in clear statement or in picturesque parable, leads to the conclusion that His Church is guilty, if its provision for hearing the Word is not as ample as the number of invitations which it extends.

The causes of the alarming gulf between the Christian units and the unreached tens and hundreds are manifold. The root of all is, the spiritual condition of the masses is not in harmony with the truth of God, or with the sanctuaries where it is proclaimed, or with the universal brotherhood of believers. Those who hold themselves aloof from the ministrations of the Gospel are attracted by the secular forces about them. They stay at home, if they have one, a part of the day, because the house of God has no charm for them. Others, far from being able to say, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand," were they compelled to make a choice, would, unfortunately, prefer to dwell in the tents of wickedness, rather than serve as doorkeepers in God's house. The great majority of people who never see the interior of a church are poor,

* Abridged from a paper read at the Christian Conference, Washington, D.C.

lodge in basements and garrets, are ragged, and, if they have a friend, are never successful in learning his address. For them the stroll on the street, or in the parks, or out on the country road, must take the place of any attendance upon the worship of God. When once the Divine Spirit reaches these multitudes, the house of God will be an attraction which they cannot resist.

The British Reformers halted over a century before they would accept the Reformation without the Sabbath. They only took it at last, by great and bloody struggles, with the Christian Sabbath, in all its firmness and beauty. They will never surrender it. By a stricter legislation, by a stronger police oversight, by a surer punishment of offenders, our Sabbath can be, and ought to be, as beautiful a possession as it was to the founders of James River Colony, in 1607, and more especially to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony, in 1620, when they forgot the bleakness of their first Sabbath on the American shore, in the loud volume of praise and adoration to the God who had delivered them from the tempest of foreign despotism and ceaseless storms of their voyage across the seas.

The sale and use of intoxicating beverages is also a most potent force in separating the masses from sympathy with the Gospel. No man who habitually uses the cup of intoxication can be a sympathetic and devout worshipper in a Christian sanctuary. The wine-glass is an opaque affair, and God cannot be seen through it. With the demon of the appetite within a man, he loves the saloon, and such company as frequent it, better than he loves the Church. His argument runs thus: "In the saloon there is more freedom of a certain kind. The speech, such as it is, is plainer. The society is hilarious. One man does not do all the talking. No church debt is to be paid. Possibly the saloon will eventually be closed on the Sabbath. But in any event, there will be a side door yet awhile. When that is closed, there will be a back door. When that is gone, who knows but there will be a subterranean passage to the wine-cup and the decanter?" The day is sure to come—we see the twilight now—when the saloon will be so deep that no pick and spade, of even a Schliemann, shall be able to exhume it. The saloon—that venerable structure of alcoholic style of architecture—is already taking on the look of a useless antique of the palæolithic age.

Take away from the indifferent and sinful masses all the poor whom the intoxicating cup has made poor, all the children whom it has orphaned, all the sorrowing women whom it has converted into "Niobes, all tears," all the vagrants whom it has stripped of home and bread and bed, all the anarchists whose brain it has set

seething and spinning with pictures of the glory of owning nothing and obeying no man, and you will need the lamp of Diogenes to find the few individuals who will be left in alienation from the Christian Church. Let the saloon once take its departure from the American soil, and there will be such a destruction of the separating forces of our population, such a clearing up of the misty atmosphere which leads the employer and the wage-earner to believe that each is the other's foe, such an appreciation by the unevangelized of the beauty and force of Christianity, such a flowing of the multitude into the Christian Churches, that the treasury of every church in the land will be overstrained, to provide even temporary places of worship for the millions who are controlled and absorbed by a new affection. In due time, when once the saloon is gone, and the new currents of beneficence are in full flow, there will be enough gold and vital energy released from bondage to the worm of the still to establish enough churches for all our population, to plant missions on the farthest shores of the farthest seas, and to put the Bible into every hand, in the language of the place, from the rising to the setting sun.

But that happy day of deliverance is not yet here. Perhaps the bright dawn will be upon us by the time the bells ring out the nineteenth century and ring in the twentieth. Meanwhile, we must confront the fact of the disproportion between those who worship with us, and pray and labour for the enlargement of our Lord's kingdom on earth, and the vast multitude who never enter our churches or care for their larger usefulness.

The drift of the city churches is always toward the cleaner, less packed, and the less commercial parts of the city. When the strong church moves away, a weak one is left behind. It seems to need but little care. A scanty allowance is left for it. So much is needed for the new church elsewhere, and it must be so fine, that the old church soon becomes a mere skeleton. Little the people think that for the power to build the new the obligation is due to the old!

In Rome it is never thought of, that because St. Peter's has to be reached by a bridge, and to reach the bridge one must go through dark and filthy streets, therefore St. Peter's must not be thought of as a sanctuary. The mere fact that it is St. Peter's makes it an attraction. In Vienna, St. Stephen's is in the midst of darker and more repellant streets; yet it is never urged against it that it is too far down town, and not in the West End. In Berlin and in Paris the same rule applies. St. Paul's, in London, is surrounded still, as centuries ago, by small shops, while the city stages and cabs run around it, and make a perpetual din on

every side, yet people go from palace and noble residence far away to get to that beautiful temple. St. Margaret's and Westminster are by no means in the midst of fine residences. Yet all these places are visited by the people of every class. Why should we cry that the Churches must follow the people? Who are the people? They do not consist merely of a few. They are also to be found in cellars and garrets, and in the midst of the busiest marts of our cities. Wherever the people are, in our close-packed cities. Let no score or hundred be forgotten, but let God's house be built for all alike, and let the poor man feel that this is his home, and his children's home.

These are the days of doing all things—or pretending to do them—by the omnipotent committee. The links, and not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor. True, there must be an organization, compact, broad of scope, wise as to methods and men. But that is the most efficient organization which makes most effective use of the individual force. The only way to melt the wall of ice between the masses and the Church is for every individual Christian to kindle a fire at its base. Our Lord's example furnishes a practical lesson on the way to deal with the masses. He always fed the hungry multitudes by individual servitors. The most of His parables and precious words were spoken in connection with the casual interlocutor. If the Christian Church observed as much system in its evangelistic methods, in reaching the one house and the one person, as our shrewd politicians do in their methods of reaching the one voter, there would not be a stratum of society which would not soon be reached by the message of the truth.

The whole Christian world now admits that, for work among heathen, women are absolutely necessary. Take the Zenana work from the missionary forces of Protestantism, and a most potent factor is at once cut off. Women are needed at this day and in this land, to aid in the solution of every evil which is upon us. Protestantism has yet to learn from Romanism the full lesson of woman's worth and force in the Church. The Italian masses are learning the Gospel through her as a reader. The ministry of McAll would have lacked one of its greatest charms and most forceful agencies had Mrs. McAll not given her aid. Hundreds of Christian women came to her assistance in trying to rescue the homes of the Parisian *ouvriers*.

Where would the great temperance movement in this land be to-day, but for the might and faith and tears and eloquence of women? If we would reach the masses, we must invoke the aid of women such as Sister Dora or Florence Nightingale, or Octavia

Hill, the angel of the world's improved lodging-house. If we want teaching in the home, tender care of the suffering, wise measures for brightening every slum into a Tabor of the Divine Presence, for searching for the unreached and the unknown, let us say to the multitude of Christian women in our land: "We have kept you back too long from this white harvest-field. In God's name, go; nay, come with us, and help us save the wandering millions."

The general understanding is, that the pastor of a church is the provider of the spiritual food for the entire church. But few pastors are sufficient for the great needs of a large parish. While the Rev. Henry Fairbanks has shown that even in the country not one-half the people attend any church, the great disproportion, after all, is in the cities. Lying off, too remote to touch the hem of the robe of the city church, are the helpless thousands. No pastor can reach them. His pulpit demands nearly all his time, and only in the most general way can he reach the outlying multitudes. Now, there are Christian laymen who can take part of their time—and some can be found to take all their time—in visiting every neglected precinct and home, and in bringing the Gospel to every heart. Our forces are too scattered. Many a city pastor needs twenty men and women to make his ministry effectual to any people whom God has placed in dependence on him.

Were every large city church to utilize the stagnant and dormant forces which it could command, every wilderness would blossom as the rose.

It must be remembered that the outstanding masses, with suspicion toward the Church, if not hostility to it, present no new phenomenon. The Church of Christ, in its most exalted hours, has never been afraid to be in the minority. At no time has it felt the force of the sympathy and strength of the most of the people. It seems a threatening evil now; but that is only because we have turned our eyes toward it, and see, as never before, the overwhelming danger. In the time of the Reformation, it was always the few against the many. In all seasons of revival, after the great ingatherings, it was still only the units against the thousands. There is no ground for present discouragement. They that be for us are more than can be against us. What is the Church for? Is it to drift along gently, and land in a welcoming harbour without struggle with tide and tempest? Christianity, like every great historical movement, has won its way to triumph, security and beneficence, by passing through terrible ordeals. The Church of Christ must develop by slow and severe process. It reaches its rest by sweat of brow and twelve long hours of burn-

ing toil. Nothing strong in truth or magnificent in possession has ever come to the Church by falling, as ripe fruit, into its open hand. All the treasures of God's kingdom on earth have been won like pearls from the depths of the ocean, and gold from the white-heated furnace. The birthplace of the Church was at the foot of a cross. It gained its useful fibre and muscle by the strain of three centuries of flame and torture. Since then, few have been the years when some new burden has not been placed upon it. If the great multitudes swarm on every side of it, without entering it, some speaking foreign tongues, and all without sympathy with the holy institutions of the Church, let us remember that this is no novel picture. We must recognize the divine factor. God is always on the side of His kingdom and the men who love it.

The Church is getting into the firm conviction that the heathen world will be won to Christ. But when shall we be convinced that the Christian world will be won to Christ? We must close God's Word, and lay it aside, or else, with its open pages before us, we must labour on in the full faith that the Church of Christ will conquer in the end. Many of the parables of Christ reveal the fact that with the few who believe and work lies the certain victory. The woman's leaven was small indeed, but it had power to leaven the whole mass. The grain of mustard seed was infinitesimal, but it grew to be the largest of all trees. All the antagonistic forces had no power to resist its growth and spreading branches. The sower let fall his seeds in unfavourable places, but there were some which produced a harvest of thirty, sixty and a hundred fold. The glory of the weak is that before them God has placed His greatest promises. The handful of corn on the top of the mountain produced a forest which shook like Lebanon. The stone which the builders rejected became the chief corner-stone. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." Shall the presence of vast unevangelized multitudes alarm us? Shall their hostility to our holy faith cause us to tremble with dread? No. The whole world was against Paul when, standing before Felix, he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. Yet it was not the prisoner Paul, standing in the minority, but Felix the ruler, who stood with the majority, who was alarmed, and trembled in every fold of his purple robe.

Our spiritual adversaries, who endeavour to hold the multitudes in bondage, are not equal to the spiritual forces of Him who holds the nations in His palm, and who has been saying, and to-day still says, of all His heroic servants, "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

SING, EASTER HERALDS!

THE Lord of life is risen!
Sing, Easter heralds, sing!
He burst His rocky prison,
Wide let the triumph ring.
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking;
Sing, heralds: Jesus lives!

We hear, in Thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won!
O Head of all believing!
O joy of all the grieving!
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

Oh, publish this salvation,
Ye heralds through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail! our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing;
Through Death's dark gloomy prison
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions!
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' kingdom live.

—*Translated from the German of Dr. J. P. Lange.*

EASTER REFLECTIONS.

"HE is not here!" He has left the prison,
That had not a fetter to hold Him fast:
Life of our life, the Lord hath risen;
The night of our bondage is gone at last.
Sing of the love that was strong to save!
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

But think, oh! think, on the Easter morn,
Of the price that the Lord to the utmost paid,
When His cry, "'Tis finished!" afar was borne
To the heavenly heights and the hades' shade;
And swift and glad let thy worship be,
O soul of mine, for He died for thee.

He died for thee, and for thee arose,
With the thorn-prints plain on the kingly brow;
For thee he conquered the last of foes,
And the scars of the battle he weareth now.
Oh! sing of the love that was strong to save!
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

VII.—THINGS THAT TROUBLE.

From his conversation with Martha Thrale, Joe rode home in a thoughtful and despondent mood, for when warning or doubtful speeches hit us hard it is generally because there is some similar doubt or warning in our own breasts. And Joe did feel dissatisfied as to his position and uncertain as to his movements.

At Edith's request he had closed his office in Leeds before their marriage; and though nothing had been said on the subject, he naturally expected to have the charge of the Bradley Manor estate. Also, very naturally, Perkins had no desire to relinquish so profitable a part of his business. So something very like the conversation which Martha Thrale had anticipated had really taken place that morning.

With words of praise for Joe's generous, gay disposition, he had, nevertheless, managed to make Edith feel that this very gaiety and generosity were in opposition to the steady, solid qualities necessary for the welfare of her farms and investments. She was strongly conservative by nature. She preferred the same people and the same methods; she distrusted change of every kind, and she had, perhaps, too high an opinion of her own business tact, and too low an estimate of her husband's. It was Perkins's interest to strengthen both these views, and he did not scruple to administer the amount of flattery and distrust suitable to his policy.

"I hev hed t' entire charge o' Bradley Manor for more years than you hev been in t' world, Mrs. Braithwaite," he said, "and my father hed it before me. There isn't a rood of land I don't know t' full value of; and as for t' leases that are running, and falling in, it is summut like an education to be up wi' them. Mr. Braithwaite is the best o' good men, kind-hearted and generous beyond iverything; but it isn't kindness and generosity that will make Bradley pay. A landlord, or lady, hes to be a bit hard these times to get their money back; and you hev some tenants, ma'am, as would just tak' their awn way wi' Mr Braithwaite, that is, unless you make out to do the business yourself; for I will say that there are varry few lawyers in Yorkshire that could do it better than you, or be a bit more prompt and even-handed in a' their ways."

"If you think Mr. Braithwaite is not able to manage Bradley yet, Perkins, why, then, I shall not try to do what you fear unadvisable for him to attempt. It would be placing my husband in a very peculiar position."

"Naturally."

"So you had better retain your charge for this year at any

rate. During the interval Mr. Braithwaite will have time to become familiar with the tenants and the land."

This appeared to be a fair and thoughtful arrangement both for the estate and the master of it; and Edith explained it to her husband in her very sweetest way. But Joe did not receive the explanation with the gay indifference of a man whose sole business in life was to get rid of trouble and enjoy himself. He grew white with anger. He said very plainly that he thought his wishes in the matter ought to have been consulted, and he added, with some sense of injury, that he did not like his wife taking his business aptitudes at the valuation Joshua Perkins chose to put upon them.

They had had little disagreements before, but when a disagreement includes serious money considerations, as well as a personal slight, it has in it elements of heart-burning not easily soothed. Joe did not again allude to Perkins, and Edith endeavoured to make her interviews with him as unobtrusive as possible, yet both were conscious of the perpetual wrong inflicted by this want of mutual confidence and interest.

However, Joe had naturally a hopeful heart, and his gay temper and fine health combined with it made him turn with readiness, in the main, to the brighter side of his position. He was soon an immense favourite with the gentlemen in his neighbourhood. If there were a county ball, or hunt, or public dinner, or political meeting, Mr. Braithwaite, of Bradley Court, was sure to have the management of the many troublesome details necessary to its success.

And for a little while Edith was pleased and flattered by this social *eclat* and favour. It was a kind of popular endorsement of the wisdom of her marriage. For in her deepest consciousness she was often uneasy on this point.

For a few months, then, she was pleased and flattered by her husband's popularity. It was something to see noblemen ask his advice, and noble ladies defer to his wishes, even on such trivial matters as a hunt dinner or a masquerade. In time, it became the habit of her mind to consider the real source of Joe's honour was that he was the nominal lord of Bradley Manor. She preferred to think Joe drew all from her love, rather than from the approbation of Sir Thomas Wilson or Lady Charlton.

For some weeks Joe had perceived her dissatisfaction. Lady Charlton's notes were tossed aside with contempt, and when the Baron called for Joe's opinion or Joe's company she did not, as at first, array herself splendidly and charm the nobleman with her delicate hospitality and gracious kindness. But in the middle of the winter festivities she spoke to Joe very plainly on the subject. They were sitting at breakfast, and he handed her a note from Charlton Castle. Sir William was going to dine at the Coursing Club, and of course the dinner would be incomplete without Mr. Braithwaite, and Lady Charlton besought his advice in reference to the ball which was to close the entertainment, etc. There was

also a charming note to Edith, but this morning it was received with even more than her late indifference.

"You will go, Edith?"

"No, I shall not go. They simply ask me in order to secure your services. Lady Charlton was barely civil to me at their last dinner party."

"Really, Edith, I thought it was you who were barely civil."

"Joe, let us understand each other on this subject. I think you have been an unpaid steward for every one's entertainments quite long enough. If our acceptance in county society depends upon your being a kind of lackey to Lady Wilson and Lady Charlton, I think we had better retire from so humiliating a position."

"Certainly, if that is the way you look at it, retire at once. But I want you to know, Edith, that nothing could induce me to lackey any lady in the sense you seem to infer."

His cup was in his hand; he set it down with a little temper, and rose from the table, though the meal was not finished. Edith glanced into his white, angry face, and added in her most deliberate way: "There is great need of our economizing. There are two leases out, and Perkins says the farms will have to be re-let for a much smaller sum. The stables require at least £100 spent upon them, and all the fencing on Croftlands needs painting, as you have probably noticed."

"I have not noticed Croftlands at all."

"You might have done so, I think."

"But why? It is not my place. You pay Perkins to use his eyes."

"You could use yours also; the best paid service will bear looking after."

"Edith, if I am not able to manage your property I will not be spy upon a man whom you affect to trust. If I were in Perkins's place, would you set Perkins to look after my work? But it is not Perkins, but Lady Charlton, that I am interested in at present. Will you go to Charlton on the 18th or not?"

"Since you put it in that form, I say most decidedly I shall not go."

"Then, of course, I also shall refuse."

"Your refusal can be no real loss to you. Chasing a poor trembling hare to its death, or making a complimentary speech at a dinner, or even ordering a cotillon, are very poor pleasures, I should think, when they become a kind of steady business."

"You never spoke any truer words, Edith," and he walked to the window and looked gloomily into the white park, with its sombre beauty of leafless trees and unbroken snow. Will it be believed that he was remembering at that moment, with a genuine regret, the great mill at Market Bevin, and longing for the stir of its traffic and the stimulating tumult of its looms and hands?

"Chasing a hare, making a speech, ordering a cotillon," the words left an echo in his ear and in his heart which would not die. He felt a shame that stung him like a whip, and he wanted to bear it in solitude.

"I am going to drive over to Leeds," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"What are you going to Leeds for?"

"I want to go. I really have no other motive."

"You want to see that old woman who lives there."

"If you mean Aunt Martha, I suppose I do want to see her. I have not called upon her since Christmas."

"Then you need do nothing for me. I shall not mix my affairs up with her in any way. By all means make her paramount.

It was not a very pleasant concession to his desire, but that morning Joe did not mind it much. A sudden disgust for his aimless, useless life had fallen upon him. When he found himself in Martha Thrale's home the feeling deepened. Her house was full of boarders. The comfort of a great many people was in busy hands. But she was very cheerful amid her pleasant cares, and quite proud of the handsome profit she was making. Perhaps her life interests were not great, but they sufficed her, and she really looked happier than the fortunate bridegroom of twelve months ago.

She spread Joe a little lunch, and then sat watching as he trifled with his knife and fork. "Why, Joe, thou doesn't eat. What's t' matter wi' thee? And thou doesn't look well. Try and eat a bit, my lad."

"I am not hungry, Aunt Martha; and I'm a bit worried beside."

"Now then, Joe, if t' worry is about Edith Braithwaite don't tell me. I hevn't a word to say between a man and his wife."

"It is not about Edith. It is about work."

"Work! Now thou caps me! Whativer hes thou to do?"

"That is the trouble. I have nothing to do. I am wearied to death for want of work. Going to hunts and dinners and balls isn't work. I don't know how men manage to spend all their seventy-five years amusing themselves."

"Ay, lad; and at t' end they'll hev to account for t' time. God isn't going to take this for a good bill o' reckoning—*Item*: 'Spent upon my awn pleasures a' my life long.'"

"I am tired of living for amusement, Aunt Martha: I am ashamed of it."

"Well, then, it is t' best news I hev heard o' thee for a long time. What is ta going to do? Thinking isn't much use. What is ta going to *do?*"

"I do not know."

"Then try and find out. Isn't thy awn business good enough for thee?"

"I spoke once about it, but Edith will not hear tell of such a thing. I should have to begin in Leeds again; there is no nearer place. I did not succeed before, what hope is there for me now? Every one would say, his own wife does not trust him with her affairs, how can we trust him?"

"Isn't ta going to manage Bradley Manor, next year?"

"I shall not ask for it; and Perkins has succeeded in making Edith believe it will be ruin for any one but himself to manage it. You see, Perkins's father had it in his hands before Bradley bought the place. And Edith dreads change. If Bradley were in my care I should have a hard time, I think. She would be fearful of all I did, and perhaps going quietly to Perkins for advice. You can see how it would be likely to make trouble between us. That is the reason I do not urge my right to control it. Edith has a very poor opinion of my business ability; perhaps she is right, aunt. I am a bit of a failure so far, I think."

"Thou art nowt of t' sort. Thou hes been in t' wrong road, and doing t' wrong work, and nobody can mak' wrong come out right. Thou hesn't either t' head or t' heart fit for one. Can ta talk out o' both sides o' thy mouth like Tom Halifax can? Can ta bamboozle folks as Perkins can, till they aren't sure whether they can add two and two together unless he shows 'em t' way to do it?"

"Very well; if I am not a lawyer, what am I?"

"I suppose thou art what folks call a gentleman at present. But I don't think that is what thou hes a taste for. Thou wer' meant to be a man, and do a man's work. Thy brains are spinning brains, and thy hands are spinning hands, and thou sud be in Bevin Mill this varry minute. Why-a! when thou was but ten years old thou tried to mak' a loom, and as for dyeing yarns, thou kept me in a mortal fright wi' thy experiments when ta was learning chemistry."

"Yet you wanted me to be preacher?"

"Ay, but that's a different thing, Each man hes a talent for one special kind o' handy work; but ivery man ought to hev a talent for serving God."

"And when I said I would not go to the mill, you said I was right, and stood by me."

"For sure I did; and I'm not t' first woman that iver set her temper above her reason. I sud hev hed sense enough to put things on their right footing. I sud hev reasoned t' matter out like this: Amos Braithwaite is aggravatingly masterful, and Joe is going against him just because he is determined to show he'll hev some o' his awn way. Going to t' mill was t' biggest thing thou could cross thy father in, and young men of twenty-two like to feel their liberty to mak' or mar their life as it pleases them. And I wer' a bit tired mysen o' thy father's hectoring, and when ta said thou wouldn't go to t' mill, I wer' bound to stand by thee, right or wrong."

"But you thought I was right?"

"Sometimes I thought thou was right, sometimes I feared thou was wrong. And a few months ago I met Tony Warps and John Thomas Mason, thy old companions, and they told me that thou hed allays said to them thou wert going into Bevin Mill; and they reckoned it took t' breath from them with surprise when they

heard o' thee taking up wi' the law business. So ta sees I hev been putting this and that together, and I hev come to t' conclusion that t' law wer' just a suggestion of t' devil's that night when thee and thy father were quarrelling"

"Well, it is past remedy now."

"I don't think so at all. At t' last end a man can allays go in for politics and parliament. I sud think law and politics be finger and thumb. But I'll tell thee what, Joe, thou isn't made for running wi' dogs, nor dawdling after ladies; no, nor even for carrying Mrs. Braithwaite's purse and looking after her fences. Thou hes thy awn work to do. And now that thou art sick o' playing t' fine gentleman, I think thou will do it."

"If I only knew what my work was!"

"Look about thee. Don't tak' t' first thought that comes into thy head. First thoughts are mostly foolish ones. If thy temper would hev let thee hold thy tongue that night thou said thou would be a lawyer, thy second thought wouldn't hev made a fool of thee."

"But every day is of importance to me now."

"Ay, thou art right in a general way. Every day is a little life, my lad. Old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses asked God to teach him t' same kind of arithmetic to number, not his years, but his days. Joe, thou will do well yet. I hev heart trust in thee. But don't thee forget among bigger things to eat thy meat and tak' thy sleep. Grandest plans that were iver made hang a good deal on eating and sleeping. Thou hasn't eat any thing worth speaking of."

I was not hungry, Aunt Martha; and I sleep well enough. I am not one to let day's worry drive away night's sleep."

"Thou would be a fool if ta did. Any man lives miserable that lies down at night like a camel under his burden. Is ta going? Well, God bless thee! And after all, Joe, t' varry best advice I hev for thee is, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' and if He directs thy path, then, my dear lad, thou will be well provided for both worlds."

VIII.—LIFE AT BRADLEY COURT.

Joe's aspirations were yet vague and unformed. Only one point was determinate in his mind—his independence.

He foresaw, even thus early, that if he continued a passive sharer of Edith's wealth she would learn to regard him with something very like contempt. He did not blame her much. He felt that in their case the natural order of reliance had been reversed. When they were lovers this condition had been invested with a certain glamour. Edith was then in a royal mood. All she had was too little for Joe's deserts; besides, for there is generally a weak spot in our grandest resignations, she did not think it likely that Joe's father would be long at variance

with his only child. And she had heard of the wealth of Amos Braithwaite. At the end, she felt assured, she would have done very well for herself.

The attitude Amos took at their marriage was a disappointment to her; but in the honeymoon days it was a circumstance to be treated lightly, and even hopefully. She still expected some wonder of forgiveness and generosity from her husband's father. She thought any reasonable man would look over the offence of a son who had brought him so desirable a daughter-in-law.

But as week after week went by, her feeling toward Amos became an actively angry one. She considered herself insulted by his attitude. She began to fear that the threat of Joe's disinheritance was one the old man meant to carry out. And whenever she had any small losses, or was fretted about money matters, she made little speeches of spite and disappointment about him.

Joe would not listen to them. In spite of their foolish quarrel, he had a strong affection for his father. Also he looked at the quarrel from a man's standpoint. Women threaten the greatest extremities, and forget every threat in the concession they want. But Joe expected his father to do precisely as he had declared he would do. He would have been quite as much astonished as pleased if Amos had "backed out" of the position he had taken. And Edith had frequently been told so, only a woman's desire is her conviction. So, in spite of Joe's assurances, she persisted in believing that the dispute between father and son was a passing affair. She urged him to try and meet his father, and to give him an opportunity to see and to speak to him.

"You could pass him between here and Leeds any market day, and you ought to try to do so, Joe," she urged. "I am sure all that is needed for a reconciliation is an interview."

"I don't think so, Edith. If I happened to meet father when he was in a certain temper, he would pass me without a look; and if he did it once, he would never retreat from that attitude. I don't want to bring things to such a plight between us. It is better not to force events. And I could not deceive father. He would know it was not an accidental meeting, and if he spoke at all it would probably be to ask me what I was dogging him round for."

"He must be a brute."

"No, he is not a brute. He is a stubborn man who thinks a deal of his word. He would stand to it though it meant ruin to him. There are plenty of men like him. I don't know but in his place I should do the same. And it's a capital thing to feel certain where you have a man, even though he is dead set against you."

The tendency of such conversations was to gradually increase the plainness and the temper of their remarks; and Joe felt all the bitterness of a wrangle which touched lives so close to him, and which, unfortunately, seemed to spring from his peculiar attitude to both.

Yet his situation was so fenced in by social bonds and obligations, by uncertainties of various kinds, by restricted outlets, and want of ready money, that the way into life's larger lists was hard to find.

The summer months passed away, and he could do nothing. Edith was in ill-health; she went to Moffat and Matlock, and she would go nowhere without Joe. But even amid the idlers and pleasure-seekers around him, a steady purpose was hourly growing in the young husband's heart. Vague as the first sprouts of some unknown plant it might be; but there was life in it, and the intent of perfect growth.

In this position the avenues leading to independence were not very many; but the most impracticable of them found a calm, favourable welcome in Joe's consciousness. There was, as Martha Thrale had suggested, politics. He could, doubtless, make a good run for parliament, but even in that effort he would be between the horns of a dilemma. Edith was an intense Conservative. Amos was an intense Radical. He could not employ his wife's money against her own party and prejudices. And, though Perkins made him understand that money would be forthcoming if he took the Radical side, Joe did not like the idea of an election quarrel on his own hearthstone.

He thought of a commission in the army. He thought of borrowing money and building a mill. He thought, in a furtive and frightened way, of California, Australia, Canada, India. Edith would have been shocked if she could have divined what sombre speculations made her husband so quiet among the crowds at Moffat or in his own rooms at Bradley.

The next winter was a wretchedly dull one to him. He had withdrawn from the hunts and clubs and dinner parties of the previous season. Edith had counted up their cost with ugly knittings of her black, handsome brows, and Joe had no mind for festivities which she would neither share nor approve, and which were likely to be preceded and followed by domestic disputes.

But as Nature sets herself instantly to repair any wounded part of the body, so some higher Power, if we would but notice it, speedily turns our mistakes this side and that side, until good can be wrought from some of their phases. The days were interminable to Joe, so he took to study. Chemistry had always fascinated him; he fitted up a small laboratory, and soon forgot everything in the charm of his experiments and hoped-for discoveries. It is true, they were usually futile and disappointing, as well as expensive, but hope sprang from every failure, and Edith had sense enough to understand that these things were far more economical than any other sources of recreation open to bored and wearied men.

As for herself, she felt no *ennui*. Independent of the charge which she shared with Perkins, she had her house and her conservatory, her toilet and her visitors, her embroidery, and her stated charities, besides a very large family of pet animals and

birds. Her days were too short for all the small cares that filled them. And these she would gladly have shared with Joe, but to him they were insignificant and uninteresting. How could a man on the verge of discovering a new colour feel an ardent pleasure in the curls of a pup or the right shades of green for a worsted parrot?

The early part of the third year of their marriage was brightened by an event which for a time merged all interests in itself. Edith had a son, and it seemed as if the whole neighbourhood was delighted to rejoice with Bradley Court. The young mother and the beautiful boy enjoyed for a few weeks a prominence very pleasant to Edith, and for the time she considered herself an exceptionally happy woman.

But however proud and fond Joe was of his firstborn son, the babe could not fill his life in the same way as it filled the mother's life. Its advent had softened his heart, and made him think a great deal of his own father, but in few weeks he went back with a fresh delight to his books and retorts. Even for the child's sake he did not wish to be a mere idler and looker-on among the world's workers.

Fully to his own heart, and partly to Martha Thrale, he had admitted the mistake made upon that unhappy night when he flung away his father's love and his fine inheritance for the gratification of his personal pride and self-will. But the fit of inaction and despair which usually follows such awakenings was a short one in Joe's case. He was not disposed to look upon his mistake as an irrevocable one. He had been twice on the verge of a discovery which promised him at least the foundation of a fortune; and he was one of those men who can dog after an idea with a patience that is almost genius.

Now and then there were days in which Edith expressed a little interest in his studies and efforts, and then he was full of enthusiasm; but more often she was scornful at his failures or fretted by their waste and inutility.

The neighbours with whom Joe had been such a favourite talked over the change in him with a tolerant contempt. "He is a born tradesman, with mechanical aptitudes," they said. "He has gone naturally to the dyeing vats, and will eventually go back to the looms."

One morning, when the child was four months old, Edith said, "The bishop is to be here in a month; suppose we christen the baby at this invitation."

"I think it would be a very good thing to do. The little chap ought to be made a Christian as soon as possible."

"I shall send to London for a robe for him. And we must have a dinner to honour the event. About the name now."

"Yes, about the name."

"I think he ought to be called after my father."

"Why so?"

"Well, he will be heir to all father made."

"I hope I may also be able to make something for him."

"Out of jars and retorts?"

"Don't be scornful, Edith. Many a retort has left a fine residuum of gold at the bottom."

"I say he ought to be called Luke."

"I would rather you chose any other name."

"Why?"

"A man who bore that name did my father a great many wrongs. I am sure he would regard our giving it to the child as an insult to himself."

"Ridiculous! Do you wish him called Amos?"

"It might be a good thing to call him Amos, but I will not ask such a favour as that of you. I only stipulate not to call the boy Luke. Any other name will do."

"I have made up my mind to call him Luke."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Edith, but I will not allow my son to bear that name."

He spoke with a decision that made Edith look with wonder at him, and the set calmness of his face irritated her. She reiterated her resolve with much warmth, "I shall certainly call him Luke."

"Then I shall certainly contradict, even at the altar, any godfather who gives him that name. I hope you will spare yourself, and me, such a scene in church; and also consider what an unpleasant event it would be to remember against the child."

"You durst not do such a thing."

"Do not trust to that opinion, Edith. I solemnly assure you that I will contradict the sponsor, whoever he may be, that calls my son Luke."

"If he is not to be called Luke, I will not have him christened at all."

"As you please. There are scores of good English names. Why need you select the only one that will give pain and offence?"

"Luke was my dear dead father's name."

"By calling our son Luke you can not please his dead grandfather, and you will surely trouble and anger his living grandfather. Choose any other name and I will agree to it."

"He shall be Luke, christened or unchristened."

"He shall at least not be christened Luke. That I can and will prevent."

Then he turned to his books, and Edith left the room with a determination to carry her point. But a little reflection convinced her that Joe in this case was not to be trifled with. She had seen him in the same mood several times, and she had never known him to recede a letter from the text of his threat. She did not wish to bring their private quarrel to an issue before the clergy and the congregation, so the christening of the child was indefinitely put off.

But this dispute saddened Joe beyond all former ones. It was evident to him that the mistake made in his life had the power to project itself throughout it, and blight all his sweetest and most personal joys. He suddenly felt an invincible distaste for his study and his work. He saw that there was no redeeming power in it.

For three weeks he was very miserable—miserable because he felt so hopeless. And three weeks looks a dreary time to a soul without hope or purpose, though he who shapes the destinies of men for eternity makes these painful pauses in life no longer, doubtless, than is absolutely necessary to enable the dead hopes to bury their dead, and animate the living ones to some newer and better purpose.

At any rate, at the end of three weeks a reaction came. He was sitting in his laboratory, but he was not working. He had not kindled a light for many days. He was telling himself that he was still stumbling on a wrong road. "At the best I have but blundered upon a few facts that are useless without the connecting links; well, then, Joe Braithwaite, try again! You must go back to your father, sir, rather than be beat."

When he had reached this resolution Edith entered. She had an open letter in her hand, and she looked so handsome and had such a grand way with her that Joe could not help noticing and admiring her beauty. "How much I could have loved her," he thought, "if I had been the owner of Bradley Manor, and she had had nothing but her love and her beauty to give me."

Her first words, however, had in them that unfortunate pleasantry which always irritated Joe.

"I am come as a client, Mr. Braithwaite, if you have not forgotten your law, and have time to attend to my case."

"Don't chaff me, Edith, you know I have plenty of time. I have nothing else but time. Sit down. I shall be glad if I can do you any real service."

They sat down together with a dreary politeness. Edith thought she had been snubbed. Joe had an equally unpleasant feeling. Then Edith touched the letter, and said, "It is from Sykes, of Manchester. He offers to buy the house I own there. He says he will give me £10,000 for it. What do you think of the offer?"

"If the house is worth £10,000 to him it is very probably worth more to you. Have you asked Perkins?"

"Perkins is in London. Sykes urges an immediate answer. Will you go to Manchester and see about it?" I don't like trifling with Sykes at a distance. When he is on the spot he has us at an unfair disadvantage."

"Yes, I will go, if you wish it."

"You will get all the papers relating to the property at Perkins's office; and if you want any advice—"

"I don't want any advice. I know my business as well as most lawyers do."

"Of course. Then you will go to-morrow morning?"

"I will get the papers, and leave for Manchester to-morrow morning."

HOW HONEST MUNCHIN SAVED THE METHODISTS.

JOHN WESLEY AT WEDNESBURY.

A CENTURY ago there stood in a retired spot, within a stone's-throw of the High Bullen, at Wednesbury, an antiquated hostelry, known as the "Cockfighters' Arms," a great resort of the "cocking" fraternity, for whose exploits Wednesbury was so famous in the days of auld lang syne. Here, after the excitement of the cock-pit, gamesters resorted to discuss the merits of their favourite birds, and to adjust the stakes they had severally lost or won. Here, too, were settled, amidst plentiful potations of spiced ale, programmes of future encounters. The exterior of the house was dingy enough. The windows were dark and heavy, the low, old-fashioned porch was rapidly dissolving partnership with the main building, and the overhanging signboard—on which a brace of fighting birds in grievous art had long since melted into love, and become ethereal as to colour—creaked dismally in response to every gust of wind. Few sober-minded folk cared to cross the threshold of the "Arms;" for Nancy Neale, the hostess, was an Amazon whose salutation only the initiated had the courage to encounter.

On a dull autumn evening, about the middle of the last century, a group of topers, well-known members of the "fraternity," sat around Nancy's broad oaken table, discussing the prospects of their favourite pastime.

"I'll tell thee what, lads," observed a corpulent, bull-necked fellow, pet-named the "Game Chicken," out of compliment to his prowess, "if we don't put a stop to these ranting Methodys, as goes about preachin' and prayin', there'll be no sportsmen left us by-and-by."

"That's well said, Chicken," chimed in another inveterate cocker, "Hosey" by name, as he lifted a huge pewter pot to his lips.

"Why," resumed Chicken, "just look what they've done for Honest Munchin! Whoever could ha' thought it? As game a chap was Munchin as ever handled a bird, an' a pluckier cove to bet I never see."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the company, in a chorus of assent.

"But, la!" continued the first speaker, "jist behold him now, as funky as a turtle-dove, an' I b'lieve if he wor to see a cock die he'd want his pocket-handkercher to wipe his eyes."

A roar of laughter, which greeted this sarcastic hit, encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"Well, I was agoin' to say, lads, as this John Wesley, as they calls him, is a-comin' to-morrow to preach agin Francis Ward's house, and we oughter show him what sort o' blood there is in Wedgebury. What say you, Mr. Moseley?"

The person thus appealed to, although of superior mental training to any of his pot companions, was an inveterate gamester, and his air of shabby gentility intimated a luckless career. He had, indeed, had such a run of misfortune that a fine estate, which he had inherited on the borders of Wednesfield, was so hopelessly encumbered, and so stricken with poverty, as to be popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of "Fighting Cock's Hall."

"Here," said the gamester, raising his fishy eyes and leering like an ogre, "here is a crown-piece, the last I have left, to buy a basket of stale eggs. Chicken 'll know what to do with 'em."

"Aye, aye!" chimed in Nancy, who stood with folded arms against the door, "an' I'll give another, for these Methodys is for closing every tavern in Wedgebury, according to Munchin's talk; but we'll show um what stuff we're made on, won't we, Chicken?"

At this unexampled sacrifice for the cause of cocking and tippling the applause became uproarious, and by general consent Mr. Wesley was to have such a reception on the morrow as would convince him that 'Wedgebury blood was game." So inspiriting became this lively theme that the morning sky was flushed with the red streaks of dawn before the revellers brought their orgies to a close.

On the afternoon following, the alley leading to the "Arms" was filled by a crowd of roysterers, headed by the Chicken and his *confrères* of the night before. The enthusiasm of the mob in their denunciation of the Methodists was heightened by sundry jugs of ale, liberally dispensed by Nancy. The multitude was

composed of the lowest class of labourers, not a few of them being armed with sticks and staves. As the starting-time drew near, such eggs of the required antiquity as had been procured were distributed among the noisy multitude, the excitement rose yet higher, and at length vented itself in a song, common at that period, of which the refrain was—

> "Mr. Wesley's come to town
> To try and pull the churches down."

The preliminaries being now all settled, the throng, at a given signal from the Game Chicken who led them, started on their evil errand. Marching through the High Bullen, on which the gory evidence of a recent bull-bait was still visible, they approached the modest-looking homestead of Francis Ward. As they neared the spot they found a vast assemblage of men, women and children gathered round a venerable-looking man who was preaching to them in the open air. The preacher was John Wesley. His silver locks were waving in the breeze; his eye glanced kindly on all around him; and his voice, distinct and clear, was pleading, as for dear life, firmly yet tenderly, with the assembled crowd, not a few of whom were melted into tears. On either side of the great evangelist stood Honest Munchin and Francis Ward. The former drew Wesley's attention to the advancing mob, and the preacher, suddenly raising his voice, and gazing earnestly at his assailants, said, "My good friends, why is it that you wish to raise a rout and a riot? If I have injured any man, tell me. If I have spoken ill of any, I am here to answer. I am come on an errand of peace, and not of warfare. Lay 'down your weapons. I am all unarmed. I want to tell you something worth the hearing. Will you listen?"

All eyes were turned to the Chicken, who for a moment seemed abashed, and hesitated to give the word of command, but urged on by the jeers of his comrades, he gave the signal, and in a moment the frantic mob sent a volley of unfragrant missiles at the preacher and his supporters; and breaking through the ranks of the worshippers they rushed toward the temporary platform, overturned it, smashed the tables and chairs, hurling the fragments in all directions, and pursued Mr. Wesley (who had found refuge at Ward's house) with such violence as to endanger the safety of that domicile, and it was not until the preacher had quietly surrendered himself that they were in any degree restored to peace

Making his appearance, with Ward and Munchin, at the door, Mr. Wesley asked what it was they wanted with him.

"You maun come along to the justice," roared the rabble in reply; and the echo was taken up again and again: "The justice! the justice!" Such few of Mr. Wesley's adherents as had the courage to stand by him in this peril now flocked round him, and after a short conference with Ward, the preacher expressed his readiness to accompany the mob.

The justice to whom it was decided to convey Mr. Wesley was the Squire of Bentley, Lane by name, and a descendant of the famous Colonel Lane who concealed and otherwise befriended the luckless King Charles II., during his romantic game of "hide and seek" with the Roundheads. It was quite dusk when the evangelist and his persecutors left Wednesbury on this strange pilgrimage. Munchin, Ward, and about a dozen other staunch Methodists, including three or four women in Quaker-like bonnets, were all the body-guard Mr. Wesley had against the menacing mob of ruffians numbering threescore. Resistance was perfectly useless, and Munchin's remonstrances with his former companions, though often urged, were received with scoffs and jeers. In this extremity, without consulting Mr. Wesley, and confiding his secret only to one or two confederates, Munchin devised a scheme to dampen the courage of the ringleaders of the fierce and insolent mob. During a short pause at Darlaston, ordered by Chicken, that he might quench his burning thirst for alcohol, Munchin was enabled to arrange the preliminaries of his ingenious device. After the lapse of a few minutes, the Chicken, who had evidently made the most of his time, came staggering down the steps of the White Lion, and the march was resumed. The night grew darker, a drizzling rain began to fall, and not a few of the mob, whose spirits had been damped, here turned back, but the rest quickened their pace toward Bentley.*

In due time the pretty little village of Bentley was reached, and the crowd paced expectantly up the long avenue leading to the hall. Mr. Lane and his family, who kept good hours, had retired to rest, and were annoyed not a little at such an intrusion

* The idea of going to the "justice" was a very natural one to the mob, since several summonses had already been issued against Mr. Wesley in various parts of the country, and divers rewards were offered to any one who could procure his conviction. The following is the text of one of the "justices' papers" issued about this period:—

"STAFFORDSHIRE.

"To all high constables, petty constables, and others of His Majesty's peace officers within the said county.

"Whereas we, His Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots to the

on their repose. Appearing at the window in undress, Mr. Lane shouted—

"What means all this—eh? get about your business."

"An' please your worship," answered the Chicken, "we've got Mr. Wesley here, wot's bin a prayin' an' a psalm singing at Wedgebury yonder, an' makin' a disturbance on the king's highway, an' please your worship, what would you advise us to do?"

"To go home quietly," rejoined the justice, "an' get to bed," with which judicial advice he fastened the window, and put an end to the conference.

At this unexpected rebuff the crowd grew clamorous, and were only silenced by the voice of Chicken, which bade them proceed with Mr. Wesley to Walsall, where a justice of late hours might be found, adding that he and his lieutenants would be with them presently. The crowd, on hearing this, began slowly to retrace their steps down the gravel path, while Chicken, with two or three confidential comrades, sought to obtain another interview with the justice, thinking that when the mob had departed he might plead with his worship more successfully. Munchin, who was an attentive witness to this arrangement, withdrew unseen from Mr. Wesley's side, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the dark beeches which skirted the hall. The Chicken tried in vain to rouse the somniferous justice a second time, and after trying the strength of his lungs and his patience until the case was hopeless, he went cursing and muttering away. Arm in arm, he and his three companions pursued the path taken by their confederates on before, with as quick a step as their previous libations would allow. The night was dark and still. Only the distant murmur of the onward mob disturbed the prevailing calm, save a faint breeze from westward which bore the silvery chimes of a distant church tower.

"That's ten by Will'nall clock, Chicken," remarked one of the group.

Chicken made no answer, but was felt to be trembling from

great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our lord the King;

"These are in His Majesty's name to command you, and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us, His Majesty's justices of the peace, to be examined according to their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of October, 1743.

"(Signed) J. Lane.

"W. Pershouse."

head to foot. At length he said with a spasmodic effort, pointing to the beeches—

"O gracious heavens! what's that?"

The other three turned their eyes in a moment to the spot, and saw in the dark shadow of the trees a tall figure clothed in white, slowly advancing toward them. The four men then fell instinctively on their knees, and probably for the first time in their lives stammered out a prayer.

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" gasped the Chicken, and the others repeated the cry.

Still the figure slowly advanced, and their terror increased a thousandfold. They grew speechless and motionless. When within a few yards of them, the spectre paused, and lifting an arm beneath its snow-white shroud, it said, in a voice sepulchral, calling the Chicken by his real name—

"Dan Richards, is that you who art become a persecutor of God's saints?"

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" again groaned the Chicken with a violent effort, and fell back in a swoon.

"Amen!" gasped his terrified comrades, in convulsive chorus.

The vision slowly disappeared without further parley, and the three men managed as well as they were able to restore their helpless leader. When he was at length able to walk, the four started as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow in the direction of Wednesbury, resolved on leaving the mob to fare as best they may.

"What a fearsome sight we've seen!" groaned the Chicken at intervals. "It will haunt me to my dying day."

"Cheer up, comrade; doant turn coward," urged his companions, who in truth were as fearful as their leader, starting at every object that they met along their dark and silent way.

Meanwhile, the mob had conveyed Mr. Wesley to Walsall, and as they were just ascending the hill leading into the town, Honest Munchin, to the glad surprise of his friends, who had not seen him since they left Bentley, again joined them. But Munchin kept the ghost affair a secret, save to the two or three already initiated; and carried the white sheet unperceived beneath his arm, rejoicing that his knowledge of the superstitious fear of the Chicken and his companions had supplied him with an effectual means of victory over them.

On arriving at Walsall, no justice was to be found at home, and the mob, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, seemed half resolved to let their captives free; but urged on by a boisterous company just emerging from the cock-pit, who came flocking round, they commenced an uproar, a picture of which shall be given in Mr. Wesley's own words:—"Many endeavoured to throw

me down, well judging that if once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more, but I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, until I was entirely out of their hands. Although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all, only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was but half torn off. A lusty man struck at me several times with a large oaken stick, with which one blow at the back of my head would have saved him all further trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how. Another raised his hand to strike, but let it drop, only stroking my head, exclaiming, 'What soft hair he has!' A poor woman of Darlaston, who had sworn that none should touch me, was knocked down and beaten, and would have been further ill-treated, had not a man called to them, 'Hold, Tom, hold!' 'Who's there?' asked Tom. 'What, Honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go.'"

The crowd now grew more furious, and stones and sticks were brought into such plentiful use that Wesley and his few brave followers were in the utmost peril, when suddenly the Chicken and his three companions, who had retraced their steps, being conscience-stricken, appeared upon the scene once more.

"Hold! I say," roared the Chicken. "No more o' this, hold there!"

The voice was at once recognized, and produced an instant truce to battle.

Advancing to Mr. Wesley's side, the Chicken, who was deadly pale, shouted to his bewildered followers, "Now, lads, look ye here! the first as lays a finger on this gen'leman an' his friend, shall feel the weight o' this staff, I promise yer. We've all been a-doin' the devil's work this day." Then turning to Mr. Wesley, he shook hands with him, and begged his forgiveness, and also grasped Munchin's fist with all the ardour of bygone years, little dreaming, however, that he was thus paying court to the veritable ghost he had seen at Bentley.

The influence of the Chicken's determined action was all powerful. The uproar ceased. The mob, dispersing, wended homewards, and Mr. Wesley was conducted to a place of refuge. Never after were the Methodists troubled by the Chicken or his friends; but Munchin kept the ghostly stratagem almost wholly to himself, as a weapon of defence to be used whenever future occasion might require it. It never was required, and never will be now, and so I have not scrupled to disclose the secret of a hundred years, and to make known how Honest Munchin saved the Methodists.—*Methodist Recorder.*

EASTER READINGS.

NATURE'S EASTER.

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Vales and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted—
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of finger, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE RISEN LORD.

"He is risen as He said," was the announcement of the angels to the women who came "very early in the morning" to the sepulchre. This being so, the Lord's divinity is established. It is only a divine being who can raise himself from the grave. We have then a divine Saviour. Jesus Christ is God. And it is a divine Saviour whom we need. No merely human Saviour, though the highest and best of human kind, will suffice. So one thing secured to us by our Lord's resurrection is the proof of His divinity, and hence of His sufficiency as a Saviour. As the season with emphasis turns our thought to this fact, our faith is reconfirmed. We join the chorus of gladness that shouts around the world—"The Lord is risen!"—and our faith reposes with new confidence in the thought that our Saviour is divine.

Further, we have anew called to our attention the fact that there is to be for us a resurrection. "Because He lives we shall live also." Death is not to end our being. The tomb in the garden standing open and empty is to us a foretokening of other graves with their long-mouldering dust that by-and-by shall be empty—our own among them. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Even our bodies, the mortal swallowed up of life, shall be raised from the darkness and the corruption of death into a glorious and beautiful immortality.

So our Lord's resurrection brings to us, for ourselves and for those our hearts hold dear, the assurance that, sleeping in Him, He will bring us with Him in triumph and joy when He comes,

"with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God," on the great resurrection morning. Trusting in the Lord, while there may be then the natural shrinking from death almost inseparable from our humanity, there need be, there will be, no overmastering fear. Nay, rather, there may be triumph. Instead of shrinking from death, we may welcome him as the messenger who is sent to take us to the presence of the King. Instead of hopeless mourning over friends who go from us, we may rejoice that they go into immortal blessedness, and that by-and-by we shall join them where partings never come.

These things we know, but it is the privilege of the time to refresh our minds with the renewed assurance of them. May we receive comfort, hope, courage, as we meditate upon the risen Lord!

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Our sainted dead are alive evermore! Death is swallowed up in victory—the grave is conquered—and heaven comes to our thought with friendlier familiarity. This is more than sentiment; it is inspiration. It is strength that can carry the load of life; it is enthusiasm that makes sorrow itself a sacrament. The sainted dead come to us in many a holy vision—

> Not to dwarf us by their stature
> But to show
> To what bigness we may grow.

"I heard a great voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." We know that such a voice can be heard from heaven only, for such music slumbers not in the harps of earth. We need resurrection to complete birth. The resurrection is an instinct as well as a doctrine. Birth without resurrection is most palpable cruelty. Then should we say—this God began to build and was not able to finish! We need not argue immortality—it is enough to feel it. Death itself is the best teacher of immortality. It makes immortality possible; it makes immortality necessary.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

POWER OF THE ATONEMENT.

"We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, as, in his last moments, he began to count up the grounds of his confidence on the brink of the invisible world. Here was a mind unusually contemplative and profound, that had made the spiritual world its home, as it were, for many long years of theological study and reflection; that in its tone and temper

seemed to be prepared to pass over into the supernatural realm without any misgivings or apprehensions; that had mused long and speculated subtly upon the nature of moral evil; that had sounded the depths of reason and revelation with no short plummet line—here was a man who, now that death had actually come, and the responsible human will must now encounter holy justice face to face, found that nothing but the blood, the atonement of Jesus Christ, could calm the perturbations of his planet-like spirit. The errors and inadequate statements of his theological system, which cluster mostly about this very doctrine of expiation, are tacitly renounced in the implied confession of guiltiness and need of atonement contained in these few simple words: "We have the blood of Christ."

It is related that Bishop Butler, in his last days, drawing nearer to that dread tribunal where the highest and the lowest must alike stand in judgment, trembled in spirit, and turned this way and that for tranquillity of conscience. One of his clergy, among other texts, quoted to him the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." A flush of peace and joy passed, like the bland west wind, through his fevered conscience as he made answer: "I have read those words a thousand times, but I never felt their meaning as now."—*Rev. Dr. W. G. F. Shedd.*

"I AM THE RESURRECTION."

Not only did Christ gain the victory over death for Himself, but for all those also who believe in Him. He clearly declared to His apostles that He had the power to raise Himself and others. He said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." He makes it clear that He is the power of our resurrection. We are comforted, therefore, to know that our faith in Christ secures us the power over death and the grave. How disconsolate we would be were this fact not so clearly revealed. The religion of our Saviour brings us this sweet consolation—that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." Here the Christian has the promise of future glory and a triumph over the greatest of all enemies, for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." What a gain by putting our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to raise us up to a newness of life and to the glory of His eternal home!

THE SEPULCHRE.

On Friday our Lord entered the sepulchre. On Sunday He left it. Between the two days intervened one long, hopeless Sabbath-day. Did the disciples go into the temple that day? Did they meet in some upper chamber to pray? They hardly had heart for prayer. Their faith had suffered shipwreck. That day when their Lord was in the power of the grave was all gloom. It was a day not to be recorded; a day to blot out of the calendar of history. So none of the four evangelists tell us anything of that ever-to-be-forgotten day. Through death into the tomb—that is the record of what we call Good Friday. But there was no blessedness in the day for the disciples. It was the overthrow of hope, the record of utter, final defeat. Satan had conquered. Nay, was this Jesus what we thought Him? We had hoped He would redeem Israel; have we been silly enthusiasts, the dupes of a mistaken teacher? There is no hope, for He is dead, dead!

Out of the tomb into life and triumph. That is the story of what we call Easter Sunday. Jesus *is* the Christ! He is arisen! He has triumphed gloriously! Even death and the grave cannot hold Him! Every hope is justified, and every enemy overthrown!

Ah! that was a glad day, worthy to be the first of a new line of Sabbaths. The story of that day is told with triumph. All the four evangelists tell it. The book of Acts tells it again, and every Epistle repeats it. Now every Sunday commemorates it, but chiefly this Sunday, which we honour with music and flowers.

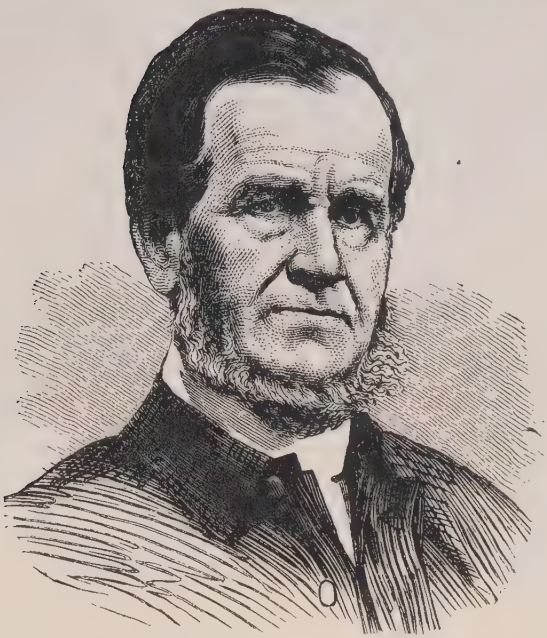
So near stand grief and joy, despair and triumph. Between them lies the sepulchre. On the earthward side of the sepulchre is death. What has the world to give but death! Only a few years, a generation of longing and effort, and then the end, the hopeless end of death. But on the heavenward side is life. Our friends are not in the grave; they have passed beyond it; they have entered into the only true life. Christ was the first-fruits, and after him came the harvest. On Easter Sunday the Lord rose, and doubt all fled. Now life and immortality are brought to light. Now we know in whom we have believed.—*The Independent.*

Our hearts, that waited at the door
Of Joseph's guarded tomb,
Exalted are in wondrous joy
Above the grief and gloom—

For oft as Easter's morning light
Along the sky is poured,
We hail the Prince of endless life—
Our mighty risen Lord.

THE REV. DR. PICKARD.

Died February 28th, 1890.



The Rev. Dr. Pickard.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. H. Pickard, another of the faithful veterans of Methodism in this Dominion has fallen. While his life has been chiefly spent in the Maritime Provinces, his influence has been strongly felt in the councils of the whole Church. He took an active part in both unions. His address at the union meeting, held in Carlton Street Church, in this city, was a very powerful one, and did much in promoting the happy consummation which God so signally has blessed. We have not full particulars of his death, but abridge from the Halifax *Wesleyan* the following tribute to his memory :—

"The sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Pickard, one of the most distinguished men in Canadian Methodism, has been reported. So closely and conspicuously was this veteran and honoured minister identified with all the leading interests of the Methodist Church of the Lower Provinces, that his death will cause a keen sense as of personal bereavement throughout all the territory of our Eastern Conference. His funeral was solemnized on Monday, March 3rd. Representative ministers and laymen were present from near and far to pay a last tribute to the departed dead. Followed by an impressive cortege, the mortal remains were committed to the ground in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. 'He is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'

> "'Nothing can bereave him
> Of the force he made his own,
> Being here.'"

Rev. Dr. Pickard was born in Fredericton, in 1813; his father, Thomas Pickard, Esq., being an influential business man of that city, and an honoured official of the Methodist Church. In 1835 he offered for the Methodist ministry. Not satisfied with such scholastic advantages as the provinces then afforded, he went to Middleton University, then under the presidency of the illustrious Dr. Fisk. We find his name on the list of graduates in 1839. On that occasion he delivered a philosophical oration on "Nature and Revelation Harmonious," and won his degree with distinction. Unconsciously, as it proved, he had sought the right qualifications for destined life-work. At the opening of Sackville Academy, January, 1843, he took charge as Principal. The college was founded mainly through his indomitable will and unfaltering energy, and he became its first President. For nearly three decades, comprising the golden years of his life, Dr. Pickard was the moving and controlling spirit of our educational enterprise. An incessant and assiduous application to tutorial and professional duties for nearly thirty years, added to the responsibilities of management, compelled him to resign his onerous position; but he remained identified with the government of the institution to the last. He needs no monument of stone while Mount Allison endures. He was Editor of the *Wesleyan*, and Book Room Steward from 1869 to 1872; and was elected Book Steward 1878–1882. After a year of occupancy of office he resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. S. F. Huestis. At the same time Rev. T. Watson Smith became the Editor. The College Endowment Fund in former years and the Supernumerary Fund to the last he worked up and administered with supreme ability and signal success. He was twice President of the Conference of East British America, and twice a delegate to the English Conference. From his Alma Mater he obtained the degree of D.D. in 1857. His firm facial line, dark eye and penetrating glance, gave evidence of high intellectual distinction. There was the stamp of a Puritan descent. He had, as we all know, an indomitable will and an immense capacity for work. There was the strength and a little of the ruggedness of granite in his mental composition, but hidden beneath outward expression springs of tenderness were readily unsealed. He was positive in speech and irresistible in debate; especially on all constitutional questions, and matters pertaining to the economy, discipline, or policy of the Church. No matter how inextricably involved a matter might have become through the course and complications of Conference debate, he rarely spoke without resolving the difficulty. For long years to come the presence of Dr. Humphrey Pickard will be missed from our council fires, and we shall feel the loss of one always foremost in the field of action. His brethren honoured him by sending him on three different occasions as their representative to the English Conference. He also took an active part in bringing about Methodist union in Canada, and was a member of most of the General Conferences that have been held. He possessed great executive ability, and has been a faithful servant of Methodism.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

'Tis the day of Resurrection;
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal;
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

CANADA IN LITERATURE.*

The romantic early history of Canada offers great attractions to the historian and novelist. Principal Grant has well said in his graceful introduction to the last of the above-named books: "The seventeenth century may be called the heroic age of Canada. The infant colony had to struggle for existence against pitiless enemies and forces of nature strange and well nigh insurmountable. The struggle brought out a race of heroes whose names no one in the Old or New World would willingly let die. Champlain, Maisonneuve, Dulac, La Salle, remind us of Arthur's knights of the Round Table. Le Jeune, Jogues, Brèbeuf, Lallemant, consecrated the colony by lives of noblest endeavours and heroic death. Their memories belong to the Church universal. Their names are worthy of a place in any martyrology."

It is a wonder that this picturesque past has not been more largely the theme of song or story. It is true that Mr. Kirby has made the tragic legend of the "Golden Dog" the subject of the finest romance of Canadian literature and one of the finest ever written; and Mr. Lesperance in his graphic story of "The Bastonais" has given a vivid picture of the last siege of Quebec. Mr. Parkman's noble twelve volumes have recorded more fully and with greater literary taste and skill and absorbing interest the fascinating story of those old colonial days than any author has yet done for any other country. In the last of the above-named books Miss Machar, long and favourably known under the *nom de plume* of *Fidelis* as a charming and patriotic writer, recounts in graceful style some of the more stirring episodes and dramatic events of those early days, as the story of Jacques Cartier, the story of Marguerite de Roberval, of the Marquis de la Roche and his "Forty Thieves," the tragic story of St. Croix and Port Royal, the stories of Champlain and Le Jeune, and of the Martyrs of Huron Mission and the story of La Salle. Mr. Thomas C. Marquis, a young Canadian who wins his spurs in the field of literature in these stories of his native land, recounts such important historic events as the "Canadian Thermopylæ," the Exile of the Acadians, the first and the great siege of Quebec. For the many who have not time for the large volumes of Parkham we cordially commend this excellent book. It has a number of neat illustrations.

Mrs. Catherwood's stories are more purely in the realm of the imaginative. While adhering to the main facts of history, she clothes its dry bones with breathing flesh and makes the old heroes live again. Francis Parkman in introducing the book vouches for the accuracy of the delineation of the principal characters. It recounts one of the most heroic tragedies that ever took place in the history of Canada or of any other country.

In 1660, the confederate Iroquois menaced with a fatal blow the very existence of the colony. Twelve hundred plumed and painted warriors were on the way to attack successively the three military posts of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec. Behind their loop-holed palisades the trembling inhabitants gathered, their hearts failing them for fear. The colony was saved from extermination by an act of valour and devotion, as heroic as any recorded on the page of history. Dulac des

* "The Romance of Dollard," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: Century Co. Price $1.25.
"The Story of Tonty," same author. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.00.
"Stories of New France, being Tales of Adventure and Heroism from the Early History of Canada," by Agnes Maule Machar and Thomas H. Marquis. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.50.

Ormeaux, a youth of twenty-two, with sixteen others, youthful like himself—all of Montreal—resolved to save their country, though they perished in the act. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacrament and bade a solemn farewell to their friends, like men about to march to death. And so they were. Not one returned alive. Stemming the swift current of Ste. Anne, they crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and took their stand at the Long Sault rapid, near Carillon, on the Ottawa. Here they were joined by forty Christian Hurons and four Algonquins. They took possession of an old redoubt, a mere breastwork of logs, and awaited the approach of the Iroquois. A force of two hundred soon appeared. The French and their red allies strengthened their scanty defence with sod and earth, leaving twenty loop-holes through which to fire, and prepared for a death-struggle with their foe. For five long days and nights the Iroquois swarmed around that frail redoubt, repulsed again and again by its brave defenders, who, though worn by hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, fought, and prayed, and watched by turns. Iroquois reinforcements now arrived. The Hurons, dismayed at the inevitable result of the unequal contest, deserted to the enemy.

For three days longer seven hundred ferocious savages beleaguered the crumbling redoubt, defied by the score of brave men who, reeling with weariness, kept their lone post with the courage of despair. The Iroquois, having made huge wooden shields, rushed at the palisades, and, crouching below the fire of the loop-holes, hacked furiously at the posts to cut their way through. They fired through the loop-holes on their penned-up victims, tore open a breach in the walls, and swarmed within the redoubt. The French fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as possible. Four men alone were found alive. Three of these were mortally wounded, and were burned upon the spot. The other was reserved to glut the rage of his captors with future torture. The renegade Hurons paid the penalty of their treachery by their death, except five, who escaped to tell the tale of horror. But these brave men died not in vain. The colony was saved. The baffled Iroquois retired to their forests to nurse their wrath for a future day of slaughter. The pass of the Long Sault was the Thermopylæ of Canada.

Mrs. Catherwood adds the gentle spell of woman's faithful love and heroic sacrifice to heighten the pathos of the story. Mr. Sandham has entered into the very spirit of the period in his graceful illustrations.

Mrs. Catherwood's second story has for its *motif* certain episodes in the checkered career of La Salle, the dauntless explorer of the Far West, and discoverer of the Lower Mississippi. We are introduced in the story to the daring pathfinder of Empire, La Salle, to his faithful follower, Tonty, to Father Hennepin, who has left such graphic pictures with pen and pencil of Niagara Falls, which he, first of white men, beheld. In view of his disappointments and disasters, La Salle well named his fort at Peoria "Crève Cœur"—"Heartbreak." The whole story of his life and of his untimely death, barbarously murdered on the Texan plains, is one Iliad of disaster. Mrs. Catherwood gives us only glimpses of it, in a rather too elliptical a manner to enable us to judge of it as a whole. This book, too, is admirably illustrated.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left-hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by *forever*, 'twixt the darkness and the light.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Rev. Owen Watkins has applied for two additional men for native work in the Transvaal, and they are to be sent forthwith. The rapid movements occasioned by the development of mining operations bring together large numbers of native workmen, and for these provision must be made.

Seven missionaries recently left England to reinforce the missionaries in India.

By a vote of 401 to 299 the New Zealand Wesleyans have to separate from the General Conference of Australia.

A mission extending over two Sabbaths was recently held in Leeds. The Conference evangelists were aided by well known ministers, who excel in this department of labour. Meetings were held simultaneously in all the large churches, twelve in number. Great interest was awakened among all classes. The various neighbourhoods were thoroughly canvassed by tract distributors, who thus invited people to the services. Short services were held at several factories during the dinner hour, at which earnest, practical addresses were delivered. On Sunday afternoons services for "men only" were held in all the chief centres. Midday services for "women only" were held daily. All were well attended. The aid of the press was largely invoked, and thousands of hand-bills and invitation cards were circulated. The prominent themes of discourse were holiness for God's people and immediate decision for the unconverted. The mission was a complete success, about 2,000 conversions were reported. On some evenings there were as many as 300 penitents. The total cost of the mission was about $875.

The Leysian Mission in Whitecross Street, London, does much valuable medical work among the poor. While ministering to the wants of the body Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths give spiritual advice, and wherever practicable they hold short religious services.

The Rev. Thomas Champness of the *Joyful News* Mission, does good work in connection with his Book Room. He has lately issued John Nelson's life, under the title of "The Heroic Stonemason," which he sells at one penny. More than two millions of leaflets have been sold. One book, "True Tales," has had a sale of 150,000 copies. He not only supports himself and family out of the profits of his Book Room, but since last Conference he has given $500 from the profits to the *Joyful News* Mission.

Mrs. Wiseman, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Wiseman, has been holding very successful meetings, chiefly among her own sex, in various towns of England, the object of which is to promote greater interest in the Zenana work.

The Rev. H. P. Hughes has lately experienced a remarkable answer to prayer. He wanted $2,500, and made the announcement from the pulpit one Sabbath. The next Sabbath he was ill, and by the following Saturday the money had to be paid. Mr. Hughes experienced great anxiety, but at eight o'clock that evening, Mr. Nix, his assistant, walked into his study, and gave him the money, which he said had come from some mysterious sources. Tennyson's words are correct:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

A copy of the hymn-book of John Wesley, published in Charleston,

S.C., in 1737, sold recently for over $100, the largest price ever paid for any English hymn-book.

Methodist New Connexion.

The joint committee appointed by the Conferences of the New Connexion and the United Free Church have met, and have been able to so far complete their work, that they have good reason to believe that their report will be acceptable to their respective Conferences. Should this be the case the union of the two branches of Methodism will soon be an accomplished fact. Some hope it will be in 1891, and if so, how memorable will the year be, as it is the centenary of John Wesley's death, and the centenary of Methodism in Canada. The New Connexion contains 200 ministers and 36,000 members, and the United Methodist Free Church over 400 ministers and 85,000 members. The two bodies have one college each.

Our brethren of the New Connexion are wonderfully successful in holding bazaars for the liquidation of church debts. The February number of the excellent monthly magazine contains an account of bazaars, the receipts of which exceeded $11,475.

Primitive Methodist.

One of the Manchester quarterly meetings has decided that "no recitation of a theatrical or unseemly character" shall be given in any of the social or public gatherings in the circuit, and all programmes intended for entertainments must be submitted to the respective Church courts for approval."

Great efforts are being made to secure a large increase in the Foreign Missionary funds. The cost of the new central enterprise in Africa has entailed heavy expense, but the circuits are showing a determination to raise whatever is needed to push the work to a successful issue.

Special services have been held in the Hull circuits, which have resulted in the conversion of 265 souls.

A public meeting was lately held in Surrey Chapel on behalf of the new enterprise in London, when one of the speakers gave the following figures, illustrating the progress of Primitive Methodism in London: "In 1864 the societies in London constituted about one-forty-ninth of the entire denomination, now they were one-twenty-eighth. The Connexion at large had increased 30 per cent. in the last quarter of a century; in London their membership had increased 150 per cent. in the same period. It was evident, therefore, that the work in this great city was more productive, although almost infinitely more difficult than in the provinces.

Bible Christian.

A successful mission was conducted by Miss North at Zion Chapel, Plymouth, twenty-four professed conversion.

Miss Howe has laboured very successfully in revival services in Holsworthy circuit. More than fifty persons were converted at one place.

A new church has been erected at Penewan, in the Mevagissey circuit, which cost $2,250.

In connection with the University Extension examinations in Cornwall, Mr. Vivian, local preacher, won the valuable prize offered locally to the person, earning his livelihood by manual labour, who takes the first place in the examination. Another Bible Christian local preacher, Mr. W. H. May, took the same prize last year, and a Wesleyan local preacher the year before. The local preachers in England are a noble class of men, to whom Methodism is largely indebted.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst is endeavouring to secure a site for a university at Washington with good prospect of success. He has made a selection, and if means can be secured the enterprise will be a success. It will be a grand achievement.

The speeches delivered at the opening of the Book Concern and Mission Buildings at New York were of an unusually superior kind. The following statistics exhibit the marvellous progress of the denomination.

In 1790 the number of inhabitants in the United State was about 4,000,000. The number of members in the Methodist Episcopal Church was 58,000. The increase in the nation has been fifteen-fold, the increase in the membership of the different branches of Methodism has been at least sixty-fold, or four times that of the population.

In 1848 the membership was 644,220. The sales of the Book Concern during the quadrennium were $612,625.19, or a little less than one dollar per member. During the last quadrennium, closing with 1888, the membership was 2,093,395. The sales of the Book Concern, East and West, during this period were $6,930,743.17 over three dollars a member.

In 1850, 514,429 persons were connected with the Sunday-schools. The entire number of papers published for these Sunday-schools was 77,363, or about one for every seven scholars. In 1889 there were 2,000,000 in the Sunday-schools, but 3,000,000 of papers were published, or one and a half for each scholar. The increase in the Sunday-schools was four-fold, the increase in the papers was forty-fold. Dr. Dorchester estimates that the entire value of the religious literature published in the United States by the different religious denominations up to this time at $144,000,000. Of this the Methodist Episcopal Church has issued $50,000,000, or over one-third of the whole, and over one-half of this amount during the past sixteen years.

The past year was one of gratifying progress, closing with an increase of net assets of $99,762. There are six *Advocates* published by the Concern, with a total circulation of 139,386. Two of them yield no profits. The *Advocate* published at New York alone yields a profit of $27,662,07. *The Methodist Review* does not pay its way, and *Our Youth* since its commencement to June, 1889, has been published at a loss of $41,993. The total profits on books last year were $274,000, $110,000 of this amount has been appropriated to the relief of superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans, for the the current year. Such intelligence will fill the hearts of the veterans with joy.

The Methodist Church.

The Hon. J. C. Aikens has been appointed Treasurer of the Missionary Society, as successor to the late Hon. John Macdonald. Our readers will regard this a wise appointment.

Good news from the North-West, "a deep spiritual work is progressing among the Indians of Battle River Mission."

The Indians at Morley, "are not one-tenth the trouble they were ten years ago." Class-meetings are well attended, and the week-night prayer-meetings are full of power. Pleasing tidings of spiritual good come also from Saddle Lake. The Missionary at Victoria writes of suffering among the people in consequence of the drouth of last season. "Winter wolves are becoming bold, some of them coming within twenty yards of the house."

Rev. E. Eves, Norway House, went thither about a year and a half ago and has made such progress in learning the language of the people, that he "recently gave them a little speech in their own tongue." They gave proof of their joy by "clapping their hands." He hopes soon to be able to do away with the interpreter.

The Methodist *Monthly Greeting*, published in Newfoundland, contains much interesting Methodist news respecting that old mission field. The missionaries are real heroes, and perform their duties with much personal suffering and self-denial.

The staff of teachers in the college at St. John's, Newfoundland, has been strengthened by the addition of J. West, Esq., from Durham University, and Miss Sharpe, from Cambridge. They will fill the offices of Vice-Principal and Preceptress respectively. A Bible-class is held on Sunday afternoons at the college, at which the attendance is sometimes six hundred.

A new Conservatory of Music is about to be erected in connection with Mount Allison College.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Enos Langford died at Winnipeg, February 22nd, 1890. Brother Langford spent most of his life in the mission field, first in Muskoka District, and latterly in the North-West among the Indians, except the last three years, during which he was pastor of McDougall Church, Winnipeg. He was a faithful and devoted minister. His death was preceded by typhoid fever.

The Rev. Fletcher A. Weldon, Supernumerary minister, finished his course since our last issue. For twenty-five years he laboured earnestly to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth. Some of the fields to which he was appointed were of the most laborious kind. He was never married. During his last illness he was an inmate of the hospital at St. John, N.B., and when he died, devout men carried him to the place of sepultre.

Robert Evans died at the residence of his son at Windsor, Ont., February 7. He was born in Ireland, August 19, 1822, but came to Canada in 1847. Most of his Canadian life was spent in Hamilton, where he was well known as a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus. His death was triumphant. Our brother had much poetic ability, and published a volume of "Tabor Melodies" of much merit.

Items.

A college is to be erected in Kansas city. A million dollars worth of property has been acquired, and the Educational Committee are making arrangements for the construction of the building.

The Methodists in Finland amount at present to nearly 500. The increase in the number of members the past year was 140. The number of Sunday-school children is 733.

The Boston Deaconess Home is in the most eligible part of the city, and contains seventeen rooms. Miss Isabella Thoburn has been placed in charge of its management.

Harper's Weekly states that plans for fifty new church edifices (Methodist and others) have been drawn within the past two years. Instead of Gothic style, most are of the Romanesque and Renaissance school of architecture.

The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church South has been marvellous. In 1866 the membership was 400,000. In less than a quarter of a century the number has increased to 1,200,000.

Fierce assaults have been made against Christian missions during the past two years, but in despite of these attacks, the various missionary societies in Great Britain have given more than $500,000 than they contributed the previous year.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has during the eighty-one years of its existence issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 of complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 of New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible, a total of 72,500,000 books.

In ten years the number of churches in connection with the Southern Presbyterian Assembly has increased from 1,892 to 2,321. This is at the rate of one church for every eight days during that time. The number of members has increased from 116,755 to $161,742.

According to the statistics of the United Presbyterian Church the average salary of its ministers is $998. The highest average attained was in 1875, when it was $1.012.

A powerful testimony to the value of missionary efforts is given in the following incident. Miss Carter, of Japan, tells of a kind Christian Japanese woman who came to her with a girl baby which she had found in a ditch, where it had been left by its father, as thousands of others have been thrown, because it was "only a girl." In begging the Christian lady to take and care for the naked child, covered with mud, the poor woman said, "Please do take little baby; your God is the only God that teaches to be good to little children."

Book Notices.

A History of Art, for Classes, Art Students, and Tourists in Europe. By WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR, B.A. Royal 8vo. 314 illustrations. Pp. 377. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $3.50.

A knowledge of architecture, sculpture and painting is a very important part of a liberal education. Our best colleges and universities give these subjects special prominence. Art schools are springing up in all our large cities. The Chautauqua Circles do much to cultivate an acquaintance with this delightful subject. For tourists in Europe, or visitors to art galleries, some acquaintance with it is necessary, unless they are content to forego some of the greatest advantages of travel. Heretofore Mrs. Clement's excellent hand-book on art and Lübke's large volumes were the best accessible works on the subject. But they are both somewhat expensive, and the illustrations, though numerous, are not up to the latest developments in colour-printing. In this respect we have seen nothing so good as the book above mentioned. Of the 314 illustrations, 272 are printed in tint on heavy ivory-surface paper. Many of them are the most exquisite tint-printing we have yet seen. They represent the master-pieces of architecture, sculpture and painting of all the great historic schools. The great works of architecture—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance and modern—are fully illustrated and described and critically discriminated. So also the *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture of every age, with over 100 reproductions, the matchless work of the Grecian chisel receiving, of course, due prominence. We wish that we could reproduce in these pages some of these exquisite examples. The third section of the book is devoted to the different schools of painting, including Egpytian, Greco-Roman, Byzantine mosaics, early Christian art, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French, and English art. The brief biographies, characterizations of artists and schools, and principles of art criticism are just what those who wish to gain an insight into the world of art require. Special rates will be given to art schools. We commend the book to our Ladies' Colleges and private readers.

The Permanent Elements of Religion: Eight Lectures preached before the University at Oxford in the year 1887. By W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon, etc. Pp. lxiv.–423. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $2.

The title "Bampton Lecture" is a guarantee of profound Christian scholarship and sterling Christian orthodoxy. The lecturers are set for the defence of the truth and the refutation of error. Many valuable books have been the result of this now venerable foundation. One of the most valuable of these is the volume just issued. It deals with one of the most important of subjects. Many of the institutions and religions of the world have waxed old and are ready to vanish away, but one of the few things that cannot be shaken and abides forever is the Christian religion. Those who had the good fortune to hear Bishop Newman lecture in the Metropolitan Church recently on the "Seven Bibles of the World," will remember how strikingly he demonstrated the superiority of Christianity to all the other religions of the world. In this book, Bishop Carpenter renders the same service to the Christian religion in an ampler degree and on a broader canvas. He compares especially Islamism, Buddhism and

Christianity, showing the elements of weakness and instability in the former, and of ever-growing energy and permanence of the latter. Especially is this illustrated by the lofty morality and pure and spiritual character of the Christian religion. While changes of form may be expected, yet its essential elements shall abide forever. The following extract will show the author's conception of what that essential character is:

"We maintain, then, that Christianity is in the highest degree an ethical religion. Its morality goes deep; it sinks beneath the surface and asks for the heart; it claims man's conduct; it demands that his sentiments should be pure and his actions truthful. Its morality is deep and strong. Its orthodoxy is its highest morality; for its orthodoxy is a desire to be like God, and to realize that the aim of our life is to grow like unto our Father which is in heaven."

Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of American Methodism. By J. B. WAKELEY, D.D., with a Memoir of the Author. 8vo, pp. 635. New York: William B. Ketcham. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.

This is a new and handsome edition of a very popular and useful book. The author with infinite zeal and patience has explored the very beginnings of Methodism in the New World. He gives extracts from old letters, chapel accounts and records, anecdotes, and incidents often thought beneath the dignity of history, but which nevertheless lend to history its life and colour. The vignettes of scenes memorable in connection with early Methodism are very interesting. Fine steel plates are given of Dr. Wakeley, Captain Webb, the doughty British officer who threw in his lot with the New York Methodists, and old John Street Church, and wood cuts of Embury's house, the old rigging loft, where the little society assembled, and other places of interest.

There is one curious error perpetuated in this book. It is claimed that "Barbara Hick," as the name is spelled, died in New York, and was buried in the old Trinity churchyard, but the exact spot is not known. This misspelling is the less wonderful, as the name is so spelled on a marble slab in old John Street Church. But nothing is more certain than that the remains of Barbara Heck, surrounded by many of her kin, sleep in the old Blue Churchyard, Maitland, near the banks of the St. Lawrence. The present writer dined a few years ago with three of her grandchildren, one of them a venerable man of over eighty, and was shown many interesting souvenirs of the family, including the old German Bible, which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died in her chair in the orchard by the riverside, and the discharge from the army of Paul Heck, signed by Governor Haldimand.

Apart from this curious slip, the book furnishes much interesting information about Embury, Strawbridge, Boardman, Pilmoor, Asbury, and other pioneer heroes of early Methodism.

Life Inside the Church of Rome. By M. FRANCES CLARE CUSACK, "The Nun of Kenmare." Cr. 8vo, pp. xxii.-408. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.50.

The writer of this book has had ample opportunity of knowing whereof she affirms. She was for many years a devout daughter of the Church of Rome, and attained distinguished eminence in that Church as a religious and philanthropic worker. Emancipated at length from the errors of Rome, she seeks the emancipation of others, and in these pages presents ample evidence of the unscriptural character of that old historic Church. We have no great sympathy with controversial writing, as it generally presents itself, but this book, while marked with much plainness of speech, is marked also by an absence of bitterness and by a recognition of the personal virtues and even piety of many of the ad-

herents of the Church of Rome. The principal subjects treated are: Celibacy, Infallibility, Convent Life, the Confessional, Roman Catholic Education and Literature. Of Convent Life she says: "There are Roman Catholics who will not trust their children to Convent teaching, but Protestants supply the deficiency. . . . In one Sisters' School in Toronto, Canada, there are sixty Protestant pupils against forty Roman Catholics, and it is much the same everywhere." If this be true, the Protestant parents of these children are sowing to the wind to reap the whirlwind. The book is very handsomely printed, and, we doubt not, will have a very large sale.

The Ride Through Palestine. By the Rev. JOHN W. DULLES, D.D. Illustrated with 184 engravings and maps. Second edition. 12mo, pp. 528. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Education. Toronto: N. T. Wilson, 31 King Street West. Price $2.

There is a perennial interest in stories of travel in Palestine, of which the world never grows tired. The Land itself is the best commentary on the Book, and the millions who cannot themselves visit those holy fields, made sacred evermore by the footsteps of our Lord, are dependent on the written accounts of those who have trodden in those footprints. Dr. Dulles is a careful observer, and a vivid describer of what he has seen. He traversed the Holy Land to and fro, back and forth, from Dan to Beersheba, carefully studying the sacred sites, and going as far north as Damascus and Baalbec. One of the most attractive features of the book is its copious illustration, a single engraving often conveying a more correct and vivid conception than pages of description. The book will be very valuable for Sunday-school libraries and for family use. The account of Jerusalem and its surroundings is especially full and interesting. The careful reading of this book, Bible and map in hand, will do much to make the sacred narrative more real to our minds.

Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. By JEREMIAH CURTIN. With etched frontispiece, gilt top. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The literary centre of the world is certainly changing. A scholarly writer from what was recently the almost unexplored wilderness of Washington Territory, makes a special study in Ireland of its ancient language and literature, and collects from the lips of aged peasants the fast-fading legends, traditions, strange tales and folk-lore of the "Isle of Saints." Our Irish friends will especially enjoy these quaint old stories, many of which have come down from time immemorial. Some of them are extravagant, some of them strangely poetical, and all of them share the characteristics of the primitive literatures of mankind. As our author points out, they have much greater definiteness than the Magyar and Russian Tales, to which they have a certain resemblance. He identifies the early Irish with the Kelts and Gaels who in ancient times occupied Scotland, Wales and Brittany. The tales and myths were taken down directly from narrators who spoke only the old Irish tongue, and are not blurred, like ancient coins that have become worn by long handling by successive generations. The book is very handsomely printed and bound.

Famous Women of the New Testament. A series of popular lectures delivered in the First Baptist Church, Montgomery, Alabama. By MORTON BRYAN WHARTON, D.D., Pastor, late United States Consul to Germany, Author of "Famous Women of the Old Testament," "What I Saw in the Old World," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 340. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York. Price $1.50.

This book is a companion volume to "The Famous Women of the Old Testament" by the same author. In some respects it is an advance upon that work. Dr. Wharton has thoroughly studied each personage, the

environments of each, all that conduced to the formation of each character, the native and acquired characteristics of each, and the lessons taught by each to the women of all succeeding ages. The analytical power of the author is keen and just; his ability in describing picturesque scenes is of the highest rank, and his shrewd demonstration of how old wicked devices are reproduced in modern fashionable sins, shows that he is not only a close observer of human nature, but a plain, faithful preacher of the truth, and a rebuker of iniquity wherever and by whomsoever displayed. The language is chaste, popular and flowing, and in perfect keeping with the subjects of which he treats.

Sacred Idyls: A Metrical Version of Solomon's Song, with Appropriate Explanations. By Prof. James Strong. Small 4to, pp. 74. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The beautiful Song of Songs has been ever a favourite with the Church. Amid its earthly imagery devout minds have discerned the sweetest and tenderest revelations of the Divine lover of the soul. Dr. Strong is amply qualified by scholarship for the task of rendering into English verse this beautiful Hebrew idyl. Explanatory notes and comments, several illustrations from Egyptian art, and a large folding panoramic picture of Jerusalem, and ornamental binding enhance the value of the book.

Wilbur Fisk. By George Prentice, D.D., Professor in Wesleyan University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is the second volume of a series of American religious leaders issued by this House. The first is on Jonathan Edwards, the embodiment of the stern, old New England Calvinism. A prominent characteristic of Wilbur Fisk's life was his intense controversial opposition to Calvinism. His was a more polemical age than ours, and adherents of these diverse theories can now agree to differ, if indeed they do not find that their differences are more apparent than real, and may be harmonized in a higher unity. Fisk was a very scholarly man, and more noted as a college president at Wilbraham and Wesleyan University, than as a preacher or theologian. The book does not come up to our ideal as a biography, and we think that certain references to the married life of the Fisks are injudicious and unnecessary.

Literary Notices.

Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, the well-known authorty on physico-psychological problems, issues an ably written pamphlet on "Faith Cure," "Christian Science," and the like, which we strongly commend as a very philosophical treatment of the subject. It is reprinted from *Knox College Monthly*, Toronto. D. T. McAinsh, Presbyterian News Co. Price 5 cents.

Dr. Poole's "Anglo-Israel" is attracting much attention and is winning high praise, as the following extract from the Michigan *Christian Advocate* will show:

"'Anglo-Israel; or, The Saxon Race proved to be the Lost Tribes of Israel.' In nine lectures. By the Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D. Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

"This splendidly printed volume of 685 8vo pages is a monument to the industry and research of its distinguished author. The theme itself is one of growing interest, and the treatment of it here is ingenious and thorough. The archæological arguments, interspersed with the Scripture citations and proofs, are of much value both to the student and to the general reader. We have pored over the pages of the book with more than ordinary pleasure, and we believe the author makes out his case. There is a vast fund of fact and statement supporting the theory embodied in these pages."

THE "DEVIL'S BRIDGE," ST. GOTTHARD PASS.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

May, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

FROM LUCERNE TO MILAN.

SUMMIT OF THE MYTHEN.

THE St. Gotthard Railway proper begins at Immensee, on Lake Zug. But most passengers take the rail either at Lucerne or Zurich. The Canadian tourist party did neither; preferring the far more interesting route, from Lucerne to Flüelen, upon the waters of the storied lake of the Four Forest Cantons. The railway route is not without its attractions, some of which are illustrated in the cuts which accompany this article. The road winds in and out among the mountains, skirting where it can the borders of the lake, and where insurmountable obstacles occur diving through the heart of the mountains, by means of boldly-constructed tunnels. Our party stopped all night at the little village of Flüelen, starting in the morning for the memorable ride over the Alps by the St. Gotthard route. This is one of the wildest and grandest of all the Alpine passes.

Indeed, during much of the year, before the construction of the railway, it was very dangerous, if not impassable, on account of the avalanches and the depth of the snow. While the railway

TELL'S CHAPEL.

journey is much more comfortable in all weathers, it misses only a comparatively small part of the magnificent scenery while passing through the tunnels, and it gives some striking points

of view which surpass anything witnessed from the old-fashioned *diligence*.

The ride from Flüelen to Göschenen is one of surpassing grandeur, and is, I think, the finest I ever had in my life. The snow-clad mountains, the dark green forests, the deep valleys, the foaming torrents and waterfalls, the bright sunshine, make up a picture of sublimity and beauty which I thank God for permitting me to behold. In one narrow defile—the Schöllenen—

BRUNNEN.

precipices rise a thousand feet in the air, and the snowy Reuss raves along its channel far below. In four leagues the river descends 2,500 feet. The road winds along the edge of the chasm, or boldly leaps across in a single arch. Far up the mountain sides can be seen the mountain cattle and goats, on slopes so steep that you wonder they do not slide down. The loftier summits glisten with their crown of snow, or are swathed in a mantle of cloud. They give a new sense of vastness, of power, of sub-

limity to the soul. After busy months spent in crowded cities—the work of men—it is a moral tonic to be brought face to face with the grandest work of God.

Here the famous St. Gotthard tunnel begins. It is one of the mightiest works accomplished in modern times. The length of the tunnel is a little over $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles, or about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The tunnel is from 5,000 to 6,500 feet below the peaks of St. Gotthard. Its construction is thus described by an engineer:—

"At the entrance to the tunnel were huge air reservoirs, in which the air was compressed by means of the water-power of the Reuss and of the Ticino to less than one-twentieth of its volume. The compressed air was conducted in pipes to the scene of operations, where it entered a cylinder, the piston of which was forced backwards and forwards with immense velocity by the expansion of the air. The piston was connected with the perforator, which penetrated deeper and deeper into the rock at every stroke. After the boring the perforator was withdrawn, the miners put in charges of dynamite, the explosion of the dynamite followed, shattering the rock. Compressed air was then allowed to escape into the opening, driving the smoke to the mouth of the tunnel. The débris was removed, and the process repeated. The work of excavation was preceded by exact measurements and calculations, in order to ensure meeting in the interior of the mountain.

THE RUTLI MEADOW.

"The obstacles met with were many and various. They consisted especially in the hard and difficult nature of the rock, fissures, beds of clay or loam, and frequent rushes of water, the latter being a most serious interruption to the work. The saddest day during the nine years the tunnel was in construction was on July 19th, 1879, when Louis Favre, the contractor was struck with apoplexy while inspecting the interior, and died in the arms of the persons accompanying him.

"On February 28th, 1880, a perforator from the south side penetrated the last partition between North and South. The workmen on either side exchanged greetings, and the leaden capsule containing the portrait of Louis Favre was pushed through the aperture—a touching act of recognition on the part of the workmen of the merits of their late employer."

One of the most extraordinary things about the tunnel is that in four places it turns completely around in the heart of the mountain in a spiral curve, crossing its own track at a higher level, either in the mountain or just as it emerges from it. Unless one follows a map, he can hardly believe that the road which

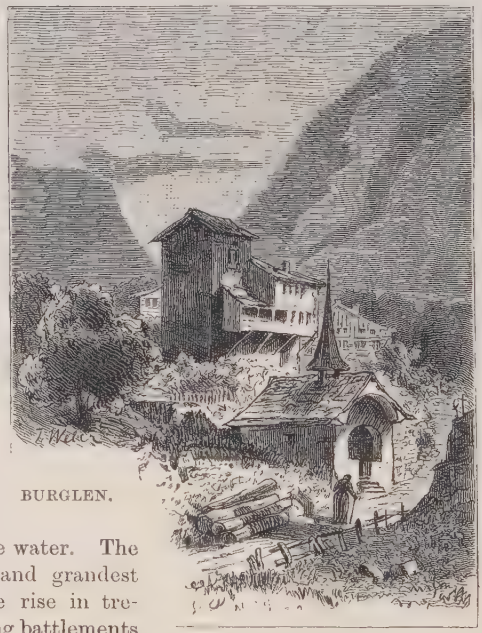
he sees far below is the one by which he has entered the mountain. At Wasen we see the same church now far above us, then on a level, then far below, and it requires almost a mathematical demonstration to convince one that after all the travel we are having it is still the same church. As the train leaps out of a dark tunnel into the bright light, reflected from the snow-clad mountains and the evergeen pines, it is one of the most remarkable experiences of the journey. To give completeness to this narrative I quote an account of the ride over the mountain:

The first time I crossed this remarkable pass the railway was not completed, and I had to climb laboriously ever the summit of the pass, on the top of a lumbering *diligence*, on my way from Italy. The *diligence* is a huge vehicle with broad-tired wheels, set about six feet apart to prevent upsetting, and formidable with brakes, and drags, and chains, suggestive of mountain perils. It is like a stage-coach, with another coach cut in two and placed part in front and part aloft behind. The luggage is stored on a strong deck on top. I was fortunate in securing a place outside, *en banquette* as it is called, but I gave it up to two fellow-tourists condemned to the *interieur*, and sat with the guard upon the luggage. We rattled through the squalid, stone-paved, ill-smelling town of Biasca, and through many like it, climbing ever higher and higher. The Ticino, whose banks the road follows, tears its way down in foaming cataracts of the wildest character through a mountain cleft. There is not even room for the road, which is carried through tunnels, or on arches over the boiling flood. On either side the milky torrents stream down the mountain side, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." I noticed far up a distant slope a huge cross, like a sign of consecration, formed of snow drifts.

At Airolo, where we stopped for lunch, a peasant fair was in progress, and the costumes of both men and women were very picturesque. Some of the women wore a most extraordinary tiara of silver, almost like a nimbus, on their heads. From this point we climbed to the summit of the pass by some thirty zigzags, dragged up by seven stout horses, which can advance no faster than a slow walk. Ever wider horizons opened on every side. The vines and chestnuts, the mulberries and olives were left far below. The trees of my native land, the pines and spruces, asserted their reign. They climbed in serried ranks; and on lone inaccessible heights stood majestic and sublime, grappling firm foothold on the everlasting rocks, and bidding defiance to the winds of heaven. These in turn become dwarfed and disappeared, and only the beautiful Alpine rose clothed the rocks, like humble virtue breathing its beauty amid a cold and unfriendly environment. Vast upland meadows and mountain pastures were covered with these beautiful flowers. At last even these gave way to the icy desolation of eternal winter. We passed through snow-drifts over thirty feet deep, and from the top of the *diligence* I could gather snowballs, and once the road led through a tunnel in the snow. Only the chamois and the mountain eagle dwell amid these lone solitudes. Yet even to this sanctuary of nature the warring passions of man have found their way. In 1799, the Russian General, Suwarrow, led an army through these bleak defiles, and

on a huge rock near the summit of the pass was engraven in huge letters, the legend, SUWARROW, VICTOR. Several stone defences against avalanches, and refuges for storm-stayed travellers, also occur.

At the summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea, is a large and gloomy Italian inn, and near it is a *hospice*, erected by the Canton, containing fifteen beds for poor travellers, who are received gratuitously. I made my way up the dark stairway, in an exploring mood, and came to the conclusion that they must be very poor travellers who take refuge in these dismal cells. In a large room I found a telegraph office and signal station, and was told that in that bleak outpost the sentinels of civilization kept their lonely watch the long winter through. At this great height were several small lakes, fed from the snow-clad mountains which towered all around. Passing the summit, our huge vehicle rattled down a desolate valley in a very alarming manner, threatening, as it turned the sharp angles, to topple over the low wall into the abyss below. But strong arms were at the brakes, and after ten miles' descent we dashed into the little Alpine village of Andermatt.



BURGLEN.

WAYSIDE SHRINE.

I was eager to see before dark the celebrated "Devil's Bridge," across the Reuss, so I hurried on without waiting for dinner. The bridge is a single stone arch, which leaps across a brawling torrent at a giddy height above the water. The scenery is of the wildest and grandest character. On either side rise in tremendous cliffs the everlasting battlements of rock. Against these walls of adamant the tortured river hurls itself, and plunges into an abyss a hundred feet deep. A scene of more appalling desolation it is scarce possible to conceive. Yet a sterner aspect has been given by the wrath of man. Here, amid these sublimities of nature, was fought a terrible battle between the French and Russians in 1799. The river ran red with blood, and hundreds of soldiers were hurled into the abyss and drowned, or dashed to pieces. As I stood and watched the raging torrent in the twilight, made the darker by the shadows of the steep mountain cliffs, I seemed to see the poor fellows struggling with their fate in the dreadful gorge.

The legend of the building of the *Teufelsbrucke* is thus recorded in Longfellow's "Golden Legend :"—

"This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch from ridge to ridge
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath it black and deep,
As if in some convulsive spasm
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract
That raves and rages down the steep.
Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss ;
All the rest of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice ;
And whatsoever was built by day,
In the night was swept away ;
None could stand but this alone.
Abbot Giraldus, of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last with a single arch,
Under which in its endless march,
Runs the river white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand
And be beyond redemption lost.
At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after ;
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated."

I returned about nine o'clock to the quaint old Swiss hotel, the "Drei Könige" or "Three Kings," and enjoyed a good dinner after a hard day's work. I was shown up the winding stair to my room, in which was an old-fashioned high bedstead with a feather bed on top by way of comforter. And very glad I was to crawl under it, for the air was very cold.

The morning broke bright and clear. From the quaint little windows of the hotel I looked out upon a rapid stream rushing swiftly below, and down the village street. The houses had all broad overhanging roofs, with carved gables and timbers, and had altogether a very comfortable and hospitable look.

As we descend the Italian slopes of the Alps, through the winding valley of the Ticino, the scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur, with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs.

Huge fallen rocks bestrew the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies. Instead of the sombre evergreen pines on every side is the dense and rich foliage of the chestnut and mulberry, and farther on the silvery-gray of the olive and the tender green of the vine, and the glistening leaves of the myrtle, and fig, and orange. Bellinzona is thoroughly Italian in appearance as in name, dominated by grim castles perched on neighbouring heights, once a place of much strategic importance and holding the key to the St. Gotthard valley. The railway climbs along the mountain-side and gives a fine view as we advance of the far-spreading plain below, and after a couple more tunnels there bursts upon the view one of the loveliest of the Italian lakes—Lugano—like a sapphire amid a setting of emerald. Less sublime in their environment than those of Switzerland, these lakes are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmier breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.

WAYSIDE INN, SILENEN.

We are soon at lunch at our hotel —once the monastery of St. Mary of the Angels—and very fine comfortable quarters those old monks had, with large cool corridors, lofty rooms, and a lovely garden. In the old chapel are some very quaint frescoes by Luino. A stroll through the arcades of the town where nut-brown women sold all manner of wares, and where the airs were by no means those of Araby the blest, greatly interested, especially the lady tourists. A fine statue of Tell reminded us that we were still in Switzerland.

In mid-afternoon we took a steamer for Porlezza, over the placid waters laving the vine-clad hills, crowned on their apparently inaccessible heights with churches, each with its square campanile. It is apparently a point of religion to make access to the churches as difficult as possible, that there may be the more merit in attendance at the sacred functions. Elegant villas, gaily frescoed, arcaded and embowered amid terraced gardens, gave a rare charm to the scene. The handsome Italian custom's officer in the steamer, brilliant with gold lace and epaulettes, quite won the hearts of the ladies by declining to inspect their luggage, which was piled up on the deck for that purpose. If he could

BRIDGES OVER THE MAIENREUSS AT WASEN.

have understood all the complimentary things they said about him, it would have quite turned his head.

At Porlezza a train of tiny cars on a narrow guage railway awaited us, in which we were soon winding amid the valleys and climbing the hills, till, from the summit there burst on the view

a great stretch of Lake Como, loveliest of lakes, with its far-winding and villa-studded shores, at our feet Menaggio, Bellagio, Bellano, and many other places of pleasant sojourn.

After dinner a number of the party went out for a sail on the lake. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, the boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the deepening darkness. As the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floated over the waves like the music of the spheres. Listening in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling through the darkness—

> "We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
> The manifold soft chimes
> That fills the haunted chambers of the night,
> Like some old poet's rhymes."

Next day we made a boat excursion to the famous Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia. Landing at stately marble steps, we were led through lofty *suites* of rooms filled with costly art treasures. For Thorwaldsen's *bas reliefs* of the triumphs of Alexander alone, was paid the sum of nearly 375,000 francs. Then we wandered through the terraced garden, studded with fragrant magnolias and other rare trees and plants, and commanding exquisite views over the lakes. Yet all this splendour cannot give happiness, for its owner, a bereaved widower, seldom enjoys it, its associations being chiefly of sadness and sorrow. Our sturdy rowers soon took us across to Bellagio, where the ladies found remarkable attractions in the woven silk portières of richest colours and designs, a local manufacture of much repute.

The afternoon sail down the lake was like a dream of beauty. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, gives expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and colour to the scene. At length we reach Como, the birth-place of the elder and younger Pliny, and take train for Milan.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

V.

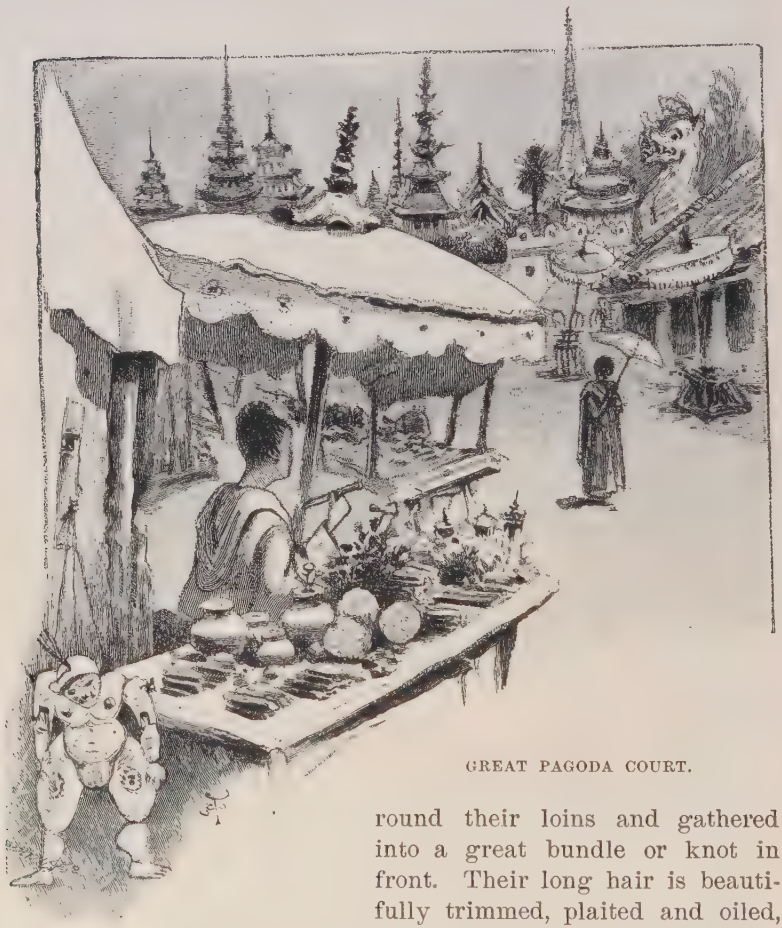
BURMAH AND BORNEO.

MERCHANT DHOWS, INDIAN OCEAN.

Thursday, March 17th.—The government pilot came on board at 6 a.m., and we at once got up the anchor and proceeded under steam up the branch of the Irrawady called the Rangoon River, leading to the town of that name. Its banks are flat, low, and densely wooded. The Great Pagoda is seen shortly after entering the mouth. Later on the factories, wharves, offices, public buildings and houses of the city become visible in quick succession.

Little more than thirty years ago Rangoon consisted of a mere swamp, with a few mat huts mounted on wooden piles, and surrounded by a log stockade and fosse. Now it is a city of 200,000 inhabitants, the terminus of a railway, and almost rivals Bombay in beauty and extent. It possesses fine palaces, public offices, and pagodas; warehouses, schools, hospitals, lovely gardens and lakes, excellent roads, and shady promenades. We arrived opposite the town about half-past ten, passing through quite a crowd of shipping, amongst which were several fine clippers and steamers, bound to all parts of the world. The rice season is now at its height, and everybody is working his hardest.

Important as are the commercial aspects of the place, it is not these which interest and arrest the attention of the stranger, but rather what is old, quaint, and perhaps more or less effete. The appearance of the people themselves, to begin with, is most picturesque. Nearly all the men are naked to the waist, or wear a small white open linen jacket, with a voluminous *putso*, wound tightly

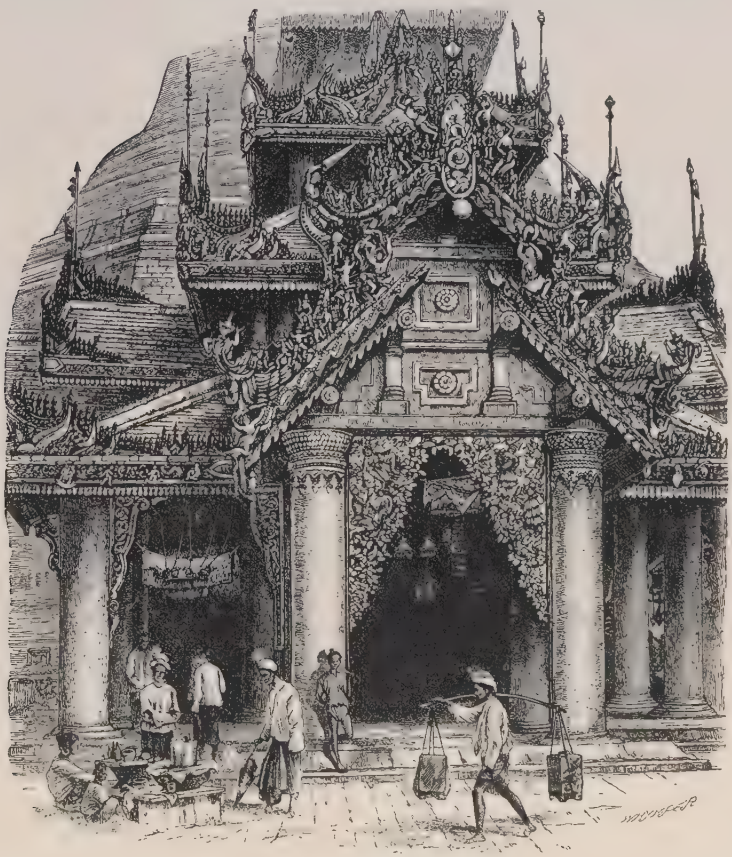


GREAT PAGODA COURT.

round their loins and gathered into a great bundle or knot in front. Their long hair is beautifully trimmed, plaited and oiled, and their glossy locks are protected from the sun by an oiled-silk umbrella. The women wear much the same costume, except that the *tamieri* which replaces the *putso* is gayer in colour and more gracefully put on.

But it was not only the people that interested me. There were the great pagodas, like huge hand-bells, gilded and decorated in various styles, with curious little gilt crowns at the top, ornamented with rubies and emeralds. On the extreme summit, in the

place of honour, is almost invariably fixed an English soda-water bottle, while the minor positions of importance are occupied by tonic-water bottles, which are of the same shape, but of a blue colour. The still more inferior places are crowned by dark green square-shouldered seltzer-water bottles. It seems a curious idea that a crown, which is not only a real work of art, but is



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.

made of rich materials, and worth £30,000 sterling, and after having been placed with much pomp and ceremony on the top of the finest pagoda in Burmah (the gilded spire of which rises as high as St. Paul's Cathedral), should be surmounted and surrounded by the most commonplace articles of the conquering "barbarian hordes."

Presently we passed the funeral car of a Phoongyee, or Buddhist priest—a marvellous structure, reminding one of the Jugger-

naut cars of India. The funeral of a Phoongyee is always made the occasion of a great function. The body is embalmed in honey and placed on one of these huge cars; and the people from the surrounding villages flock to the ceremony, bringing cartloads of fireworks, for the manufacture of which the Burmese are celebrated. Great rivalry arises as to which village shall be fortunate enough, through its representative, to set the gorgeous canopy on fire, and thereby release the good man's departed spirit and send

DAGON.

it straight to heaven without any further transmigration or trouble. This happy consummation is supposed to occur directly the large funeral pile, which is always of highly inflammable materials, takes fire. The result is that many accidents occur, besides a great deal of heart-burning and loss of life; for sometimes a whole quarter of the town is set on fire and much property destroyed in these contests.

The avenue leading to the Shway Dagohu Pagoda is guarded at the entrance by two enormous statues of *bylus*, or monsters,

erected to propitiate the evil spirits; *bylus* and *nats* being to the Burmese very much what demons and devils are to us. The view of the pagoda from the avenue is indeed wonderful. The great gilt dome, with its brilliant golden *htee*, grows and grows and increases upon the vision, until its enormous bulk is at last fully realized. Fancy a vast bell-shaped erection, with a pointed handle of solid gold, rising to nearly the height of the cross on the top of St. Paul's, surrounded by numerous smaller pagodas and dagolas, bell-temples, tombs, and rest-houses, some much dilapidated—it being considered more meritorious to build a new temple than to repair an old one.

RANGOON BOAT (STERN).

The pagoda is supposed to have been commenced 588 years B.C., in order to enshrine some hairs of Buddha and the bathing-gown of another holy man who lived two thousand years before him. The carved teak with which it is covered is solidly gilt from top to bottom, and this process costs £30,000 each time it is repeated. To wander round the top platform or courtyard outside the pagoda in the twilight and listen to the bells was an extraordinary experience for all of us. The big Burmese bells are celebrated for their tone, especially those in the temples. The little bells which are hung on at the tops of the various pinnacles surrounding the soda-water bottles have long clappers, easily moved by the wind; and the sound of these various bells and gongs

borne on the evening breeze is harmonious in the extreme. The drive back to Rangoon through the Dalhousie Park and Gardens, once the appanage of a royal palace, was perfectly delightful.

Friday, March 18th.—Left the yacht about seven o'clock to see a timber-yard, where elephants are extensively used. It was a wonderful exhibition of strength, patience, and dexterity. The docile creatures lift, roll, and push the logs of timber to any part of the yard. They pile it up into stacks high above their heads, seizing one end of a log with their trunk, placing it on the pile of timber, and then taking the other end of the log and pushing it forward, finally placing it on their heads, and sending it into its place. They work undisturbed amid the buzz of circular

MOULMEIN.

saws and machinery, were it would seem almost impossible for animals of such huge proportions to escape injury. They carry their intelligence to the point of rigidly enforcing the rights of labour. Nothing will persuade an elephant to do a stroke of work, after he has heard the workmen's dinner-bell, during the hour of mid-day rest to which he rightly considers himself entitled. Their mental powers seem, indeed, to be very nearly on a level with those of the human workmen, with whose efforts their own are combined. No less than two thousand elephants were formerly employed in the yard of the Bombay and Burmah Company. Steam machinery is now rapidly superseding elephants, for each animal requires at least three men to look after him. Some Burmese curiosity-vendors paid us a visit in the afternoon, and we made some purchases, chiefly of silver and

gongs. Posted our budget of letters and sent off telegrams in the evening, and sailed from Rangoon at 11 p.m.

Saturday, March 19th.—Arrived off the Salwen River about 1 p.m., but found that the tide did not suit for going up to Moulmein. We therefore had to anchor until the next morning. At five o'clock we landed and went to the water pagoda at Point Amherst—a curious wooden structure, held sacred by the Buddhists.

Sunday, March 20th.—Moulmein is admirably situated on a range of hills, rising to a considerable elevation on the left bank of the Salwen. The population consists largely of

ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

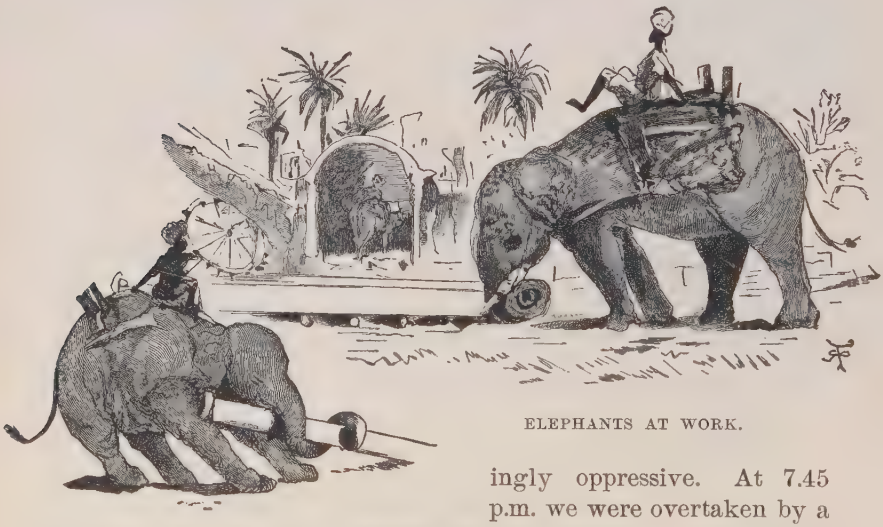
foreigners, Chinese and Hindoos forming a large proportion of the aggregate number of 50,000. About half-past four we landed and drove up to Salwen Lodge, where we had tea with Colonel and Mrs. Plant. Afterwards to church, which was very hot and full of mosquitoes.

Tuesday, March 22nd.—Started very early to see the caves, about eight miles from Moulmein. The smaller of the two contains a large number of sacred images, while the other is of vast dimensions. A large portion of Burmah is still uninhabited. Much larger in area, it has not one-fifth of the population of France. But the increase is immensely rapid. Between 1871 and 1881 it was at the rate of 34 per cent.

At 12.45 we got up the port anchor, and at 1.30 the starboard

anchor, and proceeded down the river, taking several instantaneous photographs *en route*. We waved adieux to the skipper, pointed the yacht's head to the southward, made sail, and, as soon as it was cool enough, lowered the funnel and set the main-sail, bound for Singapore, distant 1,150 miles.

Saturday, March 26th.—The day proved intensely hot and steamy, with scarcely any air. Thankful we all were when, after some little delay, caused by the difficulty of obtaining sufficient draught in the furnaces, we were able at four o'clock to steam ahead and so create a breeze for ourselves. Lightning flashed and gleamed on all sides, and the air felt sulphurous and suffocat-



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

ingly oppressive. At 7.45 p.m. we were overtaken by a heavy squall of wind, accompanied by thunder, lightning and rain, which obliged us to close all ports and skylights. Fortunately the storm did not last long, though the weather continued showery all night.

Sunday, March 27th.—The day broke dull, cloudy, and squally, and so continued. I felt rather unwell all day, and not being able to go down to afternoon prayers, listened to them from the deck.

Monday, March 28th.—To-day we were to the north of Acheen Head and Brasse Island, but too far off to see the land. Scarcely any cape in the world is sighted by so many vessels and touched at by so few as Acheen Head. Lord Reay warned us most strongly against approaching it too closely in our comparatively defenceless condition, on account of the piratical character of the inhabitants.

Tuesday, March 29th.—I had a good night in the cool deck-house, and woke refreshed. I have been rather overworked lately, and am consequently begining to sleep badly and loose my appetite.

Wednesday, March 30th.—The morning was brilliant, and the lights and shadows over the city of Singapore made it look even prettier than when I last saw it. We had not been long at the coaling-wharf when our old friend the Sultan of Johore drove down and came on board. He was profuse in his offers of hospi-

MOULMEIN RIVER BOAT.

tality, and wanted us to stay a week or two with him and to make all sorts of interesting excursions up the river in his new steam-yacht. This, however, was impossible. We took a long drive through the prettiest part of Singapore. A steep climb up a hill and through a pretty garden brought us at last to the Sultan's town-house, which is full of lovely things, especially those brought from Japan. Such delightfully hideous monsters in bronze and gold, such splendid models, magnificent embroideries, matchless china, rare carvings, elaborate tables and cabinets, are seldom found collected together in one house. By this time we were quite ready for tea served in the veranda, with all sorts

of nice fruits and cakes. The drives down afterwards to the pier in jinrikishas proved delightful to the children.

Thursday, March 31st.—Hove the anchor up at 1.30 p.m. and proceeded under steam, with pilot on board, through the Straits of Johore to the Sultan's palace, where we dined and slept.

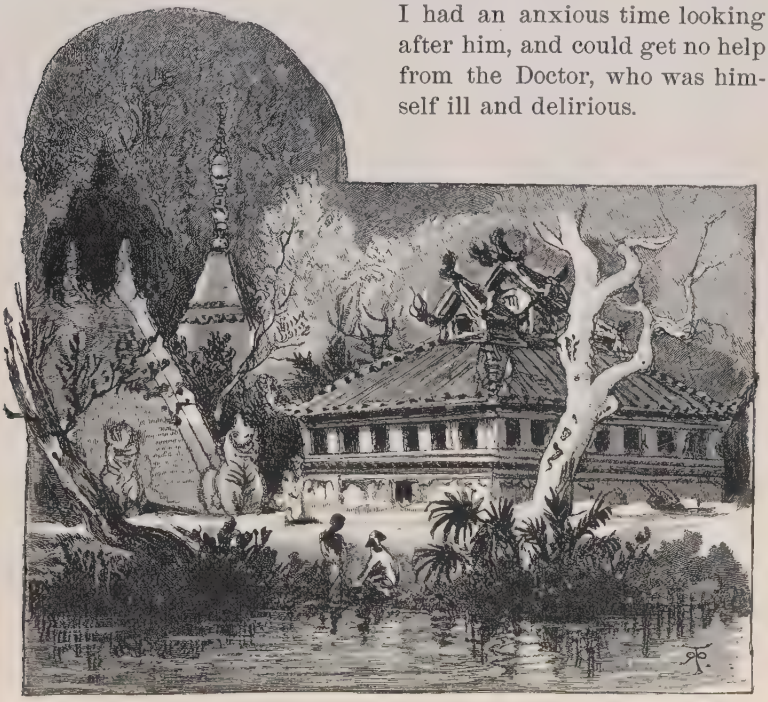
Saturday, April 2nd.—We were talking to-day of the St. John Ambulance Association, and as an illustration of what a useful institution it would be in these parts, Mr. Crocker spoke of the case of an unfortunate man who had broken, or rather smashed, his arm so badly as to make it evident that his only chance

ON THE IRRAWADDY.

of life lay in removing the shattered limb. There was no doctor near, nor any one who knew anything of surgery. Somebody had, however, fortunately seen a surgical book at Government House. This was brought, and one man read aloud from it, while the other did his best to follow the instructions, and with the aid of an ordinary knife and saw, cut off the arm. The wound healed in a marvellous manner, and the man is now alive and well.

We had an "Ambulance" case on board to-night for a vein burst suddenly in the Doctor's leg. Fortunately Pratt was close at hand, and with ice and ligatures checked the hæmorrhage. Without his prompt help the consequences might have been very serious.

Sunday, April 3rd.—At noon we were exactly under the sun, and were therefore all as shadowless as Peter Schlemihl. Despite the heat we had the Litany at half-past eleven, and evening-service at half-past six. At 10 p.m. we anchored at the mouth of the river Kuching, on which stands the capital of Sarawak, Borneo. Tom feels the heat greatly, and has been unwell for the last day or two. To-night I had an anxious time looking after him, and could get no help from the Doctor, who was himself ill and delirious.



ENTRANCE TO CAVES, MOULMEIN.

Monday, April 4th.—The anchor was hove at 6.30 a.m., and we proceeded towards the entrance to the river, meeting several natives in fishing-boats, who told us that Rajah Brooke was away at Labuan in his steam yacht the *Aline*. We therefore hesitated about going up the river, especially without a pilot; but it seemed a pity to be so near and to miss the opportunity of seeing Kuching. So off we went up the narrow muddy stream, guided only by the curious direction-boards fixed at intervals on posts in the water, or hung from trees on the banks.

This plan of making every man his own pilot seems both sensible and useful; but the general effect of the notice-boards was not picturesque. The wording of some of the notices were

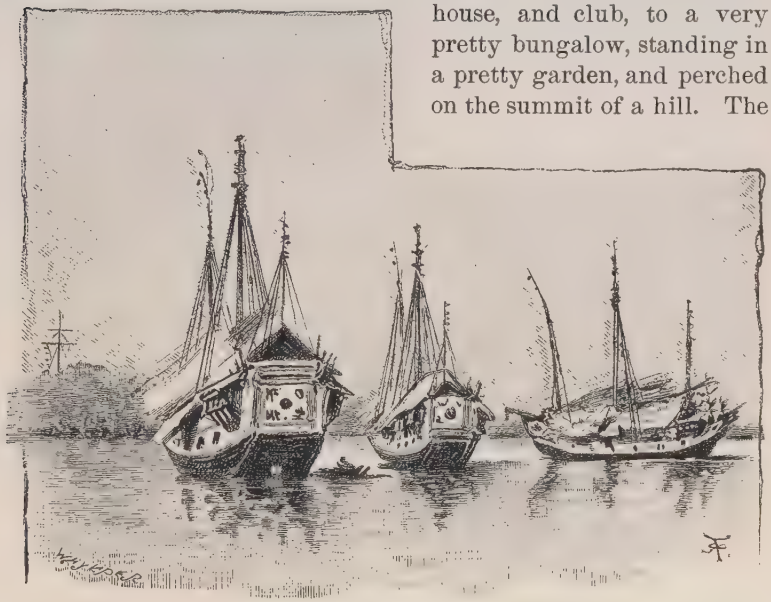
brief and practical, though such a caution as "Hug this close on the outside," painted in large letters on a board at the water's edge, had a certain quaintness about it which amused us. We ascended the river at half-tide, when the channel is pretty clearly apparent; but at high tide, the way must be difficult to find. The scenery was somewhat monotonous until we approached Kuching. The town itself seemed a busy little place, and there

POINT AMHERST—WATER TEMPLE.

were two steamers lying alongside the wharf. Our arrival, without a pilot, caused much surprise, especially as we had not been expected until a day or two later. After reaching our destination we found great difficulty in turning round, owing to the narrowness of the river. The heat was fearful, and the sun poured down through the double awnings with an intensity which must be felt to be understood. We were rather afraid of both the fever and the mosquitoes, and as neither the Rajah nor Rance was at Kuching, we intended to drop down the river again with the afternoon tide. We were shown one of the ingenious air-compressing tubes

which have been used by the natives for hundreds of years past to produce fire. It seemed to afford a proof of the truth of the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. Professor Faraday alluded in one of his lectures to the possibility of producing fire by means of compressed air as a discovery of comparatively modern science; whereas the fact has long been recognized and put to practical use in these obscure regions of the earth.

The Rajah's carriage was waiting to take us to Mr. Maxwell's house, where we were to lunch. We drove along excellent roads, passing a church, schoolhouse, and club, to a very pretty bungalow, standing in a pretty garden, and perched on the summit of a hill. The



JUNKS, SINGAPORE.

air felt much cooler here than in the town or on the river, and gave us excellent appetites for a nice impromptu little lunch. One delicacy consisted of fresh turtle's eggs, which I am afraid we did not all appreciate, for they tasted like ordinary eggs mixed with coarse sand. They are quite round, about the size of a small orange, with soft white leather, or rather parchment-like shells, and are found in great abundance on an island near Kuching.

The walls of the dining-room were covered with shields, kreises, spears, and arms of all kinds, collected by Mr. Maxwell himself. In some of them mason bees were making or had already made

THE FORT.

their nests! No wonder Mrs. Maxwell complained bitterly of the mischief they did, and the ravages of white ants, which are even more destructive. The dampness of the climate, moreover, makes it necessary to have the contents of wardrobes and bookcases frequently taken out and shaken, turned, and examined.

Shortly after starting down the river the strong current caught our bow and carried us into the bank, casuing us to collide with and considerably damage two schooners, as well as the balcony of one of the wooden houses standing on the piles in the river. The bowsprit of one of the schooners was completely interlaced with the stanchions, ropes and railings of our gangway, and it must have been a good stick not to snap off short. The tide was now much higher than when we came up, but the temperature had been considerably lowered by the thunderstorm, and was still further reduced by the rain, which continued to fall throughout the afternoon, making photography well-nigh impossible. After tea we said farewell with regret to our kind friends, and, with the "Adeh" to guide us over the treacherous shoals and mud-banks, steamed away, until we were once more fairly at sea and had lost sight of our pilot in the gathering darkness. Tom had another bad night, fancying he had caught the fever, and that we should all have it from going up the river.

Tuesday, April 5th.—A calm, close day, with a heavy swell running down from the China Sea, probably caused by a typhoon. Everybody most uncomfortable. Tom is still unwell; but I think it is better that he should be obliged to exert himself on deck, instead of remaining in his cabin.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION TO HERMON.

Connected with the winding, undulating road, leading northwards from Samaria, I have a memory that I can never recall without a smile. I was jogging along quietly, and at some distance from the rest of the party, when, suddenly a terrible screaming behind me made me look with some trepidation in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. On a low ridge, which I had just crossed, appeared a horse and rider, the horse cantering briskly, the rider evidently in an agony of terror at the speed, clinging, John Gilpin fashion to its mane, and screaming wildly. It was our English legal friend, more at home, evidently, in the office-chair than in the saddle. His horse, left somewhat behind, had taken it into its head to regain the ranks of its companions, and our friend's nerves being at the best somewhat shaky, had given way altogether, as he found himself hurried at the animal's will along the rough road. The sight was wonderfully ludicrous as it came into view, and so photographed itself upon my memory that I have at this moment a very vivid mental picture of that awkward and alarmed equestrian.

On the crest of a ridge, in the late afternoon of the day, we halted for a few minutes to take in the wide landscape which opened before us. The ridge formed the northern frontier of the central hills of Palestine, and the border-land between Samaria and Galilee. Immediately below us lay the plains of Dothan—a hill in the neighbourhood still retaining the ancient name—where the shepherd sons of Jacob were pasturing their sheep when Joseph paid them that memorable visit, which for him and them had such an apparently untoward, but really providential, ending. Somewhere, on one of the hills around, it was where Elisha's servant saw the environing fiery horses and chariots guarding the prophet from the beleaguering hosts of the Syrian king. Away in front the view opened out towards the plain of Esdraelon, with Little Hermon and the hills of Gilboa on its farther side. We rode down the steep pass from the summit of the ridge and camped close beside the village of Jenin, the ancient En-Gannin, a charming spot, situate where the glen opens into the plain of Esdraelon. The village women were busy draw-

ing water from the large stone reservoir in the square of the village, as we rode through it on the way to camp. The presence and plentiful supply of water were evidenced by the gardens around the village and the bright green of foliage and pasture. The ancient name, En-Gannin means, indeed, the Fountain of Gardens.

Early next morning we rode around by a slight détour to the Fountain of Jalûd, at the northern base of Gilboa. The fountain, which pours out at the foot of a stiff cliff, is probably that at which Gideon's three hundred men "lapped," in the test which separated them from their fellows for that extraordinary stratagem and victory which followed; in which the flashing of torches and crash of broken pitchers brought dismay, confusion, and destruction into the hosts of the Midianite enemy, while the wild cry, "The sword of Jehovah and of Gideon," filled the midnight air. Half an hour after leaving the fountain, we were close by Zerin, the squalid Arab village which occupies the site of the former royal city of Jezreel. There is not a vestige of its former grandeur. The city of Ahab and Jezebel has passed entirely away. Heaps of rubbish are scattered round the village, and in the neighbourhood are more than three hundred subterranean granaries for storing corn, but all above ground is dirt, desolation and decay. The site is fine, however, and the view across the valley far-stretching and lovely—an amphitheatre of hills engirdling it on every side—south the hills of Samaria, west Carmel, north-west the hills of Galilee, north the ridge of Duby or Little Hermon, and east the mountains of Gilead.

As we stood by Zerin, with the savage yelping of the village dogs at our horses' heels, reminding one of Jezebel and her awful fate, the battle-field of the ages lay just at our feet—the Valley of Jezreel, the Plain of Esdraelon. Carpeted, in many places, with rich verdure, it spreads out, an irregular triangle, with a base of fifteen miles, and sides of twelve and eighteen miles respectively, and with its surrounding ramparts of hills giving entrance to it from every side by steep glens and rocky defiles. It was a fitting theatre for war; and from the very first of its history down to the days of Napoleon, the din of battle, the clash of contending hosts has echoed and re-echoed through it. Here Barak triumphed; here, on the slopes of Mount Gilboa, Saul and Jonathan fell. Here the Crusaders fought the Saracenic profaners of the Cross and Sepulchre; and here Napoleon routed the Turkish forces in the last year of the last century. What a history of conflict, what a succession of contestants—Canaanite, Midianite, Amalekite, Israelite, Frank, Bedawin and Turk!

Directly across the plain from Zerin we turned our horses' heads to where, on the slope of Little Hermon, lay the village of Sulem. It is a bright, fresh-looking place, in strong contrast to most villages of its size in Palestine; and its enclosing hedges of prickly pear and pleasant grove of orange and lemon trees make it a welcome spot for rest and refreshment. Under the cool shade of the orange trees and with the scent of the fresh blossoms filling the air about us, we rested for lunch. Sulem is the Shunem of Scripture, the site of the encampment of the Philistines when they waged war with Saul, and the abode of the

MOUNT TABOR.

Shunamite woman, whose child, dead of sunstroke, was miraculously restored to her by the intercession and effort of the prophet Elisha.

In less than an hour from Sulem we came to another village on the hill-side, one of the most squalid, cheerless places conceivable. Dry, dusty and deserted-looking, it has nothing but its fine site and the splendid view it gives across the plain to the hills of Galilee, to recommend it to the eye; but it bears a name that links it for all time, with our tenderest thoughts of the sympathy and help of Christ. It is Nain, the scene of the raising to life of that dead man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," whose funeral cortege our Lord met, just outside the gates as He

entered the town with His disciples. "And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not! And He came and touched the bier; and, they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother." As Dr. Macleod finely says, "What has Babylon or Nineveh been to the world in comparison with Nain? And this is the wonder constantly suggested by the insignificant villages of Palestine, that their names have become parts, as it were, of the deepest experiences of the noblest persons of every land and of every age."

From Nain some of the best riders of our party rode off to Endor and its traditional Witch's Cave, but the most of us preferred to keep straight on to Nazareth. As we rode across the plain, Mount Tabor was on our immediate right, and its splendidly symmetrical slopes were in full view. It is some thirteen hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain, and over two thousand above sea-level. Its Old Testament associations are connected with the romantic and warlike history of Deborah and Barak. It was here that the prophetess commanded the general to gather his army, and here that he went down to his victorious conflict. "And Barak went down from Mount Tabor and ten thousand men after him. And the Lord discomfited Sisera and all his host with the edge of the sword before Barak." In the New Testament it is not mentioned by name, though a tradition authorized by Origen and Jerome, and believed for many centuries, affirms it to be the site of the Transfiguration. Modern scholarship, however, with its acute literary criticism, disproves successfully the ancient tradition, and shows that the Transfiguration must have taken place many miles from Tabor, on one of the lower slopes of Hermon.

There is a broad plateau on the summit of the famous hill, and heaps of ruins, some very ancient, others probably of crusading times. Some of the old vaults are utilized as chapels by the Greek and Latin Churches.

After crossing the Plain of Esdraelon the road wound, with a sharp ascent, through the glens of the hills of Galilee, and about the middle of the afternoon we reached our camp, pitched on a broad smooth meadow, around which on two sides arose gently sloping hills, with the houses of a town built one above the other upon their sides. We were at Nazareth, the scene of the boyhood and earlier manhood of Jesus, where He lived with His mother and Joseph for nearly thirty years.

The modern town lies, as doubtless the ancient one also did, in

the cup-like hollow formed by the hills which environ it on the west and north, and which rise in sheltering height above its terraced houses. It is one of the cleanest, brightest, thriftiest-looking

NAZARETH.

places I saw in the East, and the people are said to be of a better class than anywhere else in Palestine. The women are proverbial for their beauty, and for a peculiarly handsome and ornamental

style of dress. The town contains some five or six thousand inhabitants, of whom over one half belong to the orthodox Greek Church, other denominations—the Latins, the United Greeks, Maronites, Protestants, etc.—making up four-fifths of the population, the rest being Moslems. There is not a Jew living in Nazareth. They will not live, it is said, in the town of the hated Nazarene.

Nazareth is most picturesque in appearance and situation, and its stone-built dwellings and the religious edifices owned by the more important denominations give a most substantial and even imposing look.

Our camp was pitched in the green hollow at the edge of the town, and from our tents we had one of the finest views of it, as it lies against its background of sweeping and sheltering hills. Close at hand were the buildings of the Latin Convent of the Annunciation, and somewhat farther to the left the English Church, while high up the slope of the hill above the town were fine buildings of the Girls' Orphanage established by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, a most interesting, well-ordered and flourishing institution, where cultured English ladies, imbued with the spirit of their Divine Master, give their hearts and lives to the instruction and elevation of the neglected and down-trodden children of the soil.

As I lay stretched at full length in my tent, wearied with the day's riding and waiting for dinner, my friend M——, who had been off exploring, as was his wont, came running in, crying "Bond, come out with me, and see the tenth chapter of John." I accordingly followed him a few hundred yards to a group of houses at the base of a hill. Unceremoniously climbing to the flat roof of one of these, we could see, immediately in its rear, a sort of wide open cave, used as a fold, in which were lying quietly a number of the long-haired Syrian goats. Below us in a narrow passageway was the entrance, a rough wooden door. It was indeed, literally as my friend had said, the tenth chapter of John. Here before us was the fold, entered only by the narrow "door" between the houses which barred its opening, and possible means of entrance to "thief or robber" only by "climbing up some other way" over the house-tops. How vividly it brought up—that rocky cave—the sheep-fold of the Good Shepherd, that rude wooden portal His significant words, "I am the door of the sheep," and the whole scene, the wonderful message of mercy which John has recorded. In the unchanging life of Palestine, it may well have been that this cave was a sheep-fold in our Lord's time; and, familiar from His boyhood, called up the illustration He so beautifully used.

Before we left Nazareth we photographed the place, M—— the fold, and I the door; and our pictures remain to us as souvenirs of a most striking and interesting reminder of Christ's life and teaching, connected with the place in which He dwelt so long.

During our stay at Nazareth, we were fortunate enough to see another sight also vividly recalling His words. Looking through an open doorway, one of our party found two women grinding at the mill, and calling others of us who were near, we entered the room and watched the women at their work, to their great amusement evidently. Seated as in the picture, the one was industriously turning the upper stone around on the lower, while the

GRINDING AT THE MILL.

other heaped the corn into a hollow in the upper, from which it ran down between the stones, and was slowly ground into coarse meal.

We spent the Sunday, encamped at Nazareth, a day of rest very welcome in any case after the riding of the past few days, but doubly welcome as coming amid such associations. When I awoke in the morning, I found that my comrade had already been up and out in the bright clear morning air, and I was not long in following him. It was a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath. Early after breakfast we had a united sacramental service in our dining tent, attended by representatives of at least five different denominations and it was deeply interesting amid such scenes, to

unite, from countries so widely severed, and from Churches of so many varying names and polities, in breaking the bread and drinking the wine in honour of Him whom we recognized and loved as our common Lord and Saviour.

Afterwards many of us visited the Latin Chapel of the Annunciation. It was Palm Sunday, and the building was attended by many worshippers clad in the bright, quaint costumes of the country, and eagerly pressing towards the priests, who were distributing green branches in honour of the day. Thence, after a few minutes stay, we went to the English Church, a pleasant and neat building, where we had as fellow-worshippers the bright-faced children of the Orphanage, and heard a singularly unimpressive and common-place sermon.

But the afternoon's experiences were, in some ways, more memorable than any other. Climbing up above the houses we reached the top of the highest hill among those which encircle the town. On the summit was a *wely*, a shrine erected to some local saint, and sitting on its flat roof or by its base, we could see the prominent points of nearly the whole of Palestine. The Mediterranean was plainly to be seen, with the great headland of Carmel pushing out into the blue waters, and all around the usual tumbling sea of hill-tops—the mountains round about Jerusalem far to south; Samaria's hills yet nearer; Gilead and the steep line of the trans-Jordanic chain to the east; and north the great white peak of Hermon and the nearer billows of the hills of Galilee. As we sat there drinking in the pure atmosphere and filling our eyes with the wide and wonderful landscape, it was most of all, interesting to think that Jesus must often and often, in His boyhood and manhood, have trodden this hill-top and taken in this view. Many a time, doubtless, He came up here alone, away from the commonplace monotony of the life of the village, to breathe the clear, thrilling air, to feast His eyes upon the wide landscape with its storied hills far stretched on every side, to meditate upon the ancient history of His people and ponder over His own great mission, but, most of all, in the sweet solitude, to pour out His heart in prayer to His Father, and hold communion face to face with God. Nineteen hundred years have changed many things, but they have left unchanged all the prominent features of that landscape. It might have been yesterday that Jesus trod the turfy slopes and prayed and thought on this Galilean hill.

My friend M—— and I strolled away together after leaving the hill-top, and making a détour to the north of the town found ourselves, in a little while, at the Greek Church of the Annunciation, a plain, quaint old building, filled with some of the wildest looking and most extraordinarily dressed Christian worshippers

I ever saw. A little way from the church is the village well, the Virgin's Well as it is called. It is the only spring near Nazareth, and therefore the sole source, except from rain-cisterns of its

WOMEN AT THE WELL IN PALESTINE.

water-supply, as it must have been from time immemorial. Here, doubtless, we have a site closely connected with the boyhood of Jesus, and with the household life of His mother. Many and many a time must He have played around the well-side

as His mother came hither at early morning and at sunset to fetch water for the requirements of her humble home, and waited for her turn among the throng of women similarly engaged. As M—— and I stood there in the quiet Sabbath evening, troops of women and girls were constantly coming and going, and the air around the pointed archway which covers the smooth stone over which the water runs, was vocal with their shrill chatter and gossip, as they filled their water pots in turn, or loitered in friendly groups for a few minutes beside it. It was curious to notice that as they came along the road to the well with their empty pitchers, these were always carried on the head, lying on their side; while with the full pitchers, poised at an angle on the top of their heads, and with hands on hips, they walked away as unconcernedly and carelessly as though utterly unencumbered. It was really wonderful the careless grace and ease with which those heavy jars of black earthenware, holding, I should judge, three or four gallons of water, were carried on the women's heads, unsteadied by the hand, and apparently almost forgotten, as the straight supple figures moved homewards singly or in vivacious twos or threes.

Of course, we saw the traditional sites of Nazareth, the scene of the Annunciation, under the Latin Church, the workshop of Joseph, the Table of Christ; but these worse than apocryphal places had little of interest as connected with the history and life of our Lord, in comparison with, or rather in contrast to, the lonely hill-top and the Virgin's Well.

DEATH AND PRAYER—A SONNET.

BY MATHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE name that was so welcome to my lips,
Shall it be banished from them in my prayer?
Can I ask naught for her? Has she no share
When faith sends forth her venture of small ships?
Since death so soon of her sweet presence strips
My home, the home that presence made so fair,
And leaves it, save for memory, cold and bare;
Spare me the name into my prayer that slips!

I pray for those I love—her I love most,
Is there no good that I may seek for her?
Nothing to be regained which life had lost?
Nothing that still may pass the sepulchre?
Is life so full upon that blissful coast
That love's petition can no boon confer?

BENTON, N.B.

CHRIST'S TREATMENT OF HONEST DOUBT.*

BY THE REV. JOHN BOND.

THROW back the massive gates. We enter Machærus. The passages grow damp and dark. But lower we go—we seek the inner dungeon—the condemned cell of Herod's prison. At length, groping in the flickering lamp-light, into it we step. Yonder is the prisoner—pale, worn, only the shadow of the robust man he was a few days ago. We stand in the presence of him than whom, save One, no nobler was ever born of woman—the prophet of the desert, John the Baptist. Look upon him. Out of the prison darkness he sees, in mental vision, away in Galilee and Judea, the Stranger of whom he once had confidently spoken as the victorious Messiah. But now physical weakness and mental depression have struck the strong man's faith, and it trembles. A cloud comes over him. It is not as some have thought, that he simulates doubt in order that he may confirm the faith of his disciples. Of simulation this son of the desert knows nothing. Unworthy of both his simplicity and his sagacity would it be. To confirm their faith, would he not rather first have protested his own, and then sent his disciples to Jesus for further and final evidence? But the first plain suggestion of the text is, that he felt his own faith trembling. Further, the Baptist's disciples make no suggestion of any such occult object as their own faith. Why should we doubt the temporary feebleness of his faith? Have not the greatest servants of God had similar experiences? Was there not doubt born in the hour of darkness in the case of John's great prototype, Elijah? See the hero that had bearded Ahab; that had mastered the combined priesthood on Carmel; that had awoke the whole nation to a stupendous religious revolution in which they had slain the priests of Baal—see him as he sits sighing under the juniper-tree, and cries to God: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life."

Besides, it must be remembered, John was a son of the old covenant. From his prophetic Pisgah he had beheld the promised

* "Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto Him, Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me."—MATT. xi. 2-6.

land of New Testament grace, but he had not entered it. Mightiest of the sons of the old kingdom, yet, said Jesus, "the least in the kingdom of God" was in knowlege and privilege "greater than he." John was in weakness. He languished in Herod's terrible prison. Instead of being crowded upon by the whole population, he is in solitude and silence. His mighty voice gave no outlet for his burning heart, and it grew chill. Darkness, captivity, solitary hours, heavy fetters, these weighed down his body, and the sympathetic soul was touched. The fickleness of the people depressed him: one day enthusiastic for religion, and the next indifferent, if not hostile. The kingdom of God, too, which, at one moment, had seemed about to bound into triumph, now, to his impetuous spirit, seemed to lag. Hope deferred made his heart sick; and he was in trouble and in doubt.

But he was a conscientious doubter. He was determined to do right, or he would not have been in that prison. One word of absolution for Herod's crime would have set him free, but that word he would never speak.

In the year of grace 1890, doubt is in the air around us everywhere. Did not Jesus ask: "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?" In some this doubt is but the child of frivolous amusement. In others, it is an acrobatic vanity, dancing on the tight-rope of speculation to win applause. In others, it is a demon caressed and welcomed for the sake of licentiousness. But John was in Machærus, a sincere, earnest, upright doubter—an anxious inquirer; and our text tells us how Jesus dealt with him, leaving an example for those who in these days have to deal with honest doubt. John's disciples come and say to Jesus, on behalf of their master: "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" "Go and show John," replies Jesus, "those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

I. Jesus pointed John's messenger to His own miraculous works as the first element in His answer. Against miracles as Christian evidence, a great cry is raised. Two points have to be settled: first, Where they wrought? and, second, What, in that case, is their value? That the messenger of John, and John himself, were desired to believe in Christ's authority, at least in part, on this ground, is indubitable; and so still, common-sense will believe that if the miracles occurred—if the lame were made to walk, and the lepers were cleansed, and the dead were raised up—then was Jesus the Messenger of heaven. Men may doubt whether the

miracles were wrought, but admitting that they were, they will admit Christ's authority. On this belief Christianity was at first propagated and accepted. Men then so believed, and so they still will believe.

But were these miracles wrought? To say that miracles are incredible or impossible is to beg the whole question. It is admitted that men have often been deceived with sham miracles; but pretended miracles suggest real ones, just as counterfeit sovereigns suggests real coin. Moreover, the fact that men have been ready to accept miracles, suggests that there are miracles for acceptance, just as the capacity of the eye for light suggests the existence of light. If there were no real miracles, it would appear that God made us so that as a race we might incorporate in our nature not truth, but falsehood; that our life might be constituted on a lie. Miracles, as to their working, must be unintelligible, or they would not be miracles; but who can explain how, with certain movements of my muscles, the air expelled from my mouth makes another understand the thoughts now working in my mind? You will accept, on testimony, the statement that an oculist has made a man that was blind to see. Why should we not accept, on adequate testimony, the other fact, that Jesus made the blind to see? The testimony that would establish the fact in the one case, ought to establish the fact in the other.

Science has cleared away a mass of rubbish, but she has stopped at the New Testament miracles, and has said I cannot clear these away. I can deny the truth of the alleged facts; but, admitting them, I cannot explain them. I cannot tell how, by a word, a blind man was made to see, or a dead man to live. Science has blown away mythical clouds; but she cannot blow away the mountain-miracles of the New Testament. The smallest of men can bring in a power that can modify or obstruct the laws of nature—that, for instance, can resist gravitation and arrest the falling book; and God surely has not left us freedom which He has denied to Himself. He has not enslaved Himself and enthroned us. Admit one miracle, and you can find no ground for denying others. Did God create anything—this world, or any other world, or any germ matter out of which worlds have come? If so, then once He did that which was of the nature of miracle, why not again? Science is clever; but has she ever made the dead to live? There have been instances of restoration of suspended animation; there has been galvanized spasmodic muscular action; there has been temporary inflation of the lungs; there may have been given a grim, nervous smile; but in no case

would science say she had restored the dead to life. Christ did that, and He says: "If ye believe not Me, believe My works."

II. But these miracles were not only works of Divine power, but also of moral beauty and significance. The blind see, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed. Have we not in these deeds pictures and illustrations of Divine beneficence? Embodied in this noble casket of Divine power, we see flashing the precious jewel of Divine love. When the hand of Omnipotence is here opened, it opens out to men the gifts of joy and life. The miracles were not useless prodigies, such as Satan would have had performed when he said to Jesus: Cast Thyself down from the pinnacle, and Thou shalt arise unhurt: a prodigy, no doubt, exciting the wonder of the multitude, but one in which no moral quality was to be displayed. Still less were they destructive prodigies, wasting as the fire that swept at the prophet's bidding over the three captains and their fifties when they attempted the capture of Elijah. Such fire would have told of law and sin, rather than of love. In these miracles of our Master, the finger of Omnipotence touched the earth to give songs to the dumb, and sight to the blind, and health to the leper. Miracles that blossomed thus could never be the deeds of Satan, or Satan's servants. What! harvests of happy eyes, dancing hearts, grateful smiles, universal blessing—were these reaped of hell-sown seed? No, Nazarene, Thou art the Son of God! We have looked on Thy wonders, and they have astonished and confounded us, and we have felt that we trod on the skirts of a Power mightier than nature. Then we have asked: What power is this in the cloud of mystery? and awe-stricken have we waited for the answer. The cloud opens, and now we see all heaven in its bosom, and stooping to earth in blessing. We follow the Son of Man; Thy path is not amongst Samson-warriors exulting in their physical might; it is not amongst Nimrods of the forest and desert sporting in their fearless animal strength; it is not amongst those whose muscular frame and superb health enthrone them as princes above their fellows; but downward Thou goest to the sad and the suffering. We find Thee where are the sick, and the blind, and the lame, and the deaf, and the dumb and the lepers; and Thou art their triumphant Physician. See, Thy name is Love, Omnipotent Love. Thou art the brightness of the Father's glory, and "the express image of His person."

III. Another sphere, and the highest, have we yet to enter. We have seen the material touched by the finger of God, and touched into blessedness; but deeper lies human need in moral woe, and we go to that. Hitherto have we entered but the porch of the

temple of Christ; we now tread its holy of holies. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Man's material woes are but the outward and visible signs of deeper moral woes. They are but the scars, blotches and eruptions which tell of disease, deep and deadly, within. Can the finger of power which has removed the eruption, touch the disease and extirpate it? It can. Stand by, honest doubter, and see this, the greatest of the sights. Our appeal is not to the intellect, but to the moral nature of the doubter. "The Gospel is preached." What is involved in this?

1. *Recognition of man as a sinner.*—Tumult—confused voices—crowd of men and women—rabble of the streets, some; others, men of reputation and sanctity. See those venerable men, draped with venerated robes, at the head of the mob, with looks of holy horror on their faces and imprecations on their lips—what is that in the midst of them? A woman—a woman pale, haggard, fainting, stricken down—with defiled garments, dragged fiercely along. Here they come. "Master, we found this woman, found her an adulteress;" and they cast her at His feet and stand off, loathing. Down bends the Master, writing on the ground, "as though He heard them not." His apparent continued inattention awoke their appeal to persistent repetition; and, at length, lifting Himself up, He looked at them with scrutinizing eyes, and said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her;" and then resumed his writing in the dust. Away, one by one, slunk the crowd, each by his departure confessing himself a sinner; and when, at length, Jesus again arose, all were gone. This confession might be elicited anywhere and any day. No man ever lived whose conscience would allow him, in sober truth, to deny his sinfulness. If any in the company of his fellow-creatures should have the hardihood to assert himself absolutely free from sin in all his past life, he would be met with their derisive incredulity. Philosophize as men may about sin as an accident; as a contingent of progress; as a half-developed form of the good and true; plead inbred tendencies as they may, no human court of justice will exonerate them if they do wrong. Common-sense rejects their inventions, and declares that, if human beings are not sinners, and are not so because not capable of sin, they are simply deficient in the qualities that constitute men and women; that they are not above, but below men and women; that they are idiots or insane. The fundamental fact of sin is recognized by the Gospel. There is no room for honest doubt here.

2. *Revelation of God as a Saviour.*—This fits in to man's moral need; and is just what might be expected from a perfect and

beneficent Ruler, man's moral nature being judge. Christ is "God manifest in the flesh," not dethroning righteousness, but revealing love; love which, not forgetting the outward ills of man, presses beyond them to his most radical ailments to heal them; love which applies itself to the moral leprosy which consumes the soul, and to the paralysis of will which renders men incapable of good. Now our moral nature teaches us to expect this Gospel. I see here on earth a being created with capacities for knowing God, and loving God, and enjoying God; gifted with instincts and aspirations irrepressible and infinite; yet this being is lost, enslaved, sunken in hopeless woe; born to this, inheriting it by no fault of his own. I see a world full of such beings, helpless unless God interpose. And there, in those serene, majestic heights I see a God mighty and good; is He not bound by His own character to intervene to help them? Do you tell me that He is pledged by His dignity and by natural law to leave these wretched ones to their cruel fate? My conscience tells me, as sure as God is God, He must interpose. Does natural law obstruct? Then He must intervene supernaturally. His eternal, essential moral immutability cannot be bound by any supposed physical immutability, registered in time, and but of yesterday. God must be Himself, if even it involve the subversion of the works of His hands. Rather can I believe that they shall change, than shall He. They are but His instruments, and they may not control Him, but He shall control them.

God cannot refuse aid to such a world as ours. Conscience necessitates the Gospel to such a God of love as ours. I am puzzled without the Gospel; my moral nature drives me into doubt without the Gospel; but when I have it, I sit down and sing. Like Simeon, I stand wondering and waiting in the temple, but when I grasp the Child, I say: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

In this intervention there is necessarily involved atonement. The world's ruin is a terrific tragedy, and its redemption must be more than a poem and a sigh. Sin and no suffering! All human conscience has connected absolution from sin with suffering for sin. Erroneously have men sought to propitiate God's personal vengeance, rather than His judicial anger. Conscience demands judicial rectitude, and the enthronement and maintenance of law, and against that the intervention of love would be itself a crime. But take me to the cross: show me the Son of God, Himself guiltless, of His own free will bending beneath the sin of a guilty world, bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows in the presence of judicial rectitude and infinite love, and my moral nature stands so far satisfied and strengthened.

But if we leave our Redeemer on the Cross and in the tomb, are we fully satisfied? So magnificent a deed done, and so terrible a ruin retrieved, and no triumph for the Redeemer? Such love and such victory, and yet the Saviour expiring and buried amidst the howls of those whom He has redeemed! No, the work is not fully completed without His resurrection. His resurrection and glorification we demand, and this the Gospel shows: "Now is Christ risen from the dead." "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

IV. This Gospel, said Jesus, is preached to the poor! For all men it is intended. If there is one class more difficult of salvation than another, they are not the poor, but the rich. "Easier," said our Master, is it "for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." Wealth, with its depraving luxury and pride, instead of a help is a tremendous hindrance. It is with a sigh that Jesus exclaims: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God."

Nevertheless, to the conceptions of the leading men of John's time, the climax of Divine benevolence is presented in the statement: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Our ideas as to the poor are Christian ideas; their ideas were semi-heathen. That the kingdom of heaven, if opened to any, should be opened to those possessed of a golden key, was in harmony with the prejudices of the period. The poor were the profane: for them the place was the outer court. Nobles, statesmen, priests, scribes, rabbis, kings, these were the favourites of God. Witness their worldly position. Startled, then, would men be when Jesus announced "to the poor is the Gospel preached." Such condescending benevolence was far from human: it was Divine. Not excluding those above, the love of God reaches down to men as men, to the lowliest members of our family. It begins its work at the bottom. As material miracles were not wrought amongst the healthy, but amongst the sick; so the moral miracles of the Gospel were to be scattered first and most widely amongst those in greatest social need. Is there not that, in this striking contrast between the habits of men and the intervention of God, that strongly appeals to our moral nature in favour of Christ? Absolutely disinterested love is sometimes seen amongst men, and it is not contrary to nature; but here you have a stream which reverses the order of nature—a rain-shower which touches the earth first, not upon its high places, but upon its lowest; a sunshine which gilds first not the hill-tops of the world, but its obscurest ditches and lowest pits. Here you have the intervention, not of man, but of God.

Skeptics, as we have seen, are of many classes. In some, skepticism seems invincible. Not even if one were "raised from the dead," Jesus has said, would they believe; no amount of evidence would win them. The honest doubter, our Master has taught us by His example how to deal with. Imitate Him. We appeal to the moral judgment in such a case. Show him the loving spirit of Christ's religion, and the moral miracles wrought by it. Show him the Gospel distributing its priceless blessings among the lowliest. Show him the moral elements of the Gospel, and their adaptation to man's moral want. O thou earnest, heart-broken doubter, see the signs that Jesus sent to John in prison? A little longer distance separates them from thee than from John, but if the testimony was true to John, it is true to thee. Jesus thought these evidences sufficient for conviction and comfort, and sent no other—take them, then. Examine them; meditate on them; pray over them. Hear Jesus say: "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me"—shall not be scandalized by Me and My works. Turn not from them. Fall not over them. Intellect may fail to win thee, but the might and love and grace of Jesus shall attract thee to Him who said: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

"THE ANGELUS."

(After Jean-François Millet.)

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

The faint bells chime athwart the low lit leas,
And all the air is mellow with their sound;
With bowed, bared heads, upon the tillage-ground,
Still as the sculptured marbles of old Greece,
Two toilers stand, in reverent surcease,
With burdens laid aside, with bonds unbound,
Their humble brows, their heavy labors crowned
At eventide with sunset-gold and peace.

Shall not Death's music sweetly call to us?
All we who till our bare, unfruitful land,
Our fields bestrewn with stones and sterile sand
For scanty harvests, poor and piteous;
Shall we not joyfully arise and stand
To hear the sound of our last Angelus?

London, England.

"EAST END STORIES."*

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

FAIRY ARMSTRONG.

I.

It was in connection with one of the annual treats of my district Ragged School that I first saw and came to feel an interest in the child who lives sadly but lovingly in my memory as "Fairy" Armstrong. She was, indeed, "a winsome wee thing;" sweet-faced, gentle-voiced, blue-eyed, golden-haired little creature, whom to see was for most people to love. A child whose loveliness, gentleness, and helplessness it might have been thought would have disarmed even that cupidity which seeks to make gain by children regardless of the physical suffering or moral injury that may be inflicted upon them—a dastardly, fiendish cupidity by which Fairy Armstrong suffered sorely. Poor Fairy! Thy fate was, indeed, a hard one; and yet not so utterly hard as that of many another child whose martyrdom has passed unnoticed. Thou didst at least know something of human sympathy and pity in the worst of thy evil days, and had known *some* happy days ere the evil one fell upon thee; while thousands of others have known nothing but suffering from their birth upwards, and have alike lived and died unpitied and unknown. My heart is full as I think of thy fate, and as I recall the story of thy life to tell it here,—

> "My eyes are dim with childish tears,
> My heart is idly stirred,
> For the same sounds are in my ears,
> Which in those days I heard."

It was upon one of the occasions when it fell to me to give out the treat tickets to the Sunday-school scholars that I first noticed Fairy Armstrong. I say *noticed*, for as at that time she had been five weeks at the school, I had, of course, seen the little creature before, but it was only now that she attracted any special interest. There was always a considerable influx of scholars as the time for the treat approached. That the rush to the schools at this season was dictated by the wisdom of the serpent the managers did not need to be told, and they met it with some of the same wisdom. They had no hard-and-fast line, no fixed degree of regularity or given number of weeks' attendances that gave a *right* to the treat. Well-behaved children attending regularly

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: C. Kelley, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

all the year round felt morally certain of being bidden to the feast, but all others were designedly left in what was considered to be a wholesome state of doubt until the treat tickets were given out about a week before the day. The faces of the children upon the occasions of these distributions were a study, and it was while observing them upon the particular occasion to which I refer, that I was struck with that of Fairy Armstrong. On many a young face beside hers there were signs of a struggle between hope and doubt, but on no other face was it so plainly or painfully visible as upon hers; no other face struck me as so expressive. While yet some half-dozen children from her, as, list and tickets in hand, I passed along the row in which she stood, I caught her bright blue eyes fixed intently upon me, and saw that she was flushed and panting with excitement. As I came nearer to her, her excitement increased until, by the time I reached her side, her cheeks were all aflame. Her name was not on the list, and the instant I had passed her, her face grew suddenly pale, her head drooped, and though she bit her lips and struggled to "be hard," two great tears welled in her eyes. But, as I was pleased to notice, she did not mutter or grumble, or assume an injured or defiant air, as was the wont of the disappointed. Favouritism in dealing with children, is, I know, a bad thing; but I am afraid that some little degree of it is natural. I knew that I was "favouring" Fairy Armstrong, and that it appeared wrong to do so, but I felt that I *must* do it.

When I had finished I went back to the governess, and, indicating Fairy Armstrong by a motion of the head, asked—

"Who is that little girl?"

"Her name is Annie Armstrong," answered the governess, "though I generally hear the other children calling her 'Fairy.'"

"Well, she is a fairy-like little creature," I said, glancing towards her as I spoke.

"Yes, she certainly is a pretty child," agreed the governess, with a smile; "still I should hardly think the name had been bestowed upon her on that ground alone. Here, Smith," she went on, beckoning to one of the scholars. "Why do you other children call Armstrong 'Fairy'"

"Which I don't call her it more'n others," answered the girl, who evidently had an idea that she had been called up to be reprimanded.

"I don't suppose you do," said the governess; "but why do you call her so at all?"

"Well, 'cos she's one on 'em, I s'pose," was the unintelligible reply.

"I don't know what you mean. One what?" urged the governess.

"One fairy, or whatever you calls 'em, in the pantermine, you know, all in white, as if they wos in the air like. My brother Bill took me last year, and I seed her myself."

"Oh, and that is why you call her Fairy."

"Yes, and some calls her 'Paper Wings,' and some 'Spangles.' She gets called all sorts of names, but not spiteful uns, like some is called; none on us means no harm to her; we like her, and she don't mind."

"Poor little thing!" I said, referring to Fairy, when the other girl had gone back to her class, "she seems sadly cut up at not getting a ticket; I can't help feeling sorry for her, and if it was a matter of payment I would willingly pay for her."

I was feeling my way, but the governess making no response, I was constrained to speak plainly.

"Come," I said, "let me intercede for her; if it is not altogether against law and precedent, you might give her a ticket."

"I have to be very careful in such matters," she answered; "still the point is discretional, and as she has been a very good little girl while she has been here, I'll see what I can do. Armstrong, come here," and when Fairy was near she asked, "How long have you come to Sunday-school?"

"This makes the sixth Sunday, please," she answered.

"And you came on purpose to get a ticket for the treat! At any rate, that was most what you thought about, wasn't it, now?" she went on, softening her question a little on seeing that the child remained silent.

This time she paused firmly for a reply, and at length Fairy stammered out—

"Yes, governess."

"And now that you haven't got a ticket you won't come to school any more, eh?"

"Yes, I will, governess," she answered; "I like school." And now she spoke steadily enough, and raising her head, looked the governess in the face. "I will, indeed," she added earnestly, after a moment's pause, seeing that the other remained silent.

"I believe you will," said the governess, laying her hand kindly upon the child's head; "you are a good girl, Annie. Always tell the truth as you have done to-day. I would have known that it was the thought of getting a ticket that had brought you here, even if you had said it was not. If you had denied it I would have thought you a story-telling girl; now I know you are a truthful one—and you shall have a ticket."

The revulsion of feeling which this announcement produced was almost too much for Fairy; it put her beyond speaking her thanks, but the fervent expression of delight and gratitude that overspread her countenance was a thing to remember—and treasure.

On the day of the treat I kept an especial look-out for Fairy. She was one of the first to arrive at the school, and came radiant in smiles—and red ribbons. Her dress was clean and comfortable, but it could certainly not have been described as neat. Most people, even without knowing that she had been upon the stage, would have been disposed to pronounce it stagey. Her well-worn frock of dead-white muslin was low-necked and short-

skirted, her stockings too were white, and she wore a pair of shiny "sandal" shoes; all the rest of her seemed red. There were red bows at her shoes, a red bow at her breast, her waist was encircled, and her hat heavily trimmed, with red ribbon; she had a little red worsted shawl over her left arm, and the paper flag that she carcarried—it was a custom with the children to provide themselves with small paper flags on these occasions—was also red.

"Here you are, then, Annie," I said, as she took her place in the class; "why you are a regular little Red Riding Hood."

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then, her face brightening, she answered with a volubility arising out of her state of excitement—

"Oh, I know, sir! the little girl in the story; dad's told me about it; he knows lots of stories. We had the ribbon by us," she went on, glancing down at her shoe bows, "and dad said I should wear it; he likes me to look nice."

Her faith in "dad's" taste and in "dad" generally was evidently unbounded, and as it was not for me to say anything reflecting upon the correctness of his taste, I passed on to the other children, leaving Fairy proud and happy in her too liberal adornment of red.

The treat-ground this year was a lovely common some sixteen miles south-west of London; and here Fairy enjoyed herself with a thoroughness and *abandon* that was specially noticeable even in a scene in which hearty enjoyment was the prevailing feature. She raced on the grass, flitted about flower-gathering among the underwood, led mimic battles in which the combatants lightly pelted each other with fir cones, and, conspicuous by her red ribbons, skipped and danced about in all directions in wild exuberance of spirits—

> "Turning to mirth all things of earth
> As only childhood can."

She was nine years old, the governess informed me, in reply to a question, and she was little for her age; but when tea-time came she was quite motherly in helping to look after the younger children, and was most unselfish in giving way to others.

In preparing for the return journey she showed the same spirit, "making room" for others time after time, until in the end she found herself squeezed in a corner of the van in most uncomfortable fashion. Seeing this, I lifted her out of that vehicle and took her beside myself on the driver's seat of another van. She was quite tired out, and we were scarcely under weigh on the homeward ride when, nestling close to my side, she fell fast asleep. The season was far enough advanced for the evening to be slightly chilly; and, seeing that she had fallen asleep, the driver, goodnaturedly brought a rug out of his box and put it over her. I knew this driver as a "hand" of the gentleman who had lent the van, knew that he was a decent labouring man, living in the

neighbourhood, and, noticing the fatherly tenderness with which he "tucked" the wrapper round Fairy, I asked him—

"Do you know her?"

"Well, like most others living in our neighbourhood, I know her in a general way."

"What are her people?" was my next question."

"Well, there's only two on 'em as I know of," he answered, "her father as she lives with, and her grandmother—Mother Dreadful, as they call her—as I expect would like Fairy to live with her, though it would be a bad job for her if she did."

"Is the old woman a bad one, then?"

"And no mistake!" answered the driver, giving his whip a flick by way of emphasis; "She ain't called Mother Dreadful for nothink. I should say she was a bad un! If there's ever a worse I should just like to see 'em, or rather I shouldn't like to see 'em. She must have missed her turn when hearts were a-given out. I never raised a finger agen a woman in my life, and I wouldn't, and in a general way I would be for knocking down any one as I saw doing it; but for all that I think a good dose of this"—shaking his whip—"is what would suit Mother Dreadful's complaint, and when I think of her I almost feel as if I could give it her."

"What is she?" I asked.

"She calls herself a minder," was the answer.

"A minder!" I echoed. "What's that?"

"Well, a real minder," he replied, "is a woman that takes charge of children for the day while their mothers are out at work; but the minding is only a blind with Dreadful, her place is a regular young beggars' opera."

Again I was rather at a loss as to my companion's exact meaning.

"A beggars' opera?"

"Yes; trains young beggars," exclaimed the driver; "mostly singing ones, though she has all sorts. Bless you, sir, people would hardly believe there could be such things if they didn't see 'em with their own eyes as I've done. Why, I've seen her with a dozen children round her, teaching 'em to sing their beggin' songs, just as you might be teaching a class in school their 'ymns. That wouldn't matter so much; it's the way as she knocks the poor creatures about, and starves 'em, that's the black thing agen her."

"But as I understood you just now, this little girl does not live with her," I said.

"No; but she'd like her to," he responded. "She thinks the father don't make enough out of her, and she has tried it on to get her away from him; but though he's a bit soft on most things, he held fast there. There's no mistake about him loving his daughter."

"What is the father?" I asked.

"Well, that's just as you like to name him," replied our companion. "You call him a musician, or a teacher of music, or a

busker, which is what he really is. He's got a card with 'Music Lessons Given' stuck in his window, though I never heard of any one going to him for lessons—not but what I dare say he could give 'em, for he can play on a'most anythink. He plays about the piers and in steamboat bands in summer, and in winter at the sing-songs and hops about our neighbourhood—the public-house concerts and balls, you know."

"And does he take this little girl with him to such places?" I asked.

"Not to the hops or sing-songs, he don't," answered my companion; "and he won't neither, though he's had offers to do it as would have tempted many a man. Fairy can sing and dance, and then she could be put as from 'The Theatre Royal;' and I know the landlord of the 'Help-me-through-the-World' offered him fifteen shillings a week to let her appear at his Saturday and Monday concerts, but the ole man wouldn't. And that's what crabs Mother Dreadful so much. I've seen her almost a-crying with vexation, saying as to how the child was a ready-made fortune to anybody as had sense."

When the vans reached the school there was a crowd of the parents waiting about, and Fairy, after one rapid glance at them, joyously exclaimed—

"There's dad! There's dad!"

Dad kissed his hand to her, and began to work his way forward; a tall, thin, round-shouldered man, with remarkably long arms and a shambling gait; middle-aged, with irony-gray hair, worn long and in limp ringlets. He had a shrinking, nervous expression in his eye, and a naturally cadaverous face made strikingly so by a bluish black tinge on the cheeks arising from constant shaving. The children in the van had to get out at the back, so that he alone among the parents stood at the driver's end, and I had a good look at him, though a brief one, for Fairy bidding me a hasty good night, called out, "Catch, dad!" and then sprang fearlessly into his arms.

He kissed her as he caught her, and putting her gently on her feet, wrapped round her a shawl that he had brought. Taking her hand, they started homewards, Fairy skipping at a pace that put him to the trot to keep up with her.

On the Sunday following the treat there was, as usual, a large falling off in the attendance at the school; but Fairy, as I was glad to see, was not among the absentees. On that and the two following Sundays she was duly in attendance; on the fourth Sunday, however, I missed her, and again on the fifth, and I was reluctantly coming to class her with the backsliders, when I received a letter of explanation from her father, dated from Margate, and stating that it was his practice to take Annie to the sea-side for a few weeks every year; that this year he had gone away in a hurry, and his child had been so put out at not having been able to tell her Sunday-school teachers that she was going,

that at last yielding to her importunities he had written to explain though he "dare sayed" we cared very little about it.

Happening to meet my van-driving friend a day or two later, I mentioned the receipt of this letter to him, and speaking of Armstrong, observed "he appears to be a person of some education, speaks of taking the child to the sea-side every year. Has he any means?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the man. "It's the other way about, as you may say. Instead of him having means to take her to the sea-side, it's taking her to the sea-side as gets him the means. His holidays pays its own expenses and something to the good. They go busking about to hotels and on the sands, him playing and her singing and going round collecting; and that's a bit of a draw, mind you, as there's plenty 'll give to a pretty little girl as wouldn't give to a rusty-looking old feller like 'im. Their sea-side trip and the pantermime season are their best times."

"But I thought you said he didn't take her about with him," I observed.

"Not to public-houses, he don't," was the answer; "but he does out of doors sometimes, and I think she likes it; at any rate she don't dislike, or she wouldn't be at it; I know he'd rather starve than force her to a thing like that."

Now, I had not so hard an opinion of the wandering-musician class as I know many good people have—principally, I think, because I had a considerable knowledge of the class. Still I knew very well that, making all due allowances, it was not a profession in which any one taking a friendly interest would like to see a child brought up—especially a girl. And as I had come to take a friendly interest in Fairy Armstrong, I decided, even at the risk of being considered meddlesome, to attempt to bring about her withdrawal from such a profession. With this purpose in view, I waited upon her father a few days after his return, some three weeks later than the date of his letter. He occupied a couple of rooms in a quiet by-street most mostly inhabited by respectable labourers and their families, and I easily picked out his apartment by means of the card announcing "Music Lessons," of which the van-driver had made mention. I had selected a wet morning as being a likely time to find him in, and I was doubly fortunate on this point, as I found not only that he was at home, but that Fairy, whose presence would have been a check upon a conversation respecting herself, was out, having gone to a neighbour's house.

Armstrong himself opened the door, and greeted me with a coldly uttered, "What may be your pleasure, sir?" But on mentioning my name, and that I had come to speak to him about his daughter, his face instantly brightened, and, asking me to come in, he led the way to his living-room. It was a clean, cosey little room, but—rare fault in my district—looked crowdedly furnished—an appearance, however, that was due not to any unusual quantity of ordinary household furniture, but to the presence in the

room of a large, old-fashioned piano. Over the piano hung a couple of violins, a cornet-á-piston, and three flutes; coloured frontispieces from popular pieces of music were pasted about the walls by way of pictures, and a pile of sheet music had to be placed on the floor to free a chair for my use. Apart from the musical signs and tokens, the outfitting of the room was commonplace enough, with the exception perhaps of a large-sized, finely executed, and nicely coloured photographic portrait of Fairy in stage costume, which, in a heavy gilt frame, occupied the place of honour over the mantelpiece.

"I hope you have not come to complain of Annie," said Armstrong, rather nervously, when he had taken a seat.

"Oh, no, anything but that," I answered. "We are all very fond of her at school, and feel an interest in her welfare, and—and—in fact, that is what I have come to speak about."

The subject I had come to broach was a delicate one, and now that I was face to face with the father I was at a loss as to how I should come to it, my consciousness of good-will in the matter nothwithstanding.

"The fact is, Mr. Armstrong," I, said, "I take so warm an interest in your little daughter that, coupled with what I have heard of your affection for her, it has emboldened me to come here, and in all kindness put it to you as a matter for consideration whether the career to which she is now growing up is well calculated to promote her welfare."

His face flushed as I finished speaking, and for some seconds he sat in silence, nervously twitching his fingers, then, in a voice made husky by the endeavour to keep it steady under strong emotion, he answered—

"You need not put that to me, sir, as a matter for consideration, I have considered it times out of number—considered it till both heart and brain have ached—considered it tearfully and prayerfully, and I hope, though it would tear my heart-strings to part with her, unselfishly."

"And what conclusion have you arrived at?" I asked, looking at him in surprise.

"Well, you see, she is still as she is and what she is," was his enigmatical answer.

"From the tone in which you speak, I can scarcely believe that you think that the best career for her," I said.

"Well, I hardly know," he answered, slowly; "the best is rather a wide term; there's many things must go to the making up of any best, and it may have many meanings. I do think that as she is constituted, and as things have come to be between her and me, it is the happiest career she could have for the present, at any rate. In any other she would have to be separated from me, and that, though I say it, would break her heart—would make her miserable anywhere. There is a wandering strain in both of us. I have known better days, as the phrase runs, but always more or less wandering ones. My father was the manager of a provincial theatrical company, with which he 'worked' an extensive circuit.

Sometimes he kept his brougham; at others, had to keep us without Sunday's dinner to pay the Saturday-night salaries of his company. On an average, however, he was pretty well to do, and he always managed to keep up an appearance, and through all to give me a good education. When I grew up I was furbisher of plays to the company. In my day I have written what by courtesy were called original dramas; I have acted, I have arranged music for, and been 'musical director' of, a large theatre; and if I had only had what some people call 'push' and others 'cheek' in my composition, I might have got on in the world. As it was, I came down in the world. From being musical director in a large theatre, I came down to being second fiddle in a small one, and so on down to what I am now—a busker. It was when I was about midway in my downward career that I met with my wife, who was in the chorus at a minor suburban theatre, where I was in the orchestra. As you may have heard, she was the daughter of the woman they call Mother Dreadful hereabout; but she had none of her mother's evil disposition in her. She was a simple, kind-hearted creature, and things might have gone differently with Annie if she had lived. But she died when her child was only a year old, and I was as both father and mother to Annie till she was old enough to understand, and then we grew to be companions. Believe me, sir, to separate would be to injure us—her as well as me. I once read some lines that I always remember as being—to my thinking—especially applicable to the relations betwcen my daughter and me, or the notion of making us other than we are. They run—

'For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will;

But this you must know, that, as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.'"

THE ANGEL SLEEP.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

The angel sleep from heaven sent,
Unsought, unneeded there,
To lowest hill her journey bent,
Moved by its deep despair.

But here was grief beyond her power
To soothe, and so at last
She brought to earth her gentle dower,
Her spell on men was cast.

Benton, N.B.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

IX.—JOE'S FORTHPUT.

Joe rode over to Market Bevin and procured the papers relating to the Manchester property. He lingered a little in the familiar streets of the place, and looked with interest and with some vague regrets at the the old Hall where he had certainly spent more than twenty very happy years. With still more interest he passed the mill that might have been his own. Its massive masonry trembled with the titanic labours of steam and machinery. From hundreds of open windows came the hum—m of the wheels, and the great chimney seemed to be consciously proud of its height, and of the volumes of smoke it cast out into the blue mid-air.

The ponderous gates were shut. No visitors, no idlers, no curious people, were wanted in Bevin Mill. Business only procured an admission there, and Joe had no business now with its master. And yet he longed to see him. He took the road past Bevin Mill twice, though it was a little out of his way; but the tightly shut gates depressed him; they seemed to typify the inflexibility of his father's angry determination.

And as he rode home through the lonely lanes a purpose that had often drifted through his mind assumed a positive form. He began to consider it as practicable; he decided to follow it out. But the decision was an important one, and its very consideration imparted a solemn and resolute air to his face and manner.

Suddenly, as he turned into the high road, he met his father. Amos was in his gig. He was reconsidering a bargain he had made, and was oblivious to such an unimportant matter as his horse's speed; so the animal was placidly jogging along at the pace most comfortable to himself. It was one which gave Amos no excuse for passing his son, and perhaps he did not wish to pass him, for when Joe said, "Why, father! How are you? This is a bit of luck to meet you!" the old man's face brightened, and he answered, "I'm well enough, Joe. How art thou getting along?"

"Very well, father."

"I dare say. And how is my daughter-in-law? She doesn't think much o' me, eh? And I hear thou hes a son o' thy awn. Mebbe now thou will come to find out that fathers hev some feelings. Whativer brought thee this road?"

"I was at Market Bevin. I passed the mill twice in hopes of seeing you."

"Nay, then, I don't stand at t' gates watching folks pass? Was ta at Perkins's?"

"Yes. I went to his office for some papers about a bit of pro-

perty in Manchester. I am going there to-morrow to sell it, if the price offered be a fair one."

"My word, Joe! I wish to goodness owd Luke Bradley knew thou wert buying and selling t' property he scraffled and scraped for. I think it would be a punishment as would pay for a few of his meannesses. Well, my lad, good-night to thee! Say, Joe, what is ta goin' to call thy son? I'll bet thee a shilling Mrs. Joe will be givin' him her father's name."

"I'd let him go without a name at all before I'd have him called Luke."

"Thet's right, Joe! Thet's as it should be. I was a bit bothered at the thought of a Luke Bradley Braithwaite. It doesn't sound right, doest it? And I kept thinking to mysen, 'if Joe tacks a rascal's name before Braithwaite, it will be a shabby thing to do.'"

"Joe wouldn't do it, father; not for all the money Bradley left. If I had my way I would call him Amos. He's a fine little fellow, and he wouldn't be any thing but an honour to the best name going."

"Would ta really call him Amos? Well now, Amos is a varry good name. I niver heard tell of any blackguard called Amos, and happen it might be a good thing for t' little chap, happen it might. I must hurry a bit now, Joe. Good-night to thee."

"Shake hands, father, do!"

"Why-a! I hev no objections. I'm none o' them unreasonable fathers that can't see good as well as bad in a son. Thou vexed me in one thing, and thou hes pleased me middling well in another. I sall strike a just balance betwcen thee and me, Joe."

Then he leaned forward and grasped Joe's hand, and if the young fellow had only thought to bend his handsome head, doubtless Amos would have done involuntarily as the tender Judean father—embraced and kissed him. But neither of the men were naturally demonstrative, and both were slightly embarrassed even by the advance made. So they parted quickly, and with less warmth of manner than might have been expected; but the warmth was at their hearts, and Amos found himself humming the only song he knew when he stopped at the mill gates.

The next morning Joe left for Manchester. Edith had really intended to make the trip a pleasure to her husband, and send him off under cheerful auspices. But women with nursing babies cannot be sure of their moods early in the morning. The child had been restless all night. She could not trust the nurse, and she lost her own sleep. In consequence, she had headache and was fretful and nervous, and quite unable to command the smiles and pleasant words she had intended to give.

But Joe was hardly conscious of her silence and her irresponsive way. Perhaps he ought to have been; ought to have understood her languor, and the evident marks of suffering on her face. A word of sympathy might have brought sunshine and exchange of courtesies and confidences. But Joe had many things on his

mind, and Edith's lassitude and reticence in the morning were familiar conditions to him."

"Good-bye, dear Edith." He took her hands and kissed her with a tenderness which touched the weary woman. At the last moment she made an effort to be sweet and loving, but a leaden weight was on every emotion; and she took his farewell with a passive apathy which very little expressed her real affection. For she was in the power of a contradictious listlessness, the result of a physical condition she was hardly to be blamed for. And oh! how many a household quarrel, miserable in its results, arises from causes as really unoffending in intent and as little within the control of women who are physically exhausted.

At the door Joe suddenly turned and asked for his son. Under a hurried protest the child was brought sleeping. He kissed and laid him in his mother's arms, and Edith saw there were tears in the father's eyes as he turned away. She was dimly troubled by the circumstance. Joe was only going on a short journey; he would return in a few days. She had not understood before that he cared so much for the child.

For the past hour or two, Joe enjoyed the simple sense of perfect freedom. He was alone. He was not afraid of offending, either by omitting to do something he should have done, or by doing something which he ought not to have done. But, ere long, he withdrew himself from mere outside influences; his eyes became thoughtful, his mouth settled into firm, definite curves, there was an air of purpose and resolution, in every movement he made.

Arriving at Manchester, he first of all devoted his attention to his wife's interests. After their satisfactory settlement, Joe had business of his own to attend to. It took him to Spinning-Jenny Street, a locality full of warehouses. In a few minutes he stood opposite the largest one. It bore the sign of *Samuel Yorke & Sons*. There was a link between himself and that warehouse, one, as yet, uncertain and untried, but he intended to test its strength.

Samuel Yorke was his godfather. The relationship had indeed been merely a nominal one, filled by proxy, and acknowledged only by handsome presents of baby plate and jewellery; but it was connected with memories stretching much further back. For Amos Braithwaite and Samuel Yorke had been close companions in those days when both boys sold papers in Bradford Market; and Joe knew that in every great event touching either of their lives, letters of sympathy passed between Bevin Hall and Manchester.

He had never seen his godfather, and he knew nothing of his character.

After looking at the sign a few moments, Joe pushed aside the door and found himself in a long room full of tables piled high with printed calicoes. It was a dusty, dusky place, with an oily smell; and, in spite of the number of clerks and salesmen, exceedingly quiet. He asked for Mr. Yorke, and was directed to an

inner room whose door he opened. When he did so, Yorke stood facing him.

He was a small, thin man, in shabby clothing, with an old hat pushed back from his forehead. But there was an unmistakable look of master and millionaire about him. He was standing at a table on which lay freshly-opened letters, most of them containing samples of cotton; and as he pulled the snowy fibre slowly through his fingers he was softly singing a Methodist hymn. He looked up with a bit of long staple in his hand, when Joe entered, and stopped at the middle of the line:

> "Canaan, bright Canaan,
> I'm bound for the land of C—"

and looked curiously at Joe. He knew him ere Joe had time to introduce himself, and said: "Why! Thou must be Amos Braithwaite's son. Downsitting and uprising, thou art thy father's varry likeness."

"Yes, sir; I am Joe Braithwaite."

"For sure, and my godson. I'm glad to see thee; sit tha down. Whativer has brought thee to Spinning-Jenny Street? There's no wool here for you West Riding men; it is a' this stuff, lad," and he gathered the samples of cotton, with a swift movement, together, looking almost lovingly at the "stuff" as he did so.

"Well, godfather, I didn't come to buy either cotton or wool. I came to sell a bit of property that belonged to my wife."

"To be sure! Thou married Luke Bradley's daughter. I heard a' about it; a rich lass. I knew Bradley very well, too well, happen; he was a hard man. He had property all over. Whativer did he awn in Manchester?"

"The house next the Queen's Hotel. Sykes was the agent for it. You know Sykes?"

"I sud think I do."

"He wrote and offered us £10,000 for it."

"Too little, far too little."

"Yes; I sold it to the proprietor of the hotel for $22,000."

"That' far more like t' proper figure. But Sykes will allus feel as if thou had cheated him out of £12,000. He's that kind, is Sykes. Well, Joe, thou must stay with me to night. I want to hev a long talk wi' thee."

"Eh, but I want to stay with you much longer than to-night.

"Well, tha's welcome in reason, ta knows. But whativer is ta going to stay in Manchester for?"

"I want to apprentice myself to you. I want to learn your business from A to Z."

"Thou tak's my breath. I thought thou wer' a lawyer, learned and licensed?"

"I am a very poor lawyer, and I never shall be any better one. I took the law out of pure contradiction, and I never made £100 by it. I want to be a cotton spinner."

"Why not go to thy father and learn to be a wool spinner?

One kind is as good as t' other. And thou would be near Bradley and thy wife and child. What does it a' mean, Joe?"

"I will tell you if you care to hear."

"To be sure I do; only, I'll hev no half confidences. Tell me iverything or tell me nothing, t' bad as well as t' good."

Joe was only too thankful to have some sensible kind man to open his heart to. He did not spare himself in any respect. Yorke listened patiently, watching the young man's mobile, expressive face with a good deal of interest, but never interruping his confession. When Joe had finished, he said, "Thou hes gone wrong iver since thou left thy father. That was thy first wrong step.

"It was not all my fault. Father is so masterful."

"Well, then, he is master. And it was thy fault. 'Honour thy father.' That is t' commandment, as I read it. That is plain enough."

"But if a father is wrong, or—"

"It is 'honour thy father;' good, bad, or indifferent. There are no ifs in that commandment."

"A father may be tyrannical, unreasonable, unkind, unjust—"

"For sure, I reckon t' Almighty knew there would be them kind o' fathers; and He didn't make any exceptions. But I say that thy father is none o' them. Go to him, and ask him to tak' thee 'prentice."

"It would be no use. He told me that I should never have part nor lot in Bevin Mill, and when father says a thing in the way he did then—"

"I know; he'll be as stubborn as if stubbornness were his religion."

"As to my wife—"

"As to thy wife, I don't blame her. Women talk a good deal about love, and lots of feelings with varry fine names, but I tak' notice that they think the most of t' man that can mak' money. It is varry well for a rich man to marry a poor girl, and give her iverything he hes; that's natural, and she takes naturally to it; but when a rich woman marries a poor man, that's a varry different thing. And putting this and that together, Mrs. Braithwaite hasn't done so badly, I think. As soon as ta gets to making money she'll be a model wife, I sud think."

"I do not like to associate my wife with such opinions. Why should she think more of me if I were making money?"

"Because money is only t' visible result of a great many qualities women like men to hev—pluck, patience, good sense, good manners, industry, and what not. I'll tell thee what, Joe, when ta sees a man that is a first-rate money maker, ta sees a man that is capable o' doing lots of other things, better than most men can. I wouldn't be proud of heving made money if I didn't think so. And when a woman sets her heart upon a man that can mak' money she's most likely to be right than wrong."

"Very likely; we won't mind that now. Can I stay with you, and learn how to make money?"

"Listen now. If I tak' thee thou wilt hev to do my way, and not thy awn. I'll hev no fine gentleman 'prentice. If ta wants to mak' thy living with clean hands, don't ye come to me. I am at business ivery morning at eight, and I stay till five."

"Your hours shall be mine, I promise."

"Thou must learn a' about spinning and weaving; a' about dyes and dyeing; and thou must tak' thy share o' t' work in t' printing room. It is a hard business. Thou wilt be dirty, and hot, and tired most of thy time, and I'll not engage to tak' thee for less than two years. Even if ta hes ivery advantage it will be that long any way."

"I will agree to all you desire."

"And thou will hev to live with me."

"With you?"

"For sure. If I tak' charge o' thee, I'll hev thee under my awn roof, and my awn eyes."

"This was more than Joe had contemplated. Among the compensations he had promised himself was the lonely freedom of evenings devoted to his own will and way. Yorke saw the momentary hesitation, and explained: "That will suit thee, Joe, and thou wilt soon find out how well, for if thou art as tired as thou ought to be, thou will want no ither thing but thy bed. And if I ask thee to go to t' chapel with me on a Sunday, I think in a little while thou will like to go well enough. My own dear lads thought it no hardship;" and he looked at Joe with such a depth of yearning, sorrowful remembrance in his eyes, that Joe's heart was sincerely touched.

"It was a great sorrow, wife and sons in one hour," he said, softly. "I wonder it did not break your heart."

"Nay, nay! Hearts tak' a deal o' breaking thet hev their trust in God Almighty. Now, then, tell me where thou bides, and go write thy letters and pack thy valise!"

"I am at the Queen's Hotel."

"Get thee ready, then. I'll call for thee soon after five o'clock. And I'm sure thou wilt do more than well. I can see thou hes plenty o' forput in thee."

X.—EDITH'S HARD BLOW.

In the meantime, Edith neither was anxious nor unhappy. Joe's sober, almost solemn farewell and the mist of tears in his eyes, she understood just as little. She was both annoyed and pleased by the circumstance; annoyed because she had the common English hatred of anything like a scene, especially before servants, and going to Manchester, was not a thing to be made an event of. At the same she was flattered by her husband's evident emotion at their parting.

"He must be very fond of baby and me," and the thought made

her quiet and silent for a little while, and she hoped Joe would have a plesant time, and manage the business he had gone about in such a way as to make any interference of Perkins in it unnecessary.

Then she turned with a busy interest to the affairs of her household. And thus employed, the days rapidly passed away; she had no time to speculate and no time to be lonely.

Joe's first letter was just what she expected it to be. It related only to his journey and to his first impressions of the cotton metropolis of the world. His second, informing her of the sale of the house for more than double the offered price, was a genuine surprise. It came while she was eating dinner, and gave her pleasant food for reflection all the evening.

Perhaps after all she had done Joe an injustice. Now that she saw a prospect of managing without Perkins, she could afford to recall a number of little things in which she was sure he had overreached his proper charges. The total of his last bill had been unusually large. "He is meddlesome, too, and very dictatorial. I'll pay him off, and Joe and I will manage Bradley. It may be a happy thing to do; at any rate we can try it," etc., etc.

Thus she mused, for there was a real sentiment of regret in her heart, and something more than suspicion that after all she had not given Joe a fair chance. By word and deed she had snubbed him. Practically she had let Perkins snub him also. She was not well pleased at herself, and she was quite angry at Perkins. Poor Joe! She intended to order events rather differently for him in the future, and she meant also to tell him that she had been unjust to him and that she was sorry for it. For though a proud, self-sufficient woman, she was, as such characters often are, essentially just.

She was, indeed, quite eager to begin her reparation. She expected Joe home the next evening, and unusual preparations were made to honour his return. The house had been renovated, and had that festival air which new draperies and decorations give. She ordered an elaborate dinner, and dressed herself and baby with tasteful splendour. For was not Joe coming home in a kind of triumph? He had more than bettered expectation. She wished him to feel that he had done well, and that she was appreciative and grateful.

As she stood before the glass tying her bonnet-strings, she smiled over her excitement, and the fresh colour it had brought to her cheeks and the brilliant light to her eyes. She looked critically to her dress and laces, and changed her ribbons for a set whose tint Joe always admired. There was no mean withdrawing, no keeping back part, no selfish reservation, in Edith's submission. The reparation she intended to make her husband was to be as perfect as possible. The opportunity she intended to give him was to be untrammelled by doubt of interference.

She went to meet the Manchester train with a heart full of kind and just thoughts. She had no doubt of Joe's arrival, and when

she did not see him among the alighting passengers she was much astonished at her disappointment that she could not for a few minutes believe in it. She went home depressed, and an unhappy feeling she could not banish dashed the enthusiasm of all her good intent.

There was a later train, and she sent the carriage to meet it, but this time she remained at home. It was baby's hour, and besides the first glow of her feelings had been chilled. Joe had failed her. She told herself that whenever she had made some extraordinary effort to brighten and sweeten things between them Joe had always failed her. She had fretted her heart into a no-use-trying temper before the time for the second train, and she made no attempt to renew the pleasant anticipations which had been so promptly disappointed.

Of course, the carriage returned without Joe. The coachman said he could not have been mistaken. Only two gentlemen had left the train, Sir Thomas Wilson and Mr. Selby. But there was a letter. The postmistress had given it to him as he passed.

She took it indifferently, and opened it almost with a feeling of anger at Joe's unnecessary delay. The contents stunned her. She turned sick, and her heart beat as if every throb was its last effort. But there were servants present, and she would not betray herself before them. By a supreme effort she managed to go through the usual form of dinner.

Then she went to her bedroom and locked the door, and sitting down, spread the letter out before her. Word by word, following the words with her jewelled forefinger, she read it through:

"My Dear Wife,—I hope you are satisfied with the settlement of the Manchester property. I received the money to-day, and forward a cheque for the amount stated in my last, deducting only the regular charge on the conveyancing, etc. This money I have retained, because I shall not be at home again for two years. To-morrow morning I begin my apprenticeship to Samuel Yorke, cotton spinner and calico printer. I intend to learn the business, in all its processes, practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem as well as my own and I deserve the loss. Please God I will redeem the past, and with His help make a man of myself. When I am worthy of your love, worthy to be your husband, you will respect me; and until then, think as kindly of me as you can. Even for baby's sake I must try and deserve something more than forbearance, and it is better he should not know me at all, until I can rightfully claim it. Dear wife, if you will write often to me, it will strengthen me for my effort, and give me all the hope I need for the future."

Joe had not been at all satisfied with this letter, but every effort at an explanation of his motives and purpose seemed hopeless. If there were anything to be said in his favour, her own heart must discover it in order to permanently influence her.

But every letter has its peculiar atmosphere. It is often quite independent of words, and much stronger in its influence than they are. Plain and undemonstrative as Joe's letter was, Edith felt that he had put his best and tenderest self into its few lines,

and she had to summon all the strength of her soul to the task of reading them.

She was as white as the paper on which they were written, and she sat for a long time as still as if she had been turned into stone. What would her neighbours say? And all her social equals and friends? She would get the blame; women always did. How cruel it was of Joe to place her in such a position!

These were her first thoughts, but more unselfish ones soon followed. The very brevity and humility of Joe's letter was a mighty eloquence to her. Fine sentences or reproaches would probably have failed to touch her; but her conscience did. Every hour it said harder things to her. Joe had unconsciously struck the noblest chord in her nature. And in taking his destiny so calmly and resolutely out of her power he had suddenly become her master. Her old admiration for his beauty, his sunny temper, and kind heart returned with tenfold power. She had never been as much in love with Joe Braithwaite as she was in that hour, when she knew that he had left her to regain the prerogatives of his manhood.

But when the first shock passed away she began to reason clearly. She must have advice. She must have the moral strength of companionship, and she must have some one to rely upon and to go to in emergencies. She never had a hope that Joe would now recede from the position he had taken. Even if she humbled herself before him, and gave everything into his hands, it would not bring him back to her side. She felt positive that he would stay until the last hour to which he had pledged himself was outrun.

Perkins was her first thought. He would now have to retain the management of Bradley, but between Joe and herself he should not put a single word. She would not name her husband to him, or suffer him to discuss what Joe had done in any way. Who then must she go to? Sir Thomas Wilson had always liked Joe, honestly liked him; and he was in a position to give her the protection and the advice she needed. But he did not like her. She knew it in spite of his smiles and suavity. Neither did Lady Wilson like her, nor Lady Charlton, nor indeed, when she began to go over the list of her acquaintances, could she find one on whom she could rely.

She did not sleep all night, but toward morning she arrived at a definite plan for her conduct. It had come to her in one of those flashes of intelligence which visit souls earnestly seeking their way out of darkness and difficulty; come with its own assurance so perfect that she never thought of challenging it.

She would go to Joe's father!

So, early the next day, Amos Braithwaite was amazed to see a handsome carriage drive inside his mill gates, and a beautiful, richly-dressed woman alight from it. He had never seen his daughter-in-law, but he knew instinctively that it was she.

And, as suspicion was ever the first feeling in the old man's

heart, he muttered, "That's Joe's wife, I'll be bound. Now, whativer is she up to—comin' here this time of t' day?"

Then he retired at once to his private office. He was on the alert in all his senses. "He wasn't goin' to be bamboozled by any woman. And he wasn't goin', either, to let Luke Bradley's lass say a word against his Joe. If there was sides to be taken he would stick up for his awn side—ivery time!" And while he was thus thinking, the door opened and Edith entered.

Her stately beauty, her rich clothing, the faint waft of some delicate perfume that came in with her, quite subdued Amos. She looked at him with eyes full of tears, and said, softly, "Father!"

"Eh? Well, certainly, ma'am. Thou art Joe's wife happen? Sit tha down."

She sat down in the big leather chair that was the particular property of Amos, and, covering her face with her hands she began to sob; for her courage had suddenly forsaken her, and she dreaded this old man who looked at her so coldly and so curiously.

"Whativer is t' matter wi' thee, Mrs. Braithwaite?"

"Oh! father! father! Oh, Joe—Joe—Joe!"

"Joe hes been up to summat wrong, and he's sent his wife to git round me." That was the first thought Amos had. His next one was, "She'll be sharp as needles if she manages it But he made some attempt to comfort her; and the more he tried the more Edith wept, and the sorrier Amos felt for her.

"Whativer is t' matter?" he asked. "Come now, tell me all about it. If Joe hes been unkind to thee, I'll pay him off mysen for it; see if I don't."

"Joe unkind! Oh, no, father! It is I that have been unkind."

"Oh, ta hes, hes ta? I wouldn't hev believed it of such a bonny woman. Whativer hes ta been up to? I'll be bound he is as much in t' wrong as thou art."

"No, he is not. Joe hes behaved like an angel. Joe is the noblest fellow that God ever made."

"Mebbe so, for God hes made a queer lot even in my time. Joe might be t' best of them, and then be nothing to crack about; for Joe is a long way off t' angels. But come now, you hev hed a quarrel—most married people do hev quarrels—what is it about?"

Then Edith told Amos all their domestic troubles. She had thought over things in the night, and had come to a very clear understanding of them. And she did not spare herself. She confessed to all her authoritative ways, her little meannesses, and especially her aggravating determination not to have the baby christened unless it was called Luke.

Amos had hard work to keep a straight face during this acknowledgment of Edith's faults. Over and over, he wanted to have a good hearty laugh. It amused, it delighted him, to think of Joe, who would not submit to his own father, having to bow and beck to his wife. Amos had been an autocrat in his house-

hold. That a man should be anything else to his own womenfolk seemed a most preposterous state of affairs to him.

Edith's revelations affected him as a comedy might have done. And all the time he was complacently reflecting that this most unnatural condition of affairs was doubtless a judgment on Joe for his disobedience to him—a very fitting retribution indeed it seemed to the disappointed and unvalued father.

But when Edith told him that Joe had gone, that was a different thing. The quarrel was more than a joke, more than the righteous retribution he had been silently approving. His first private sentiment was one of hearty approval. Being his son, what could Joe do but cast off all rule but self-rule? Then she gave him Joe's letter to read, and his surprise and satisfaction were complete.

"There's summat in this lad after all; summat more than ordinary, Mrs. Braithwaite."

"Please, father, call me Edith."

"Varry well, if ta wants it so. There's a deal in this lad of ours, after all, Edith. I like what he hes done. It is t' most sensible thing I iver knew him to do; except happen t' marrying o' thee."

"Father, there is so much that must be done, so much to think of, and I am not able to-day for thought or work. Will you come and take dinner with me to-morrow? To-morrow is Saturday. The mill closes early on Saturday."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; I hev a deal to do. Meddling between man and wife is a bad business."

"Father, do come. I have no one but you."

"Then, I'll come, Edith, and I'll study out things a bit, and I'll give thee t' varry best of advice. I wouldn't go to Perkins wi' this bother if I was thee."

"You are the only person in the world I would have come to about Joe, father."

"And thou will varry soon find out that ta hesn't made any mistake in coming to me."

"What time do you like dinner, father?"

"I like it at four o'clock."

"Is there anything you are particularly fond of?"

"Yes, my lass. I'm fond of a roast of beef, and a Yorkshire pudding—well browned. And if ta doesn't mind t' trouble, I'd like a bit of berry pie, and some old Stilton."

"Oh, father, what a sensible man you are! It is so comfortable to have men say just what they want, without apologies or nonsense."

"It is t' right way, and ivery woman knows it is t' right way. If Joe hed only held thee in wi' a tighter rein, both o' you would hev got on varry nicely. Bless thy heart, Edith! women aren't happy if they hev their awn way. It isn't natural, ta knows, and what isn't natural comes to grief."

Then he amused and amazed his hands by escorting her to her carriage. He walked very proudly with the beautiful woman on

his arm; and to see the care with which he wrapped her rugs around her, and the courtesy with which he lifted his hat to her in farewell, set the whole mill in a flutter, and divided it into two parties: one, certain that "t' owd fellow wer' going to get wedded again;" and the other quietly scornful over such an unlikely event. "It's nobbut young Joe's wife," they said.

For once Amos felt unable to cast away his personal affairs, and devote himself to his mill. "I'm fair dazed like!" he said, sitting before the table and holding his head in his hands. "To think of Joe going 'prentice at this time o' day! Joe Braithwaite is no fool! Going to Sam, too! Well, I niver! Dal it all, it fair caps me! And I hev promised to go to owd Bradley's; no, to Joe's, I mean," and then he laughed heartily, and by sheer force of will compelled himself to examine some yarns and write his letters.

SOUL AND SOUL.

And has Death come so soon, and is she gone;
I left alone,
Through all the weary days to make my moan?
Left thus alone,
To tread dim-eyed the mazy path of life,
The one song gone that nerved me for the strife!

Yet, let me weave these broken thoughts that come
Confused within,
And let me see what would they prove to one
Left thus alone,
With spectral joys and grief to fill the room,
Of that which once we called our sweet, sweet home.

This truth ariseth clear, His grace and kindness
Last forever.
Her hand in mine, she said,—"How good God is,
He will not sever;
Believe me your angel, who was erst your bride;
We love till the clear light of eventide."

So, or in cloister, mart, or wedding feast,
I bide alone,
Filling the lot set till my work has ceased,
And I go home;
In with all eternity to rest after the strife,
And find her, loved and lost awhile, my wife.

—*Clugny.*

CRADLE HYMN.

BY W. H. C. KERR.

σίγα, φίλταθ', ἡσυχάζε,
ἀγγέλων γὰρ ἅγια
φυλάκη τις σοίγ' ἐστάζε
ἀνήριθμα τἀγαθά.

εὗδε, παῖ, σοί γαρ δώσουσι
καὶ τροφὴν καὶ οἰκίαν
οἱ φίλοι, καὶ πληρώσουσι
πᾶσαν χρείαν δωρεάν.

μαλακὴ μεν σοίγ' ἡ κοίτη·
σκληρά δ' ἡ Σωτῆρος σοῦ·
οὐ γεννήσις ἦν ἐν φάτνῃ,
ἐν τῷ χόρτῳ κειμένου.

ὢ τὸ κάλλος τοῦδε Παΐδος
καθαρὸν, κοὐράνιον!
φρίξαν ἄγγελοι, ὡς εἰκὸς,
βοῶν τόνδ' Ὁμέστιον.

μήτι οὐδὲν δειλοὶ εἶχον
εἰ μὴ φάτνην, τοῦ λαβεῖν
τὸν οὐράνιον Μέτοικον,
οὐ δείσαντες ἀσεβεῖν;

σίγα, παῖ, οὐ σ' ὀνειδίζω,
ᾠδὴ κἂν δυσηχὴς ᾖ,
ἐγὼ μήτηρ, σοὶ παρίζω,
φρουρὰ σοῦ κηδομένη.

ἀλλ' ᾀδοῦς' ὡς ἐκάκωσαν
τὸν τῆς δόξης Κύριον
οἱ Ἰουδαῖοι, κἀσταύρωσαν,
ἐχολωσάμην θυμόν.

ποιμένες τόνδ' εὑρίσκουσι
μετὰ μητρὸς παρθένου,
καὶ θαυμαστὰ σημαίνουσι
τέρατα τάδ' οὐράνου!

Καλλίπαις, ἰδ', ἐγέλασσε,
ἐνδυτὸς ἐσθήματι!
μήτηρ δ', εἰ κλαυθμυρίασσε,
κοιμᾷ σὺν φιλήματι.

ἰδ', ἐν φάτνῃ νῦν καθεύδεις
καὶ βόσκονται ἕλικες—
φίλτατ', οὐ-τι κινδυνεύεις,
οὐ πάρεισί σοι βοές.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
And without the care of payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Cold and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a manger
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King—
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought Him there they found Him
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how He smiled;
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no ox a-near thy bed.

Τοῦτον, βρέφος, δὴν βιῴης
καὶ γιγνώσκων καὶ φιλῶν·
τότ' ἐκείνης διὰ ζωῆς
τῷ συνείης κεῖς' ἰών.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

αἳ σοὶ, φίλτατε, δίδοιμι
μυρία φιλήματα·
τίς ἂν μητέρων ζηλοί τι
κρείττονα χαρίσματα;

I could give Thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

TORONTO, March, 1890.

UNREASONING RELIGION.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

LORD COLERIDGE, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, has pronounced an eloquent eulogy on Mr. Matthew Arnold in a couple of articles which he has contributed to the *New Review*, in which, in the main, competent judges will be apt to concur. If, here and there, the colours are laid on a little too thick, this will be regarded as an amiable weakness in one attempting to begin a portraiture of the dead, especially when he professes, as Lord Coleridge does, to perform his task with the partiality of a friend rather than with the austere justice of a critic. All that is said about Mr. Arnold's literary ability and critical skill may pass without comment. There is certainly a finish about his writings which well deserves the careful study of such as are forming their literary style, especially in an age when so much is sacrificed to strength and immediate effect. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. Arnold's cold-blooded style, however well it may become the critic, is scarcely the thing to move men profoundly. Writers who aim at moving the hearts of men, must be profoundly moved themselves if they would succeed. And there is something more than sweetness and light needed in the practical work of grappling with the giant evils of society, exposing its fallacies, and exploding its errors. Admitting the potency of the sunshine and the quietly falling dew, indeed of all those silent and viewless forces of nature by which such wonderful changes are being continually evolved, and such magnificent results produced, it must not be forgotten that many of her grandest, and even her most beneficent achievements are accomplished by the agency of the earthquake, the lightning and the storm.

What Lord Coleridge says of those of Mr. Arnold's writings which are "concerned with politics in the larger sense," seems to be judicious and just. He wrote as a *doctrinaire* rather than as a practical statesman or politician. His speculations were suited to an ideal state, the Utopian creation of Mr. Arnold's imagina-

tion, rather than to the actual world with which men of affairs have to do. No doubt he did useful work in pointing out the evils and mistakes of parties, the exaggerations and misrepresentations which too often disgrace party warfare, and the arrant absurdities which are sometimes made to do duty as arguments, in times of political excitement; but probably what he contends for will be better suited to the practical politics of the millennium, when all men are intelligent and virtuous, than to the present state of moral and intellectual, social and political development. He wrote about the things of the present rather as a bystander and on-looker, than as a practical worker who took his share in shaping the movements of the state; and, of course having only an outside view, he had only a very imperfect comprehension of the internal working of the vast and complicated machinery which we call the state. Such a writer was scarcely qualified to do justice to practical statesmen or their methods. Of course, Lord Coleridge does not say all this, but what he has written when read between the lines, as he evidently intended it to be, means about this.

It is strange that the Lord Chief Justice did not perceive that all this applied quite as much to those of Mr. Arnold's writings concerned with theology as it does to those of them which deal with politics; and that the same limitation of faculty, and incapacity to deal with the subject in a way that would have any real value is quite as apparent in the one case as in the other. The apologetic tone adopted by his lordship in dealing with this part of Mr. Arnold's writings indeed implies that he could not altogether close his eyes to their defects; but he labours to divert attention from their shortcomings by giving what appears to us to be an exaggerated description of the unreasoning character of the religion of his time. One is amazed to learn from so high an authority as that of the Chief-Justice of England "that the vast majority of men and almost all women in this age, as in every age, can scarcely be said to think at all upon religion or on any grave and serious subject." And our amazement is increased when we learn that the sweeping observation is not intended to apply merely to the non-religious portion of society, but to the religious. "They believe" he tells us, "what they have been taught and hold what they hear asserted, with indolent or unintelligent acquiescence; either because they are too careless and indifferent to trouble themselves to question the soundness of that which is the life of their soul, the stay of the better part of their nature; and thus they make the importance of a truth the evidence upon which they accept it."

Is this a correct representation of the religion of this age? Is

this a trustworthy description of the attitude of what may be called the educated world of mankind toward theological and religious truth in our day. Lord Coleridge need not be told of the Oxford movement which had reached its maximum strength when Mr. Arnold entered the world of letters. He knows all about the Broad Church movement which succeeded it, and which was even more radical in its nature. He cannot be ignorant of the fierce and terrific attacks which have been made upon the foundations of the faith in recent times, both from the scientfic and the critical standpoint. And if his lordship has found time to give even the most superficial attention to the "down-grade" controversy in which Mr. Spurgeon has taken such a prominent part, he must have learned that the spirit of profound and searching inquiry is abroad among the Nonconformist Churches even to a greater extent than in the Church of England. How in the presence of these facts, any educated person who has any amount of religious feeling and conviction can in these days retain his hold upon the faith without profound questioning and earnest thought, is inconceivable.

No doubt there is a part—and unfortunately a considerable part—in every nominally Christian community to which Lord Coleridge's description applies; and those who mingle chiefly with this class, naturally have no conception of the earnest and painful thought that is given to the gravest and most important of all subjects by the great mass of Christians worthy the name, who at present constitute a host more numerous, more intelligent, and more vitally active that the world ever saw bearing the same name before. It is the ignorance and character of this class which prevails among educated men which is one of the most amazing facts of the time. It is true these people do not deal with Christianity as they do with a question of physical science on one hand, or of speculative philosophy on the other. The spirit of their religion has taught them what has eluded the observation of so many highly intellectual and cultured men, that every individual kind of truth has its own appropriate tests, and that the nature of a subject must determine the mode of its investigation. They have learned, too, that the higher truths are not those which reach us as through the senses or that are come at by a process of reasoning, but that they are directly apprehended by the soul. There are truths which only need to be presented to the human spirit in its present and best words to be instantly recognized. And one of the healthiest and most encouraging signs of the times is the increasing prominence which is being given to these spiritual intuitions and the facts of Christian experience in establishing the foundations of the Christian faith.

UNDER THE SEA.

DIVING SUIT.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, now a great and graceful writer of books, was once bent on becoming a civil engineer, a profession in which more than one of his Scottish family have won renown. In his engineering days occurred this experience, of which he has lately written:

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skippers' daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead under each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen underclothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellowmen, standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse, a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal-rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and, setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend. Some twenty rounds below the

platform twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stepped off on the stones of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each in his own little world of air stood incommunicably separate.

As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging; overhead a flat roof of green; a little in front the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone. I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly—and yet with dream-like gentleness—impelled against my guide.

THOU art my Way; I wander if Thou fly;
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my Life; if Thou withdraw, I die.

—*Francis Quarles.*

YET FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING FEDERATION.

BY THE REV. JAMES ALLEN, M.A.,

In the article entitled "Some Further Facts Concerning Federation," published in the February number of The Methodist Magazine, Dr. Burwash says that, while I have "travelled thousands of miles to gather facts in a foreign land," I have been "utterly blind to what is going on" at home. Admitting for the moment this charge to be true, it may lessen somewhat the censure laid upon me if it be shown that my blindness is not wilful, but is due to the withholding of light, and is, therefore, my misfortune not my fault.

The source of light in educational affairs pertaining to the Methodist Church should be found in the Board of Regents of Victoria University. That Board is composed of two classes. One class is formed of men who are eminently fitted by their business training and executive ability to deal with financial questions; but they have not been qualified by previous training and experience to understand the various questions connected with university management. For guidance in these matters they rely upon another class, composed of members who are supposed to make a special study of university organization, equipment and methods.

The members of this latter class are not reliable guides. They lack the necessary information. This lack may be accounted for, first by the great difficulty of obtaining it. We are living in a formative period. Experiments in university work and methods are still in progress, and, therefore, there is no reliable account of them that is easily accessible. In reply to my inquiry, where books upon this subject could be found, President Hall, of Clark University, writes: "As to literature I know of very little. Our problem has never been a pressing one in Europe and is too new here for literature." In another letter on the same subject he says: "I deeply appreciate your difficulty in procuring information, especially as I have just spent a year in quest of just such information in Europe. It has to be collected from very many petty sources, pamphlets, etc., and there has never been any bibliography of great value on the subject."

But, the main reason why we are not properly qualified for our work is that no systematic effort is made by the Board to obtain information. The best method of obtaining light is by conferences, and correspondence with Presidents and Professors of Colleges, and by personal visits to leading institutions. This principle has been so far recognized by the Board and Advisory Committee that a committee was appointed to visit the principal seats of learning in the United States, for the purpose of studying college buildings. University buildings are not more important, one would think, than university organization and methods. Yet the Board rejected twice a resolution, moved by me, for the appointment of a similar committee to visit the principal institutions in Canada and in the United States, for the purpose of collecting information respecting the best methods of carrying on university work. My efforts to procure information respecting Victoria University have met with similar success.

Every University Board of Trustees known to me—the Board of Regents of Victoria University is the sole exception—employs two methods of acquainting itself with the condition of the institution under its care. The annual report of the President and Deans of Faculties is one method. The second method is by reports of committees. A full, clear and comprehensive annual report is very valuable. When such a report is presented yearly, and carefully studied, the Regents cannot fail to have at least a general idea of the state of each department of the University. Without such a report they are placed at a great disadvantage. In 1887, I moved that a yearly report of the President and Deans of Faculties should be presented to the Board, and printed and distributed to the members of the Board and Senate. This resolution was carried, and the report was presented in 1888. In 1889, that part of my resolution which provided for a report of the Deans of Faculties, and for its printing and distribution, was not complied with. So far as I know the report presented, at my instance, in 1888, is the only one of the kind ever submitted to the Board. Reports of committees is the second method. The governing body divides itself into committees—each committee having charge of some special department of university work, such as Faculty, Library, Museum, Apparatus. It is the duty of each committee to inform itself thoroughly respecting its own department and report to the Board. Thus every member by personal investigation becomes intimately acquainted with one department; and through the reports of the other committees he obtains a general knowledge of the needs and efficiency of the entire University. At three different meetings of the Board I introduced, without success, a resolution for the appointment of such committees. If I am "utterly blind" I have at least made honest, persistent, but, so far as the Board is concerned, unsuccessful efforts to get light. Our system of transacting business, not only makes no provision for obtaining information on the general subject of higher education, but does not require from the Regents of the University even superficial knowledge of the Institution under their care. We have been accustomed to rely for information and guidance upon those members of the Board who were members of the University staff, and here we found bewildering inconsistency. There was frequent change of front and with every change new arguments and estimates were marshalled to support the new position. This vacillation exasperated the men who were determined "right or wrong" to carry out Federation, and they assumed the leadership. The principal qualification for the position, which for the time these occupy, is intense faith—faith in themselves. Sight and knowledge are superfluous. The disposition to search for light is sneered at and considered mutinous. Dr. Burwash might have said that the affliction of blindness is general. We have blind leaders who beseech the company they lead to remain blind also. "Light is in us. Shut your eyes close and fast and we will lead you." It is due to Dr. Burwash to say that he is not responsible to the same extent as the men who have assumed the direction of our policy. "I am this day weak, though annointed king; and these men the sons of Zeruiah be too hard for me." Yet I may gently blame him. Had my efforts to procure information at home not been thwarted, or had he favoured any systematic effort to obtain it, his scarcastic remarks about my journey of two thousand miles and my visit to a dozen universities might have been made with better grace.

I accept the amount named by Dr. Burwash for the salary of a full professor. His insinuation that I am in favour of low salaries is not fair ; and his statement that I "need not travel a thousand miles from home to ascertain" that $2,000 in Cobourg, or $2,500 in Toronto, is the lowest salary which should be paid to a thoroughly competent man is uncalled for. For years Dr. Burwash has known that I am in favour, not only of securing strong men but of paying them liberally.

In "Facts Concerning Federation" I did not presume to make statements or give estimates on my own authority. I laid before the Alumni the views of eminent university men. The Chancellor of Victoria is among the number. I quoted estimates submitted by him to the last General Conference, and printed on page 198 of the Conference Journal. It is against his own estimates that he directs the main force of his article. "I could divide myself and go to buffets," said Hotspur. Dr. Burwash has divided himself and gone to buffets. It does not follow that he must, therefore, be inconsistent. That depends on whether the changed conditions warrant his revised estimates. How shall we, who are not experts, judge between the two men : Dr. Burwash of 1890 at buffets with Dr. Burwash of 1886? A man wishes to build a house. He should have a clear idea of what he needs. If he have no ideas of his own upon the subject he will, probably, be governed by his next door neighbour whose family may be twice as large as his, and whose style of living may not be in all respects the best to follow. Every change made by his neighbour such a man will copy. But, supposing him to understand clearly the result that he desires to produce, how shall he estimate the cost? He is not a practical builder. He will, therefore, apply to practical builders for estimates. Probably he will apply to all the able and thoroughly reliable men within reach, especially if he finds that different estimates vary widely. As a variety of materials and workmen must be employed, he will not take the estimate of one man for the whole, but apply to the carpenter, bricklayer, mason, plumber, painter, and thus obtain estimates from an expert in each department. When he has all the evidence before him he will sift and compare it, and, though not a practical builder, yet if he be a man of common sense he will come to sound conclusions.

Proceeding on this principle, I must ask permission to dismiss without consideration the estimates for the repair and erection of buildings. The amount named—$50,000– may be too low ; it may be too high ; it may be the exact amount required. But, as we have in the Board and Advisory Committee several business men of great ability—some of them practical builders and contractors -I may request, without even seeming to fail in the respect due to Dr. Burwash, that such estimates be made by them rather than by the Chancellor. The same reason which influences me to turn to practical master-builders for advice when buildings are to be erected, demands that I should listen with respectful and careful consideration to all that a College President has to say concerning university equipment.

We are told that the advance made during the last four years has been of such a character that even had the $300,000 required for independence in 1886 been secured "we should have been asking for another quarter of a million by this time." Dr. Burwash required for independence in 1886 a staff of fifteen (see General Conference Journal, p. 198); he asks for inde-

pendence in 1890 a staff of sixteen. He adds one professor to the staff and a quarter of a million to the estimates. Now, if the advance made requires another quarter of a million, does not the addition of but one professor give a staff entirely inadequate for the work? Or, if as Dr. Burwash states, the addition of one professor to the fifteen proposed four years ago supplies a staff that can do thoroughly the work demanded by the great changes that have taken place, is not his request for another quarter of a million somewhat extravagant? Examine more closely. Compare the amounts for salaries. In 1886 he proposes to pay to fifteen professors salaries amounting to $25,500. In 1890, $32,000 is the amount required for sixteen professors. He adds one professor to the faculty, and he increases the item for salaries by the annual outlay of $6,500. A difference in the composition of the staff makes this difference in annual expense. In 1886, his staff is composed of six senior professors at a salary of $2,000 each and nine junior professors at a salary of $1,500 each. Now his faculty is composed of sixteen professors at $2,000 each. The chief difference between the estimates of 1886 and the estimates of 1890 is made by striking out of the faculty all the junior professors. Is Dr. Burwash warranted in making this change? Let us judge by the rules which he himself lays down. He tells us that in making these estimates he is "governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in our own country;" and he selects Toronto and Queen's for comparison. He states that Queen's has a staff of twelve professors and eight lecturers and tutors, while Toronto has thirteen professors and sixteen lecturers and fellows. He requires sixteen professors in Victoria, while Toronto has thirteen and Queen's has twelve. Queen's has eight lecturers and tutors and Toronto has sixteen lecturers and fellows, while in his arrangement Victoria has none. But let us compare Dr. Burwash's staff and estimate for independence in Toronto with the staff and salary account of Toronto University. He requires for independence in Toronto sixteen professors for two hundred students in Arts, and he proposes to pay these professors $2,500 each, making a total of $40,000 a year for salaries.

The Minister of Education states that Toronto University has 492 students in Arts. The staff numbers twenty-nine, and is composed of thirteen professors and sixteen lecturers and fellows; $46,833.33 was paid in salaries to the teaching staff for the year 1889. The salaries of the professors range from $2,000 to $3,100. The lecturers receive $1,500 each and the fellows are paid $500 each. The average salary paid to the teaching staff of Toronto University during the year 1889 was a trifle over $1,600. A comparison of Dr. Burwash's estimates for independence in Toronto with the "actual facts" as they exist in Toronto University gives the following result. He requires sixteen professors, Toronto has thirteen professors—that is he asks for 200 students in Arts three professors more than Toronto University requires for 492 students in Arts. He has not a single lecturer, fellow or junior professor. Out of a staff of twenty-nine, Toronto University has sixteen lecturers and fellows. He proposes that Victoria University shall pay $40,000 annually to a teaching staff of sixteen. Toronto University pays only $6,833.33 more than that amount to a teaching staff of twenty-nine. Dr. Burwash says that for independence in Toronto we must pay to our teaching staff an average salary of $2,500. The average salary

paid to the Toronto staff is not quite $1,615. His estimates call for an average salary which exceeds the average salary paid in Toronto University by nearly $900, and in asking us to accept these estimates, he says: "I have been governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in our own country."

Is a staff sixteen in number needed? That is the next question. A teaching staff of sixteen supposes 200 students in Arts, but while we enroll nearly that number each year, we have not so many in actual attendance. Is it possible with our present attendance to do the work thoroughly and efficiently with a teaching staff less than sixteen in number? How shall we judge? We are not experts. Let us take the evidence of professors concerning their own departments. Dr. Burwash assigns four professors to the department of science. Dr. Haanel states, that with two men, making three in all, he would, with our present number of students, undertake to do all the work, both pass and honour, required in Science for undergraduate courses. Dr. Coleman, the present head of the department, holds the same view. Other members of the faculty are of the opinion that while it would be highly desirable to have sixteen professors, yet a staff of fourteen, or even thirteen—a fair proportion of these being junior men—can do the work demanded at the present time thoroughly, and efficiently. Of that, however, I do not feel thoroughly assured. The evidence before me is clear and reliable, but limited. Before coming to a conclusion I wish to make further inquiry. Dr. Burwash has reproached me because the address to the Alumni contained no "information as to what it will cost to equip a fairly efficient Methodist University in this Province with the necessary number of strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men." I will endeavour to wipe off that reproach. It is my purpose to collect evidence on this subject, both at home and abroad, from men who are acknowledged to be leaders by those who are of authority in the same department of university work. If any of Dr. Burwash's conclusions are sustained, I will accept them promptly. But, at present the comparison of his estimates for 1890 with those submitted by him four years ago, the judgment of them by the rules which he himself lays down, the clear and reliable though limited evidence before me indicate that in the game of buffets Dr. Burwash of 1886 has the advantage of Dr. Burwash of 1890

To prepare the way for his revised estimates he has not only to oppose himself, but he finds it necessary to weaken the evidence of men whose right to speak with authority on university equipment is unquestioned. His method of attempting this has at least the merit of boldness. I submitted evidence to my fellow graduates showing that specialization for the B. A. degree has reached its maximum, and is probably on the decline; that, therefore, the expense involved in this part of undergraduate work is not likely to be increased, and may be lessened. The question of options, as it affects the cost of university work, is not discussed in my pamphlet. Now, Dr. Burwash represents all that I have said of the expense of specialism as said of options. Why? That is a riddle I cannot answer. One might suppose that he had confounded the two things if he had not clearly defined the difference between them. The definition which I give of a university, the distinction between university and college work on which I insist, and the whole tenor of my argument guard him against the error of sup-

'posing that I mean options though writing about specialism. In comparing the expense of independence with the expense of federation, the word options is not used. Under this head I discuss three things—the Library, "the equipment and maintenance of the Science Department," and "*the demand of the age for specialization.*" The words Special, Specialism and Specialization are used throughout in such a way as to guard against misunderstanding, yet where I use one word Dr. Burwash represents me as using the other. For instance, I conclude my argument as follows: "It is said that we cannot maintain our independence on account of the extent of specialization, but this estimate" (Dr. Burwash's estimate of 1886) "of $300,000,—$150,000 less than the estimate for federation—is based on the demand that now exists for specialization; and as we have already seen, the chief university men on this continent hold that specialization for the B. A. degree should be lessened and will be lessened. Hence we may conclude that the expense caused by specialization for the B. A. degree is now at its maximum; though there is, as has been shown, no limit to the expense caused by University or post-graduate work." Evidently it is this passage which Dr. Burwash has in view when he says, "even in the foreign land where he discovered that *options have reached their maximum*," italics mine, "he forgot to inquire or at least to tell us what that maximum was." While I cannot account for this misrepresentation, I will not believe that it was done intentionally. Dr. Burwash is incapable of that. Yet the effect remains. While I am misrepresented, he steers clear of my argument.

A clear definition of a university will do much toward keeping us out of a mental fog, while considering the subject of specialization in its bearing upon the expense of carrying on college work. I may be permitted, therefore, to introduce here the following definition by the President of Johns Hopkins:

"A university is a body of teachers and scholars, a corporation maintained for the conservation and advancement of knowledge in which those who are thoroughly prepared for higher studies are encouraged to continue under competent professors their intellectual advancement in many branches of science and literature. In this society we recognize two important grades (*a*) the collegiate students who are aspirants for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, to which they look forward as a certificate that they have completed a liberal course of preliminary study; and (*b*) the university students, including the few who may be candidates for a higher diploma, that of Doctor or Master (a certificate that they have made special attainments in certain branches of knowledge); and a larger number who, without reference to a degree, are simply continuing their studies for varying periods. Corresponding to the wants of these two classes of students, we have two methods of instruction. The rule of the college which provides discipline, drill, training in appointed tasks and for definite periods; and the rule of the university, the note of which is opportunity, freedom, encouragment and guidance in more difficult studies and pursuits."

From this definition, it is clear that all those studies which lead up to and end in the baccalaureate degree belong to the college. It is clear also that while collegiate instruction imparts the elements of knowledge, its main purpose is the cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers, the formation of habits of attention, acquisition, memory and judgment. This requires drill, training, discipline. University work is the pursuit of some

special branch or branches which may be continued to any length. And, as the university is intended to encourage original investigation and to produce leaders in scientific progress, the student is unfettered and left free to follow his own bent, the university, so far as possible, providing him with books, apparatus and guides. It is the province of the college to form character, to cultivate the intellect and the imagination. The education provided is therefore liberal, not special, and its key-note is discipline. It is the province of the university to impart learning, to encourage original research; its sphere therefore is specialism and its key-note is freedom. Now, the attempts in this country and in the United States to crowd university work into the limits of an undergraduate course have not been crowned with success. The effort to do both classes of work at the same time usually ends in both being done badly. To say nothing of inadequate staff and equipment, these methods are opposed. Collegiate instruction, to attain the highest results, requires discipline, restraint. University teaching, to attain the highest results, requires freedom. Both methods cannot be pursued with advantage at the same time. Freedom to be rightly used must be preceded by discipline. University freedom, therefore, presupposes collegiate restraint, and is founded upon it.

The chief university men on this continent are now insisting that the college and the university should each confine itself to its own legitimate work. The following sentence from a letter received from President Hall, of Clark University, sums up their views: "That colleges pretend or try to do university work is, I think, hardly less than calamitous for higher education on our continent." But it may be objected that many of these gentlemen are foreigners who preside over institutions for post-graduate work, and who aim at making the colleges preparatory schools to their universities. Listen, then, to the evidence of a gentleman who is not a foreigner, and who looks at the question from the college point of view.

The following is from the report of Dr. Reynar, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Victoria University:

"It is to be regretted that in this country so high a premium is set on specialism that no sufficient time is allowed for the healthy and symmetrical development of the mind. On the contrary, such development is arrested by the too early concentration of attention in some special direction and the absorption of the energies in some particular exercise. . . . . Even in the case of our school teachers, this demand for specialism may be pushed beyond the bounds of reason, and a special proficiency stimulated that is beyond the requirements of the work, and that in the natural course of things cannot be secured without sacrificing that balance and symmetry of culture so much to be desired in those who unconsciously mould the characters of the young, whilst they directly inform their minds."

We may conclude from the number, ability, character and position of the university men holding these views, that they will influence greatly the form taken by higher education on this continent. It is not unreasonable to suppose that their views will so far prevail that much of the specialism which now finds a place in undergraduate work will be transferred to post-graduate courses; at all events, that specialization for the B. A. degree will not be pushed beyond its present limits.

Permit me to fortify this conclusion somewhat. Until recently we had no institutions for extended post-graduate work on the continent, and the colleges were compelled with imperfect means to do the best they could for specialists or leave them wholly unprovided for. Now, however, there are in the United States several universities which have from $300,000 to $400,000 annual income devoted mainly to post-graduate or university work. Last October Clark University, which starts with an endowment of over $2,000,000, was opened for post-graduate work only. These universities are easily reached from any point in Ontario.

Here the cry is raised that this means sinking into a "secondary position," that our colleges are thus made "preparatory schools" to such a university as Johns Hopkins. But what are we now? What are all the universities in Canada with all their specialisms more than "preparatory schools" to such a university as Johns Hopkins? Dr. Burwash may refuse with disdain such a "secondary position" for Victoria, but Vice-Chancellor Mulock with pride claims superiority over Queen's on the ground of the excellence of Toronto as a "preparatory school" to Johns Hopkins. In his last address, Vice-Chancellor Mulock asserts that Toronto is superior to Queen's on the ground that during the year 1887-1888 nine graduates of Toronto were pursuing post-graduate studies in Johns Hopkins, while no graduates of Queen's were in that institution.

But we are told that federation will lift us out of this "secondary position," and give Ontario a university supplying advantages to post-graduate students equal to those given by the best institutions in the United States and in Europe. For five years Dr. Burwash and his associates have been telling the people of this country that federation will give us a university "the peer of any university on this continent," "a first-class university scarcely inferior to any university on the continent, and for which we might otherwise have to wait for two full generations to come," "a first-class university possessing ample provision for teaching in every department of university work, which would render it unnecessary for our best young men to go to other countries to complete their education." By what authority are such statements made? Will Dr. Burwash point out the clause in the Federation Act which makes provision for such a university? Will he give a single sentence from the Minister of Education or from any member of the Cabinet containing a pledge from the Ontario Government to establish a university with post-graduate courses in the event of federation? Will he show us where, under the scheme of federation, provision is made for teaching more than is required for the B. A. degree? Of course, I cannot think the advocates of federation capable of wilful misrepresentation, but nevertheless the public has been widely misled. The division of the university staff renders the misrepresentation difficult to detect. In federation the University Faculty is to be divided. One part is styled the Faculty of University College. The other part, which is common to all federating colleges, is called the University Professoriate. Many have accepted the statements made supposing that post-graduate subjects would be assigned to the university professoriate, but the work done by the university staff is of the same grade as the work done by the federating colleges. It is all collegiate work; undergraduate work; work preliminary to the B. A. degree. I pointed this out in my pamphlet, and insisted upon it in a letter

published in the *Mail* of November 8th, in reply to criticisms made by the Editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. No explanations have been offered in reply ; but when Dr. Burwash deals with this subject in his article I notice a remarkable change in his tone. He now tells us that the advocates of federation have a post-graduate course similar to that of Yale "before their minds;" and he states further that this post-graduate course which they have "before their minds" "might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years." During the last five years the advocates of federation have spoken in the language of certainty of "a first-class university possessing ample provision for efficient teaching in every department of university work, which would render it unnecessary for our best young men to go to other countries to complete their education," as a thing secured to us by federation. Now they tell us that it is *before their minds*, and under federation it *might be* furnished within *five years*. If it is only "before their minds," I must ask pardon for refusing to believe it to be more substantial than "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Dr. Burwash deals in a singular fashion with the estimates quoted by me for a library and scientific apparatus. I quoted $10,000 and $1,000 annual outlay for the purchase and maintenance of apparatus, and $5,000 for a library, with a yearly sum for the purchase of the latest works, making total of $15,000 for the first outlay, not $20,000, as misquoted in his article. With respect to these estimates he says, first : "I need not quarrel with Mr. Allen," he then adds, that he will "gladly accept" them, and he incorporates the figures which he quotes as mine in his own estimates for independence. On the next page, he says that he has exposed "the utter fallacy of the last ten pages of Mr. Allen's pamphlet" where the estimates for the library and apparatus are dealt with in detail ; and in his conclusion he says : "The whole tenor of Mr. Allen's argument is to show how little is needed for independence. All that we need is a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books." Now, I must not allow myself to be dazzled by the Chancellor's generosity in intimating on one page that he will not "quarrel" with me, and that he will "gladly accept" my estimates, into permitting him to say on the next page that he has exposed their "utter fallacy," and to sneer at the equipment contemplated by them as "a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books."

Dr. Burwash states that a library and scientific apparatus are "supplemental requisites of a university." In this I think him right, but he has sometimes conveyed the impression that vast sums were required to provide a library. His report to the Board of Regents contains the following : "But the limited ground covered is due to the fact that we have not been in a position to adopt the more modern method of dealing with these subjects. The study of Languages, Literature, History, Philosophy and Civil Polity by advanced students should be prosecuted in a thoroughly furnished library of works of reference. The work of the professors should be to direct the extended reading of his students." He recommends this method of work for honour men during the third and fourth years, and adds : "The expenditure of money in this direction would more directly than any other way add to the efficiency of the university." I made enquiry in Rochester, Syracuse, Boston University, the University of the City of New York, Yale, Cornell, Columbia and Johns Hopkins and in none of these

universities do *undergraduate* students pursue this "modern method." This method is pursued by *post-graduate* students: by men who have been graduated in Arts, and are taking a further special course or are proceeding to the Ph. D. degree. Now, in the absence of all systematic means—such as a standing committee on the library—of collecting information, the vagueness of our ideas upon the subject should not occasion surprise. The inference was naturally drawn from the report that an immense library similar to those possessed by well appointed universities for post-graduate work was required for the successful prosecution of the studies required for the B. A. degree, and this was used freely and forcibly as an argument in favour of federation. I asked the Presidents and the Librarians of the universities I visited the following question: "What sum is required to purchase a good working library for a college with an attendance of from 200 to 300 students and doing all the work required for the B. A. degree?" The lowest estimate was $3,000, the highest $5,000. The President of Johns Hopkins and the Librarian of Columbia mentioned the higher figure. Let me give the substance of President Gilman's words: For $5,000, and a small annual sum for the latest works, you can purchase a library for the undergraduate part of university work, but you must put brains into the selection. Some one must purchase your books who knows what to buy. Not a dollar must be spent in buying a useless book. This statement is confirmed by Dr. Reynar, Dean of the Arts Faculty; $5,000 to begin with, he says, and $1,000 annual outlay for the latest publications, will provide all the books we can profitably use in our work.

Dr. Burwash calls $10,000 worth of apparatus "little" and "cheap." Why did he not add to this negative information a positive statement of the sum that would meet his views for the equipment of the Science Department? Vague, general statements are liable to mislead, especially with regard to this part of university equipment. Before purchasing apparatus we should understand clearly what we need. As we have already seen there are two classes of university work: Collegiate, or undergraduate, and university, or post-graduate work. Undergraduate work includes all the studies required for the B. A. degree; post-graduate studies may go in any direction and to any length. Now, post-graduate courses are not contemplated, either in independence or federation; therefore, we require apparatus for undergraduate work only. Apparatus for this purpose is comparatively simple and inexpensive, but that required for post-graduate students is very costly, hence the necessity for definite statement, that we may not confound them. The most extravagant estimates have been made, because the apparatus required for university has been confounded with that required for collegiate equipment. I have heard sums from $50,000 all the way up to $6,000,000, quoted for the equipment of the single department of Practical Science in an undergraduate college. And yet we are told that there is no need for a committee charged with the duty of collecting information concerning the equipment of the Science Department.

In my pamphlet estimates are given in detail for scientific apparatus in each subject. Any one desiring to refer to them will receive a copy of the pamphlet on application. These estimates were supplied to me by Dr. Haanel, Dean of our Science Department, and now Professor of Physics in

Syracuse University ; by Dr. Gilman, and Dr. Kimball, one President and the other Associate Professor of Physics in Johns Hopkins ; by Dr. Chandler, Dean of the School of Mines, Columbia ; by Dr. Harris, Professor of Chemistry, Amherst ; by Professor Cooke, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, Harvard, and by other men of the same stamp. Dr. Haanel states, that $10,000 worth of apparatus added to what is now in our laboratory, and $1,000 annual outlay to maintain it, will put us in a position, with respect to apparatus, not only to do as good work as can be done for our students by the University Professoriate, but to do as good work for the B. A. degree as can be done on this continent or in Europe, because that sum would furnish our laboratory with all the apparatus that could be used in our undergraduate work for purposes of instruction. But every professor who supplied these estimates emphasized the fact that the sums would serve the purposes indicated only in the event of being intrusted to one who knew precisely what to purchase. That a comparatively small sum of money is spent in furnishing a laboratory and a library is no proof that the apparatus is "little" and "cheap," and that the books are "cheap" and "few." It may be a proof that the purchaser knows how to select apparatus and books and how to make use of them.

"Wherever we do our work," says Dr. Burwash, "we must provide for our sons all that can be had elsewhere." The fact that a thing can be had elsewhere is not a sufficient proof that we should provide it for our sons. Some things may be had elsewhere which our sons would be better without ; and there may be some things not found elsewhere which ought to be provided. The estimates for library and apparatus are given upon the assumption that we "must compete" with other universities ; but the principle of competition is not, in my opinion, a sound one. It has done much to destroy the true educational spirit in Ontario, by embroiling the universities in a warfare of selfish interests. It is not a lofty principle nor a noble one, even for common hucksters, much less for a university, which should be a source of light and a centre of peace. Co-operation is better than competition. The President of Clark University, says, in his inaugural address :

"We have selected a small but closely related group of five departments, and shall at first focus all our means and care to make these the best possible. We choose to assert the same privilege for ourselves that other institutions allow their students, and offer the latter, in choosing their subjects, a larger option *between institutions*. Our strongest universities are too feeble to do justice to all the departments, old and new, which they undertake ; our institutions are also too uniform, and every new departure of the stronger is copied and thus often enfeebled by the weaker ones. When they specialize among the fields of academic culture doing well what they do, but not attempting to do everything, our American system may yet come to represent the highest educational needs of the country."

Canadian universities have been prompted by the spirit of competition to undertake work for which they are not qualified. Instead of aiming to provide all that can be had elsewhere, let us supply what other colleges lack, not attempting to do everything, but doing thoroughly what we undertake ; satisfied if in some respects we can give a better education than can be found elsewhere, and rejoicing in the success of other institutions in their

own chosen lines. We shall thus avoid the uniformity and feebleness spoken of by President Clark, and make a positive contribution to Canadian education.

But Dr. Burwash says that unless we provide "all that can be had elsewhere we will lose our students, and our position will be very speedily reduced to that of a mere theological school and that in a little rural town." For five years we have been listening to this prophecy, and the history of Victoria during these five years proves it to be untrue. During that time the work of the college has been carried on under the most depressing circumstances. Nothing has been done to strengthen the hands of the faculty, but our energy has been wasted in tearing down and destroying. We have been plunged, by our own mismanagement, into irritating and expensive litigation. Our staff and equipment have been wretchedly inadequate. Our Chancellor has predicted the speedy dissolution of our college, and students who have had faith in his prophecy have gone to other institutions. We cannot easily imagine a condition more unfavourable to progress; yet, during these very years, while doleful prophecies of death have filled the air, and while many have endeavoured with all their energy and ability to turn these prophecies into history, the number of our students have steadily increased until now, with only ten professors, without even "a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books," Dr. Burwash confesses, in the very article in which he predicts that "we will lose our students," that we enroll nearly as many students as can be efficiently handled by a teaching staff of sixteen.

The failure of Dr. Burwash's prophecy is due to the excellent work done by him and by his faculty in the lecture-room. Our professors are "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men"; and they will merit and receive the support of the country in making Victoria second to no college in the Province, though neither the rival nor the copy of any existing institution.

Cobourg, March 26th.

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not:
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

BRIEF REJOINDER BY DR. BURWASH.*

We make a few brief notes on Mr. Allen's article :

1. The complaint of Mr. Allen that the Board of Regents have not furnished him with certain information, certainly, is not "a fact concerning federation." Probably if Victoria were in Toronto within convenient reach of a large number of the members of the Board, all the committees which he suggests would be practicable as standing committees. At present committees are appointed and called together at expense of time and money, when there is some directly feasible work to be done.

2. The attempt at disparagement of Dr. Burwash's estimate for independence may fairly be classed under Whately's fallacy of objections. He tosses aside Dr. Burwash's estimate for buildings because he is not a practical builder, forgetting that the man who is to live in the house is the best judge of the size and style of house which he requires, and that information quite sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes as to what such a house will cost is not difficult to obtain. He compares the estimate of 1890 with that of 1886, forgetting that Victoria University receives one per cent. less for its investments to-day than it did four years ago ; forgetting, too, that the men who were junior professors four years ago are now, after winning high honours in Europe, entitled to the full rank and pay of professors ; and forgetting that four years has added largely to our embarrassing debt. If Mr. Allen's policy is to be carried into effect we must dismiss half our present staff, and fill their places with juniors.

3. As to comparison of average salary in Toronto University with that proposed by Dr. Burwash, Mr. Allen is again quite oblivious of a few fundamental facts. (1) The same *departments of study* must be provided for two hundred students as are needed for four hundred. These departments are in Toronto (omitting the subordinate departments) fourteen in number. Eleven of these are in the hands of full professors ; three are temporarily assigned to lecturers, making fourteen men absolutely needed to cover the ground even for two hundred students. With four hundred students the classes must be divided, and it is in these subdivided classes that the junior men are employed in Toronto. (2) Of course, the employment of these men reduces the average salary over the whole staff ; but the fair estimate is by departments. Toronto maintains fourteen departments, at an average cost of $3,314 for each department. Dr. Burwash proposes to condense to thirteen departments, at an expense in Toronto of $2,500 for each department. These are average figures in each case. It is, of course, cheaper to provide for four hundred students in one college, than to maintain two colleges each with two hundred. In his criticism Mr. Allen seems to forget altogether the Theological department with its three professors. Dr. Burwash's estimate of sixteen professors evidently includes that, leaving thirteen professors in Arts.

4. The gist of the rest of this article seems to lie in three sentences : "Specialization for the B.A. degree should be lessened, and will be lessened." "The college and university should each confine itself to its own legitimate work." The hope of a first-class university for Canada is not "more substantial than 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'" The plain inference is Victoria must be herself content to remain one of these "preparatory" colleges. Is this the glorious outcome of all the outcry for "independence" and to maintain "the degree-conferring

* With the concurrence of Mr. Allen a proof of his article was sent to Dr. Burwash. After the following editorial was in type, the accompanying brief rejoinder was received from Dr. Burwash.—Ed.

power?" Is this the policy which is to bring "our colleges and *universities* under the fostering care of the Church?" We are to have no Canadian university! but are to seek those fountains of intellectual life which the university should supply in a foreign land! All this is, of course, in perfect harmony with the subordinate position assigned to denominational colleges by the presidents of the "true universities," and this, with the corresponding library and equipment, indicates the legitimate work to which they are so sagely advised to confine themselves.

FEDERATION AGAIN.

THE best answer to the accusation of the new anti-federation paper, *Methodist Topics*, that the METHODIST MAGAZINE refused a hearing to the Rev. Mr. Allen on this subject "unless on conditions almost prohibitory," is the appearance in this number of his long and strong anti-federation article—an article in type before the first number of *Methodist Topics* was published. From regard to the character of the writer of the article printed herewith, and from a desire to prevent our anti-federation friends from having the least vestige of ground of complaint that they do not get fair play, and more than fair play, in this MAGAZINE, it has gone to the expense of printing an inordinately long article—the longest contributed article it ever printed—to the exclusion of much interesting matter pledged to the public, although from the premises, arguments and conclusions of that article the Editor, from conscientious conviction, utterly dissents. We will expect, of course, that the *Methodist Topics* will show an equal love of fair play, by printing the much shorter article in which the Chancellor of the University defends the policy decided upon by the General Conference, and for the carrying out of which he is responsible. If it will not do this, it will at least, in common fairness, give the eight lines quoted below setting forth his estimate of the comparative cost of federation, of independence at Cobourg, and of independence at Toronto.

"Now these are the present facts:

"We have yet to raise for independence in Cobourg	$477,000
"For independence in Toronto	665,000
"For federation	110,000

"These in each case are net sums."

As to Mr. Allen's article in reply to Dr. Burwash, we have not much to say. We have no pleasure, but much pain, in having a controversy with Mr. Allen or with any one else on this subject. Dr. Burwash is amply able to defend both himself and the policy which he is appointed by the Church to carry out, if he think that such defence is necessary. If he do not so think, our readers have the material for forming a judgment by a comparison of Dr. Burwash's article in the February number of this MAGAZINE with that of Mr. Allen in the present number. We may assume that the strongest word has here been spoken against federation which it is possible to speak. Mr. Allen is a distinguished graduate of Victoria University, he is an enthusiastic lover of his *Alma Mater*, for three years he has been in charge of what may be called the university pulpit in the town of Cobourg. He has given much time and thought to this subject. He writes with clearness, force and vigour. He has not stinted himself as to space—his article is more than one-half longer than that to which it is a reply. Surely, with all these advantages, he has spoken the last word and the strongest word that can be said on this subject. We leave it to our

readers to conclude whether or not he has disproved one tittle of Dr. Burwash's statements of fact, or whether he has shaken one jot of his arguments.

We are struck with surprise in reading Mr. Allen's article, by its tendency —unconsciously to himself, no doubt, for he is a loyal man—to belittle and disparage the status not only of Victoria, but of all Canadian universities; or rather, if we understand him aright, to assert that they are incapable of doing university work at all. He discriminates, on page 460, between a college and a university, and quotes with seeming approval the *dictum* of President Hall, head of an exclusively post-graduate institution, "that colleges pretend to do university work, is, I think, hardly less than calamitous for higher education on our continent." Yet this is just what Victoria University, unless her very name is a misnomer and a sham, has been professing to do for a good many years.

In harmony with this belittling the character of Victoria and other Canadian universities, Mr. Allen quotes from the heads of institutions which have very large libraries and which are yet asking money for library extension, the statement that about $5,000 is sufficient for a library for Victoria as an independent university. They have a very different idea at Toronto University, where they value the library recently destroyed by fire at $150,000, and are endeavouring to procure another of not less value. In the few weeks since the fire over $40,000 have been subscribed for this purpose, and 3,000 valuable books donated. Yale, with its 140,000 volumes in its library and its magnificent museums and apparatus, yet says she is "crippled for lack of funds," and asks for $2,000,000 more for university work, a considerable amount of which will, doubtless, be expended in library extension.

Then for scientific apparatus, $10,000 is considered by Mr. Allen a liberal estimate. The apparatus of Toronto University used for undergraduate work is estimated at $25,000. No estimate at all is given by Mr. Allen for a biological museum, so absolutely necessary for biological studies, and yet costing so much to procure and maintain, probably not less than $25,000 more. "Canadian universities," Mr. Allen assures us, "have been prompted by the spirit of competition to undertake work for which they are not qualified." Elsewhere Mr. Allen says (*Mail*, November 8, 1889), "For advanced courses her graduates (those of Toronto University) must go to the United States or Europe." But for the benefit of Canadian aspirants after higher education, we are told that "there are in the United States several universities which have from $300,000 to $400,000 annual income, devoted mainly to post-graduate work. . . Those universities 'moreover,' are easily reached from any point in Ontario."

"What," Mr. Allen asks, "are all the universities in Canada with all their specialisms, more than 'preparatory schools' to such a university as Johns Hopkins?" And he seems to imply that such they must remain, for when Chancellor Burwash tells us that "the advocates of federation have a post-graduate course similar to that of Yale before their minds," and that this post-graduate course might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years, so that it will be no longer necessary for our best young men to go to foreign countries to complete their education, Mr. Allen assumes a tone of utter scepticism of the possibility of such a thing, and says, "'if it be only before their minds,' I must beg pardon for refusing to believe it to be more substantial than 'the baseless fabric of a vision.'"

If that is Mr. Allen's idea of the destiny of Canada for all time to come, we hope it is not very largely shared by patriotic Canadians. For our part, we believe and hope better of Canada than that. We believe, to use the language of Milton that "She is a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to."

Even the small, rugged, and poor Republic of Switzerland, with only about half the population of Canada, has at least three universities—one among the most famous in Europe, with 88 professors, another with a library of 200,000 volumes, besides numerous technical and scientific schools. Sweden, still poorer, with a population about that of Ontario, has two universities, with 163 professors, 2,000 students, and very large and valuable libraries. Little Denmark has its university, with 2,000 students and library of 200,000 volumes. Even Portugal has its university, with eighty-eight professors and tutors and 1,500 students. Germany, besides her splendid system of gymnasia, has no less than twenty universities, with over 1,700 professors and teachers. Italy has seventeen, with 805 professors and teachers. Even the subarctic province of Finland has its well-manned university, some of whose professors at least have won world-wide fame.

We, too, in Canada, if we have but patriotic faith in its possibilities, may help to build up a high-class university which shall reflect lustre upon our country. We prefer to follow in this matter the guidance of Dr. Burwash, who for eight and twenty years has been a student, professor, dean or president, of Victoria University, who has been a post-graduate student at Yale, who has made university problems a life-study, whose heart throbs with undying love for the institution so identified with his existence, who is entrusted by the Church with the administration of its educational policy, who does not despair of his country, but cherishes high hopes of its becoming in the near future intellectually and educationally the peer of any country under heaven.

Above all, let us not disparage and minify what Canadians have done and are doing. We think that Mr. Allen speaks without full knowledge of the facts when he says that Canadian universities are so inferior to certain much-vaunted American ones, and are, therefore, incapable of doing original work. The honour-work of Toronto University in many of its departments will compare favourably with that of any university in America. Moreover a considerable number of its brilliant graduates are now doing high class post-graduate work. Its biological and scientific departments are rapidly developing in strength and breadth, and are furnishing ample opportunity for original investigation.

In another important department, that of classical and Christian epigraphy, Toronto University had before the late fire the best equipped apparatus on this continent; and in its late President, Dr. McCaul, had an expert in that difficult science not equalled on this continent and not surpassed in any university in the world. In ethnology and its kindred sciences, its present distinguished head, Sir Daniel Wilson, has a world-wide reputation; and in Sir W. J. Dawson, the sister university of McGill College has an original investigator of commanding influence. It is well known also that in the laboratory of Victoria University its late accomplished Professor Haanel made important original investigations and discoveries, and was well able to direct original work. The same is true, we think, of his accomplished successor, Profesor Coleman. The same was certainly true of the late Professor Croft, and we presume is also true of his successor of Toronto University.

If we are as a young nation to claim our place in the republic of letters, it will not be by disparaging and belittling what we have done or what we may do. Neither will it be by isolating Victoria College from the higher educational system of the country and prescribing to universities in the country the petty *rôle* of being merely "preparatory schools" to American universities. But it will be by the Canadian universities combining their resources, uniting their efforts, burying their old-time jealousies and antagonisms, and being resolved to give the Province of Ontario such a university that her sons will not be obliged to take a post-graduate course at any American university.

Mr. Allen justly condemns in

another connection the sordid spirit of "competition" between universities. "It is not a lofty principle," he admirably says, "nor a noble one, even for common hucksters, much less for a university, which should be a source of light and a centre of peace. *Co-operation is better than competition.*" We gladly emphasize the last sentence. Instead of planting in Toronto beside the provincial institution a rival university, which must duplicate at immense cost most of the advantages already offered to the public, or else it will lose a still larger proportion of Methodist students than the 116 who now attend Toronto University, let us cordially co-operate with that institution, and combining the strength of two, build up a great Canadian university of which we all may be proud. Such a university the policy of federation alone can give us. This is the wise, the large, the just, the patriotic view the General Conference decided upon after its opponents had exhausted every conceivable plea and argument against it. Till an assembly of equal authority shall reverse that decision, this MAGAZINE shall feel bound to strengthen the hands and second the efforts of those honoured brethren to whom has been committed, by the highest authority of the Church, the duty of carrying into effect the enactments of the legislature of the Church and of bearing the heavy burdens of its educational policy.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DIFFICULTY.

The people of Newfoundland are greatly exercised by the ever-increasing aggressions of the French upon the neutral ground known as the "French Shore." This is an immense sweep of deeply indented coast, extending from Cape Ray around the whole north-west and northern part of the island, a distance of 400 miles. It includes the fairest valleys and richest soils of Newfoundland, and borders on the most prolific fishing grounds. By the treaties of 1713, 1763 and 1783 the French received the privilege of catching and curing fish and erecting huts and stages along this coast—a concession of which they have availed themselves to so full an extent that, like the camel that got his nose into a tent, they threaten to exclude the native fishermen altogether, and have destroyed their lobster factories and refused them the right to fish in those prolific waters. The consequence is intense excitement in the island, which is increased by the Modus Vivendi announced by the Downing Street authorities, in which the rights of the islanders, they claim, are sacrificed to political exigencies. An immense out-of-door meeting was held in St. John's, at which the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, a distinguished member of the Methodist Church, presided and made a vigorous speech in defence of Newfoundland rights; the Rev. George Bond, a prominent minister of our Church, Sir James Winter, Sir Robert Thorburn, and other gentlemen, made intensely patriotic speeches, demanding for the islanders the full and unrestrained enjoyment of their territorial, maritime and constitutional rights.

There are no more loyal people under the British Crown than the people of Newfoundland, but loyalty to the Crown is, and must be, indissolubly united with loyalty to the rights and interests of Newfoundland. We cannot believe that the rights of Britain's oldest colony will be sacrificed to secure French connivance at the British occupation of Egypt, or for any similar reason. The vigorous protest of the islanders will surely bring redress of their wrong. The immense fishing interests of the colony, its mineral resources, its strategic advantages must not be allowed to slip, as is gravely threatened, from the hands of the Mother Country, for lack of bold and vigorous statesmanship in the home government.

"GREATER BRITAIN."*

Twenty years ago Sir Charles Dilke wrote a book of travel around the world, which was not only a great literary success, but also gave currency to the striking phrase, "Greater Britain," which is embodied in the title of the comprehensive work before us. This book, however, is not a mere book of travel, but a statesmanlike and philosophical discussion of the many and difficult problems which arise in the study of this complex subject. Special attention is given to the relations of the English-speaking countries with one another, and to the comparative politics of the countries under British government. The author has twice journeyed around the world and twice nearly around. He has made exhaustive studies of the subject on which he writes, and has produced a book which has not its parallel in fulness of information on the social, political, and economic conditions of the many colonies and states which make up the British Empire.

Of this Great and Greater Britain he says, "the British Empire, with its protectorates, and even without counting its less defined sphere of influence, has an area of some nine million of square miles, or, very roughly speaking, of nearly three Europes; revenues amounting to some two hundred and ten millions sterling; and half the sea-borne commerce of the world. This empire, lying in all latitudes, produces every requirement of life and trade. We possess the greatest wheat granaries, wool markets, timber forests, and diamond fields of the world. . . . In coal, iron, and copper, we hold our own with all mankind. . . . As regards food supply, it is certain that we might, if we please, be entirely independent of any foreign source. The states of Greater Britain thus scattered over the best portions of the globe vary infinitely in their forms of government, between the absolutism that prevails in India and the democracy of South Australia or Ontario.

"The dominant force in bringing that empire together and in maintaining it as one body has been the eminence among the races of the world of our own well mixed people. As to the ultimate results of their high deeds there can be no doubt. . . . More than a hundred million speak English as their chief tongue, and vastly more than that number as one of two languages; while four hundred millions of people are, more or less directly, under English rule."

We are tempted to quote much more, but our limits of space prevents.

This is not a mere jingoist outburst of patriotism. Our author discerns the difficulty of the many problems before the statesman, and contributes his quota to their solution. The part of this book referring to the Dominion of Canada will naturally be of most interest to us He points out the very superior advantages it offers to the immigrant as compared with Australia or any other part of the empire. He points out, too, the superiority of the soil of the great North-West to that of the neighbouring Republic. Of its future he has the most sanguine anticipations. "Of all the lands under a temperate climate," he says, "to which British emigrants can go, North America is by far the most accessible" and Canada, he shows offers by far the largest and richest area of food-producing soil.

Sir Charles describes very fairly the political condition of the Dominion, and justly characterizes its provinces and principal cities. "If

* *Problems of Greater Britain.* By The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. 8vo, pp. xii–738. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $4.50.

Quebec is the most picturesque," he says, "Montreal is the most sumptuous in appearance of all the towns of the American Continent." Toronto, he anticipates will soon surpass her Eastern sister, and states that "the educational and religious activity of the 'Queen City,' is as striking as its commercial enterprise." The Parliament Buildings at Ottawa he affirms to be a finer architectural group than anything at Washington. He favourably notices Canadian literature and art, discusses fairly the problem of the mixed races, religions and languages, and says, "in one respect Canada seems to have led the way, namely, in that temperance legislation which has, perhaps too hastily, been pronounced a failure." This subject he discusses fully in a later chapter,

He gives Canada a foremost place in enacting restrictive and prohibitory liquor-laws. For this result he gives the Methodist Church and the Methodist Conference which, he says, "are very powerful in Canada," due credit. The consumption of liquor in Canada, he says, "is the smallest per head in any English-speaking country in the world," which we think a fine tribute to our higher civilization.

In discussing religious problems, our author gives the Methodist Church more justice than many English writers. He states that in Canada, as in Australia, "the Methodists and Presbyterians have in fact the numbers which they claim on paper, whereas the Roman Catholics and the Church of England receive the nominal allegiance of large numbers of persons who neither attend church nor give money toward church purposes of any kind." He pays a high tribute to the success of Methodist and Presbyterian unions, and says that the plans proposed for further union show a more practical side than the schemes which have been mooted in the Mother-Country for bringing about the unity of Christendom. "Throughout the Dominion," he further says, "the Methodist Church forms not only a religious but a social centre for its people." He quotes the complaint of the Bishop Ontario that "the wealth in the cities is in the hands of sectarians; and the unions recently formed, both between the various Presbyterian bodies and the Methodists have brought the Church of England face to face with two powerful antagonistic organizations." That strikes us as hardly a happy phrase to apply to sister churches to which the invitation has been given to seek a closer union. "The signatures of the bishops in Canada," he adds "strike one with astonishment, and point out an assumption of geographical control which one would think had best be abandoned, 'E. Algoma.' . . 'W. C. Mackenzie River,' and 'A. R. J. Qu'Appelle,' are not only odd signatures, but perhaps in some small degree ridiculous under the circumstances of the case."

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the chapters on the colonies of Australia and South Africa, of the vast Indian Empire, of the United States, and the West Indies, of the many crown colonies dotted over the world; of the problems of colonial democracy, labour, provident societies and the poor; of education, religion, etc.; of the the future relations between the Mother-Country and the remainder of the empire; of imperial defence, etc. These will be found treated very fully and fairly; the author has by no means spoken the last word on these subjects but one can the more intelligently discuss them after reading his pregnant chapters. The book is so closely printed that it contains more matter than many twice its size. It has fine excellent folding maps and an admirable index.

As cloth is tinged of any dye
In which it long time plunged may lie,
So those with whom he loves to live
To every man his colour give.

—*Hindu Proverb.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The following are the present statistics of ministers and members of Great Britain: 1,975 ministers, 514,790 members; in Ireland, 234 ministers, 25,960 members; in foreign missions, 375 ministers, 37,788 members; French Conference, 30 ministers, 1,541 members; South African Conference, 172 ministers, 36,876 members; West India Conference, 89 ministers, 48,082 members; Australian Conferences, 605 ministers, 78,060 members. Total in connection with the Parent Body, ministers and members, 746,627.

Methodist councils, with a view to promote unity among the various Methodist Churches in the cities and towns of England, have been formed in various places; united co-operation will thus be secured on behalf of religious and social questions which now demand increased attention. Such councils will prevent circuit and congregational isolation, and tend to develop much latent talent.

The leaders of the West London Mission have more applications from ladies desirous to join the sisterhood than they can accept. Both "Houses" are full. Some of the lady applicants are willing to give their services gratuitously, but another "House" is absolutely required.

A Home for the training of women for Christian service will soon be established by a few ministers and laymen. Mr. Mewburn has offered Dr. Stephenson a considerable sum of money for such purpose.

Rev. Alex. McAulay has gone to South Africa on an evangelistic tour. He has been near fifty years in the ministry, and, possessing private means, he prefers to spend the evening of life in evangelistic labours in various parts of the world.

The success of *Joyful News Mission* is somewhat marvellous. An agent sent to China by the Rev. T. Champness has learned enough of the Yoruba language to preach and pray with the natives. Some of the Wesleyan places of worship in China are known as "Joyful News Halls" among the natives.

In seven years Mr. Champness has raised upwards of £12,000 for mission purposes, and money flows in every week, sometimes as much as £200, in small sums. Recently a gentleman sent £400, and desired to be known as "Matthew vi. 30."

Rev. W. D. Walters, Secretary of the West End Mission, at a recent public meeting stated that over 1,000 persons were attending class, 95 per cent. of whom had been gathered from the world, and every class of society from the richest to the poorest was being reached; 2,500 children were in the Band of Hope, and one large class led by Mr. Nix comprised 220, with an average attendance of 175.

Methodist New Connexion.

Rev. W. J. Townsend, Missionary Secretary, is announced as one of the speakers at the United Methodist Free Churches Annual Missionary meeting in Exeter Hall.

About six months ago a Sunday morning school was commenced at Barrow, with the object of teaching working-men to read and write. At the commemoration meeting just held 500 persons were present, prizes were distributed. The school has been a success.

Primitive Methodist.

The yearly returns of Church membership are being collected, the net increase will be about 1,000.

A Bible and Prayer Union has been organized with a view to encourage the habit of daily reading the Scriptures. Nearly 20,000 persons have enrolled themselves as members.

The Evangelists' Home has had a successful year. There are nearly forty evangelists employed.

In ten years $170,000 have been paid from the Book Room profits to the fund for superannuated ministers, widows and orphans.

A mission party has been sent to Zambesi, Africa. Great anxiety is felt on their account as no tidings can be heard from them for several months.

Bible Christians.

The President of the Conference has been visiting Crewkerne, and delivering addresses at a circuit convention on "Sanctification," "The Spirit of the Age," and "The Work of the Holy Spirit." More than thirty persons professed conversion.

Evangelistic services have been held at St. John's, Sevenoaks. Colonel Edmunds and Mrs. Hoadley were the principal labourers. Miss North has also been engaged in similar services at Zion Street, Plymouth.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst has made the first payment of $20,000 for the university site in Washington. The amount was raised chiefly in Washington. A grand mass meeting on its behalf was held in the city, which was addressed by Bishops Hurst and Newman and several leading laymen.

Blufton, Ala., has given $500,000 to the Methodist Episcopal Church for the location of the educational institutions known as the University of the Southland. The Rev. Dr. C. L. Mann, who has it in charge, says that $1,500,000 will be expended on the main building, which will be 300 feet by 300 feet, and seven stories in height, with an inner court 200 feet square.

Some idea of the amount of plates kept by the Book Concern in New York may be formed from the fact that the agents have just sold for old metal eighty tons of old plates and type.

Bishop Foster says that forty years ago the membership was 700,000, and now is 5,000,000. Then there were only three important educational institutions, while now the work among the coloured population alone is greater than all the educational work of forty years ago.

This Church now stands at the head of all the American churches in contributions to foreign missions. The amounts contributed by each Church are as follows:—Methodist Episcopal Church, $877,527; Presbyterian Church North, $852,815; American Board Congregational, $682,111; American Baptist Mission Union, $308,145; Protestant Episcopal Church, $159,149. For the present year the Connexional Societies are asking for the following amounts —Missionary Society, $1,200,000; Church Extension, $253,000; Freedsman's Aid and Southern Educational Society, $280,000; Sunday-school Union, Tract Society, and Board of Education, each $50,000; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, $228,659; Woman's Home Missionary Society, $86,000; Pennsylvania Bible Society, $100,000.

Glorious news comes from India. The camp-meetings had been held at Rohilcund. There were 2,200 people in camp. On the last day more than 4,000 were present. The interest surpassed anything ever seen before in India. In one day 230 persons were forward for prayer.

Anderson Fowler, Esq., thus writes respecting Bishop Taylor's self-supporting missions in South America. During ten years about $120,000 have been invested in building colleges, and churches and furnishing them. During those years over twenty missionaries have been constantly at work, and there are now twenty-nine in the field. All are self-supporting, some of the stations have had $20,000 surplus over self-support, all of which have been invested in the work. Hundreds have been converted. Fifty more missionaries could be employed, all

of whom would reach self-support when provided with churches, schools and homes in which to do mission work. I consider that an investment of $250,000 would establish fifty missionaries, whose work would go on and on indefinitely, until the country is saved.

Rev. W. Green writes from Mexico: "Public gambling is as common as the return of night. I saw Roman Catholic priests at the gambling tables, not taking chances on their own account, but to cover up their gambling, they place their stakes in the name of "La Santissima Virgin" (Most Holy Virgin). I saw priests drunk in the streets and brawling like any other drunken sinners. Twenty towns I passed through had no priests, and no religious instruction of any kind.

A Deaconess Home is about to be established in Washington, as a memorial to Mrs. Lacy Webb Hayes. This will give a most powerful impetus to one of the most significant movements of the Church.

Over 2,200 Epworth Leagues have have been organized in connection with this Church, besides nearly 100 in Canada. A periodical, the organ of the League is to be published at Chicago, of which the Rev. Dr. Berry, son of Rev. F. Berry, formerly a Methodist minister in Canada, has been appointed editor. We congratulate our Canadian brother, and wish him abundant success.

A gentleman, whose earthly name must remain unknown, has given, through Chaplain McCabe, $10,000 toward the Loan Fund of the Church Extension Society. This sum will secure the erection of at least twenty good churches right away, and in five years from this time, by its aid, twenty more churches will be built.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

It is stated that only one Methodist Church in the United States raised a larger sum than McKendree Church, Nashville, Tennessee, raised last year for missions. It contributed $6,431.91.

The Methodist Church.

The following statistics indicate the strong and influential position of Methodism in Ontario. Of the persons married, 10,057 were Methodists, 5,713 Presbyterians, 5,209 Episcopalians, and 4,033 Roman Catholics.

Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, after a successful campaign at Montreal, went to Brantford. Rev. John Kay says: "The whole city seems to be moved as seldom, if ever, before. Hundreds have been seeking the Lord, and the work is deepening and reaching far out to all classes."

Rev. D. D. Moore, A.M., of Charlottetown, has accepted a call to the foreign work in India. His removal will be a great loss to Methodism in Canada.

Rev. L. Gaetz, whose failure of health compelled him to resign his position as minister in London a few years ago, settled at Red Deer, about ninety miles from Calgary, in the North-West Territory. There is now a village of forty or fifty families, with church and school accommodation. Brother Gaetz has lately been visiting in the east, and feels assured that the future of the North-West will be glorious.

The Hon. James Angel has been elected a member of the Legislative Council. The *Methodist Monthly Greeting* says, "A more worthy man could not well be found."

Rev. Ch'an Sing Kai, native Chinese missionary in Vancouver, writes: "Since the new year we have had an average of 150 to 200 coming regularly to our Sunday services. In our prayer-meeting we have an average of 100. We had seven Chinese baptized last Sunday evening, by the Rev. E. Robson, in the Homer Street Church. New Westminster shows a good beginning, since the first of the year there are from 80 to 100 Chinese attend regularly the Friday and Sunday evening services.

The trustees of the McDougall Memorial Church, Winnipeg, want to raise $15,000, to erect such a building as they think they need.

The former edifice, built some six years ago, is no longer a fitting memorial of the heroic man whose name it bears. They expect to raise $4,000 in the city, and appeal to Methodists in the Dominion for the remainder.

Another new Church has been dedicated in Toronto, to be known as "St. Albans." It is situated in the north-west of Parkdale, and promises to be a flourishing station.

Toronto Methodists set a good example to their brethren in towns and cities where there are a number of churches, by holding Union Love-feasts on Good Friday. The last series consisted of six love-feasts, all of which were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment; not the least deserving of note was the love-feast held in Elm Street, which was for members of more than twenty years' standing, and was conducted by the venerable Dr. Rose.

Rev. Robert Wallace (father of Professor Wallace, Victoria College,) has just retired from the active work of the ministry. He has been about half a century in the Presbyterian ministry, during which he has travelled 10,000 miles on horseback. For the past twenty-two years he has been pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church, Toronto. The congregation have secured him an annuity of $600 a year.

Items.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West and British Columbia, wants 170 volunteers for those mission fields.

The Home Mission Committee (Presbyterian) recently met and appointed 160 missionaries, chiefly students, to labour in the various Presbyteries between Quebec and the Pacific Ocean.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. J. Goodison, of Newfoundland Conference, has been numbered with the great majority. He was interred at Carbonear, where he spent three ministerial terms. He was a man greatly beloved. As a preacher he occupied high rank. His removal has made a great vacuum in the Conference brotherhood. At one time he was President of Conference and was also a representative at the last General Conference.

Mr. Robert Irving Walker, of Toronto, well-known among the laity, has joined the church triumphant. He was only fifty years of age when the Master said, "Come up higher." The writer of these notes received him into the Church about thirty-five years ago, and has always taken deep interest in his progress, temporally and spiritually. As a local preacher, class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent he was greatly distinguished. He was a prominent member in many important Connexional Committees. The last religious service in which we took part with him was the corner-stone service at Claremont church, when, after laying the stone, he gave $50, and in his address made a pleasant allusion to his spiritual father. He was a grand man.

The Canadian Independent for April states that sixty-nine Congregational ministers died in Great Britain last year. Three were in their ninetieth year, and the average age was upwards of sixty-eight.

As these notes were being prepared news has reached us that the Rev. Joseph Toulson, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, England, died as he was walking along the streets of London a few days ago. This is certainly ceasing at once to work and live.

The wife of Bishop Hurst died suddenly, in Washington, of apoplexy. She was the authoress of a series of biographical works, entitled, "Good Women in History," and was distinguished for her skill in painting and languages.

Book Notices.

The Word. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.10.

This book has a touching personal interest. It is the work of a very old man—at the time of writing more than half through his eighty-third year. His sight was much impaired; "I may wake to-morrow," he writes, "to find the world quite shut out. I have to make up much lost time and, if possible, do some good work before I die. The world is passing away from me; I have never sufficiently renounced the world, and so the world, thank God, is renouncing me. I hope to gain access to many souls, dear to God and His angels, though seemingly not of much account in this age." Such is the spirit of this good old Simeon singing his "*nunc dimittis*" on the outmost shoal of time. As for the subject of this book, it is nothing less than being the character and the spiritual operations of Almighty God. "Specially," he says, "am I addressing myself to those tenderly described as 'babes in Christ,' the humble, the unlearned, little privileged, little helped, little thought of." It is not for the learned, though the learned may find much that is helpful from the spiritual insight of this aged saint. The venerable scholar, the author of the charming "Reminiscences of Oriel College," a sort of Christian Plato, gathers around him his ideal audience, and discourses wisely and widely on the most august themes in the universe—on the Eternal Logos, the Desire of all Nations, the Great Teacher of men. He speaks of the Word made flesh, the Word in the mind of man, the Word the same in all lands and all times. Then follow a series of chapters on practical duties—of husband and wife, fathers and children, work and talk, on reading and acting, and on many kindred subjects.

Heroes of the Dark Continent, and How Stanley Found Emin Pasha. By J. W. Buel. Royal 8vo, pp. 576, with 500 engravings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.50.

We have had occasion to read a large number of books of African exploration, including nearly everything that Stanley has published on the subject. We do not hesitate to say that we regard Mr. J. W. Buel's "Heroes of the Dark Continent" as the most satisfactory account of exploration and discovery in the Dark Continent from the earliest period down to the relief of Emin Pasha that we have met. The man who condenses the numerous books on this subject into one, giving in a single volume a comprehensive account of Bruce, Speke, Livingstone, Baker, Gordon and Stanley, has rendered a valuable service to busy people in this busy age. The greater part of this book is given to Stanley, the greatest of all African explorers, 250 of its large pages being devoted to stirring story of the rescue of Emin Pasha. This is a narrative sufficiently full for every practical purpose, and is largely made up of Stanley's own letters to Sir W. Mackinnon, President of the East African Company and chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee. There are also important letters from Emin Pasha, Herbert Ward and other members of the famous exhibition

The book is excellently printed, the only criticism we have to make is in the character of a few of the engravings. The horrors of the slave-trade are very graphically portrayed, proving the truth of Livingstone's saying that this nefarious traffic is the open sore of the world.

As we have intimated elsewhere we

think the true heroes of the Dark Continent are the missionary pioneers. Of course, Stanley is a bold, brave, plucky and adventurous man. But neither his objects nor his methods have the moral elevation of those of Moffatt or Livingstone. Emin Pasha is a distinctly low type of man—sordid, selfish, and time-serving. By birth, a German; by education, a physician; he became a wandering adventurer in the moral chaos of Constantinople. He became a Moslem, took service under the Khedive, was sent to the Soudan, married one or two native wives, and required a great deal of coaxing before he would consent to be rescued. The Egyptian Government it seems, did not think him worth risking much for, for they took no part in the rescue beyond a substantial subscription.

To our mind, Stanley's methods all through seem distinctly sanguinary and lawless. He takes with him a machine gun which will fire eleven shots a second, besides a perfect arsenal of weapons. He has three steamers, an armed force of 1,100 men, including some 400 allies under the control of Tippoo Tib, one of the greatest rascals unhung. It is over a year after Emin Pasha receives intelligence of the approach of the relief party, before he will consent to be rescued. Even then only part of his command joins Stanley, and many of these are a very turbulent and demoralized lot. Almost the first exploit of Emin on his return to civilization is to get drunk and fall out of a window and nearly break his neck. To crown all, he seems, if the cablegrams are true, to add ingratitude to his other vices, and joins the Germans, forsaking those who have risked life and treasure in his rescue, and goes back to Central Africa to intrigue against the British interests. Stanley's greatest deeds were his earlier ones—the finding of Livingstone, the crossing the Dark Continent, and especially, the founding of the free state of Congo; all which are recorded in this book. His later exploits will add little to his name or fame, beyond discovering the Mountains of the Moon and some hitherto uncharted lakes and rivers.

Calabar and its Mission. By Hugh F. Goldie, Missionary at Old Calabar. Pp. 328. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The greatest victories that have been achieved in Africa are those that have been won by the Gospel. We esteem Moffatt and Livingstone, William Taylor and Hugh Goldie, heroes of a far nobler type than the Bakers, Camerons and Stanleys, who have bulked so much more hugely in the world's eye. The chief mission of the former was to save the souls of men, not merely to find a market for Sheffield and Manchester goods; to establish in the dark places of the earth the kingdom of God, not chiefly to extend to empire or trade of Britain. And their methods are as sublime as their results are marvellous. Without prestige, without arms, almost literally without purse or scrip, they plunged into the heart of the Dark Continent, and by the simple preaching of the Gospel they wrought a moral reformation in darkest souls and changed a savage barbarism into a Christian civilization. Too often the selfishness of trade has brought a still deeper blight upon those dark races, and the white man's vices and the white man's accursed rum have created a tenfold greater pandemonium than they found. It is inspiring to find in such books as this a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and to learn that the old, old Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation of darkest tribes and races. This is a narrative of great interest, and it is admirably told and well illustrated. The chapter on Calabar folk-lore and Calabar proverbs, indicates a very considerable amount of mental ability in the natives, but the most striking chapters are those illustrating the moral reformation and elevation of these once savage pagans.

Five Hundred Dollars, and other Stories of New England Life. By HEMAN W. CHAPLIN. Pp. 301. Second edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This book is pronounced by Colonel Higginson, in the *Independent*, "the best volume of New England stories ever written." We have not read all the others, so cannot say; but they are a very notable collection, not like a photograph, copying all the insignificant details, but like an artistic etching, giving a strong and vivid impression of reality. They nearly all deal with the strange seaside life of New England—the men half sailors, half farmers, equally at home rounding Cape Horn or ploughing a scrubby wind-swept hillside in Massachusetts Bay. The hand of an artist is shown in these clear-cut scenes. The lesson of "The Village Convict" is very striking, and the humour of "St. Patrick," and "The Minister's Great Opportunity," is quite delicious.

Dying at the Top; The Moral and Spiritual Condition of Young Men of America. By the REV. J. W. CLOKEY, D.D. Chicago: W. W. Vanarsdale. Price 50 cents.

This book is an endeavour to show that the life-tree of America is "dying at the top," that its boughs and roots are shrivelling, and that society, especially among young men, is so corrupt that it is a national peril. We do not believe a word of it. It is true that there is a great deal of vice, especially in the great cities, but when we think of the 75 or 80 per cent. of foreigners, many of them the very slough cast off by the vilest cities of the Old World, the marvel is that they have been so largely made amenable to law and order. The author admits that the present day is the best in the history of the world. Never were there so many young people enrolled in the service of Christ. Nearly 2,000,000 are engaged in Sunday-school work. Nearly every town has its vigorous Y. M. C. A., the young are working in the Church as never before. The Christian Endeavour, the Epworth League and kindred societies are organizing them for the conquest of the world for Christ. In response to the call for foreign missionaries, 2,000 young men exclaimed, "Here am I, send me!" Fifty years ago almost every college was a hot-bed of infidelity, now they are the centres of Christian activity, almost every one with its vigorous Y. M. C. A. Dr. Dorchester's "Problem of Religious Progress" shows that never were the auguries for the conquest of the world for the Messiah-King so bright. And it is the young men now in the schools and colleges and shops and factories who must largely achieve this glorious work. Of the golden future we may say to them, "Go ye up and possess the land, for ye are well able."

Three Years in Centre London: A Record of Principles, Methods, and Successes. By EDWARD SMITH, Wesleyan minister. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C.

This unpretentious volume is a really valuable contribution to the evangelistic and pastoral literature of Methodism. It is the record of extraordinary success in soul-saving, and church building, in the true spiritual sense, achieved in the face of the most formidable difficulties in one of the most discouraging fields in Christendom. The principles on which this work was carried on appears to us to be sound and Scriptural; the methods employed are not only in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament, but such as are fully justified by reason and common sense; and the results are such as to prove that the old-fashioned Gospel which our fathers found to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed in their day, is no less adapted to meet the moral and spiritual requirements of our own times.

We heartily commend the book, not only as being well written and full of interest, but as being eminently calculated to do good. The

vivid glimpses which it gives of the heart of the great Metropolis are of themselves worth more than the price of the volume. But for the Christian worker intent upon soul-saving, it is invested with a far deeper interest than that which arises from any description, however vivid or poetic. It is the work of a master in that divine art, in which he lays bare the principles and aims by which he has been guided, and the means and methods by which he has secured the largest and best results. It is not easy to see how any minister, or indeed any one who is earnestly and heartily engaged in promoting the saving work of God among men can read this little book without profit. We heartily commend it, believing that its mission is to do good.

Marie Bashkirtseff. The Journal of a young Artist, 1860–1884. Translated by MARY J. SERRANO, with Portrait. Pp. 434. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Paper 50 cents.

This strange life-story is described by Mr. Gladstone as a book "without a parallel." It can well remain so. It strikes us, after cursory examination, as a piece of unwholesome self-vivisection—of strange morbid anatomy. This young Russian girl, gifted with genius, successful in art, clinging to life with pathetic intensity, yet seeing life glide away with unfulfilled ambitions and hopes, lays bare her inmost soul, in this tragical diary "with the cynicism of a Machiavelli and the *naivete* of an ardent and enthusiatic girl." Happy they who amid a more wholesome environment live a quieter and less storm-tossed life.

The Gospel of Common Sense as Contained in the Canonical Epistle of James. By CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

No epistle of the New Testament is more pertinent to the affairs of daily life than that of Saint James. And few men from their breadth of mind, and deep sympathy with the recent problems of modern society, are more capable of treating this very practical epistle wisely and well than the pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. The fact that the entire first edition was sold on the day of publication, shows at once the appreciation in which the public hold the author and the interest which the sermons awakened. A strong point in the book is an entirely new and scholarly translation from the Greek of the whole epistle, which is made the basis of these discourses. There is something very stimulating and attractive in this book, which in part explains the great popularity of its author as pastor and preacher.

Witch Winnie: The Story of a King's Daughter. By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

This is an interesting story of philanthropic work among the poor, under the auspices of that beautiful organization, the King's Daughters. The Home of the Elder Brother, here described, is the realization of a noble impulse. Some of the studies of life among the lowly have a good deal of humour. The vignette character studies are very clever, and the literary merit of the book is superior to that of most juveniles.

The Bible in Picture and Story. By MRS. L. S. HOUGHTON. Small 4to, pp. 240. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms in Montreal and Halifax.

This is an excellent condensation of the Bible narrative for the instruction of children and the young. Its most striking feature is its copious and excellent illustrations; there being nearly 300 engravings, many of them reductions from Dore's fine plates and from Raphael's cartoons, and other famous designs. For Sunday readings to the little folk we can very highly commend it.

CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY, PADUA.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

June, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

MILAN TO PADUA.

LEMONADE AND FRUIT VENDORS, MILAN.

MILAN, the capital of Lombardy, is one of the most ancient and most interesting cities in Italy, dating from the sixth century B.C. Since the fourth century A.D., it has surpassed, both in extent and importance, Rome itself. It became an imperial residence, and the Church of Milan was long the rival of that of Rome. It has now 322,000 inhabitants, and is the most progressive city of the peninsula, the representative of New Italy, with its energy, its aspirations, its civil and religious liberty.

Of course, the great attraction of Milan is its celebrated cathedral, and to it we first of all made our way. There it stood in the great square with its hundreds of glistening pinnacles and two thousand marble statues, like some exquisite creation of frostwork, which one might almost expect to see melt and disappear. The Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world. Next to St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville, it is the largest church in Europe.

It was too late to enter, so we strolled through the magnificent Gallery of Victor Emanuel—a glass-roofed arcade 320 yards long, wide as a street, 94 feet high, with a dome crowning the inter-

section of the transepts, 180 feet high. It was brilliantly illuminated and adorned with statues and frescoes, and lined with shops of jewellers, silk mercers, art collectors, and cafès, and is the evening haunt of the fashionable Milanese. In an adjoining square is a noble monument of the great Leonardo da Vinci, at whose base a splendid military band discoursed fine music. All fair Milan was abroad, and I never saw such lovely children as some that were promenading with their parents through this brilliant gallery.

CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE, MILAN.

Next morning we visited again the cathedral. As we entered the vast and shadowy interior, the transition from the hot glare of the stone-paved piazza without to the cool and "dim religious light" cast by the "storied windows richly dight" was most refreshing. At first one can but dimly see the sweeping lines of the arches meeting one hundred and fifty feet above his head, and the cave-like vault of the chancel, with its sapphire-and-ruby-coloured traceried windows. High above the altar hung in air a life-sized image of our Lord upon a golden cross. Full upon the face of Christ fell a beam of light from the great rose window, bringing it into brilliant contrast with the dark background. Rembrandt never executed anything so beautiful—nay, so sublime—as that glorified face of the Divine Sufferer, irradiating the darkness and scattering the gloom. It was a symbol and a prophecy, I thought, of the time when the glorious manifestation of our Lord, undimmed by the clouds of human ignorance and superstition, should scatter the darkness and shine forth in all His true Divinity. It was the most impressive interior we saw in Europe; and when the chanting of the choir and music of the organ

sounded through the long drawn isles and fretted vaults, the effect was indescribably sublime.

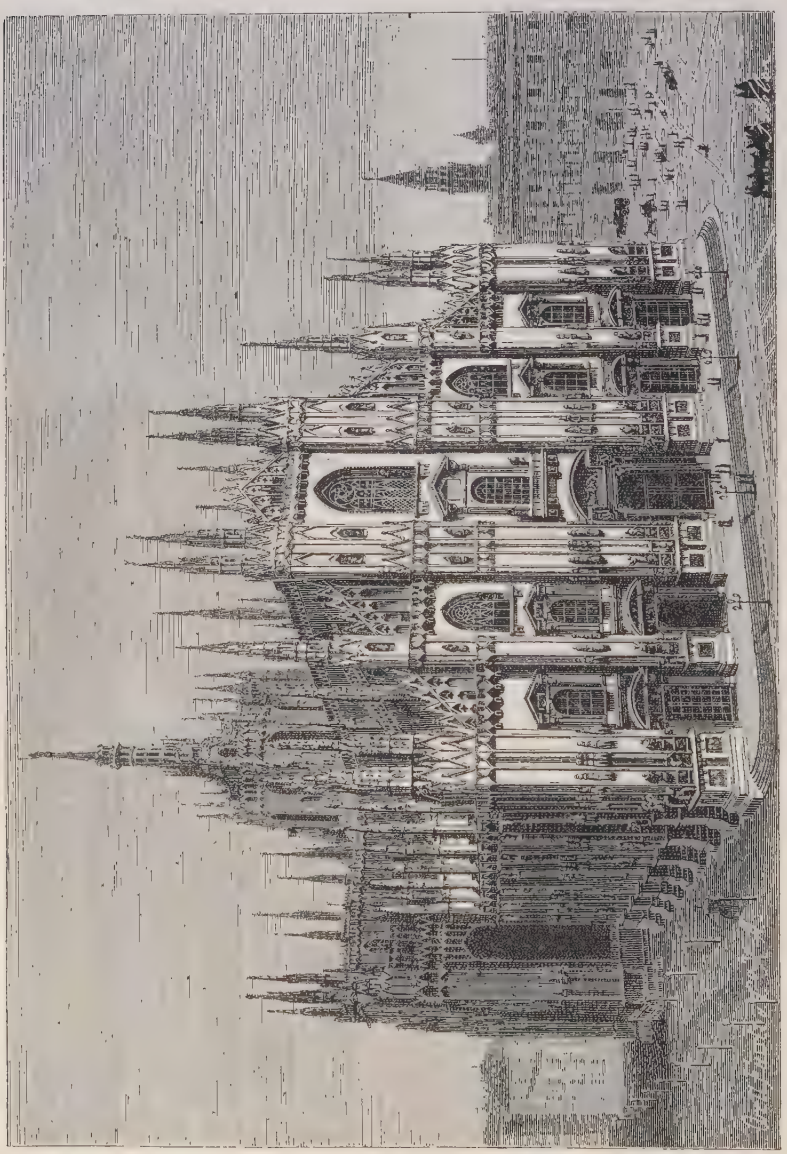
Under the altar is the shrine and tomb of the good bishop St. Charles Borromeo; and for a special fee we were permitted to see, enshrined in a casket of rock crystal, his mummy-like remains, blazing with jewellery, in ghastly mockery of death. Of noble rank and immense wealth, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of his diocese; and when the secular magistrates fled from the presence of the loathsome plague, he fell a martyr to his zeal in ministering to the dying and burying the dead. He is regarded as the first founder of Sunday-schools, and every Sunday, in one of the chapels of the cathedral, the children are instructed and catechised to the present day. His tomb is visited as a sacred shrine, and his monument in hollow bronze, a hundred and twelve feet high, crowns a neighbouring height.

CHURCH OF THE SAN SARTIRO, MILAN.

From the roof of the cathedral is obtained one of the finest views of the whole range of the Alps to be anywhere had, their sharp serrated outline clearly cut against the sky. The roof is studded with a perfect grove of pinnacles, flying buttresses and statues, all beautifully finished, notwithstanding their inaccessible positions, "for the gods see everywhere." The solid marble is fretted into a lace-like tracery or filagree in stone. This part, the guides call "the flower garden," and it truly seems as if the marble had blossomed into beauty at the artist's touch.

The most interesting church in Milan, on account of its historic associations, is that of San Ambrogio, founded on the site of a

temple of Bacchus by St. Ambrose in the fourth century. The old Lombard architecture is very quaint and sometimes very rude especially the ancient stone pulpit and the episcopal throne.



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

The mosaics, dating from the ninth century, have a very stiff and infantile expression, like the inartistic drawing of a child. In the nave on a column is a brazen serpent, averred to be that

raised by Moses in the wilderness, although I was of opinion that that had been broken to pieces by King Hezekiah (see II. Kings xviii. 4). The rude bronze doors of the church are, more plausibly, said to be those which St. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius on account of the cruel massacre of Thessalonica. The Emperor remonstrated that even David had been guilty of bloodshed. "You have imitated David in his crime," replied the undaunted Ambrose, "imitate him also in his repentance;" and for eight months the lord of the world did penance on this very spot. Through this portal also passed Augustine, to be baptized by St. Ambrose in the presence of his mother, Monica.

A crowd of ecclesiastics took part in the service, chanting the same Ambrosian hymns which for fifteen centuries have been sung on this very spot. Few things which I saw so linked the present with the past as did this.

ARENA, MILAN.

In the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria della Grazia, now a cavalry barrack, we saw the original "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most celebrated paintings in the world, so familiar by copies in almost every house. It is painted in oils upon the wall, and is much injured by time. Yet it is full of sublime expression. There is a beauty, a grandeur, a majesty enthroned in the face of our Lord, that is reproduced in none of the copies, although not less than a score of these, of rare excellence, were in the room. It is one of the grandest paintings I ever saw.

We drove also to see the famous Campo Santo, or Cemetery of Milan, where the modern Italian sculpture was exquisite in technique, but, I thought, altogether too theatrically realistic in design. The crematory was examined with interest by the gentlemen of the party. The Triumphal Arch, erected by Napoleon I., is a poor imitation of the mighty works of the conquering Romans. He also constructed a large arena for races and the like in imitation of the ancient amphitheatres. It will afford seats for 30,000

persons. It is a curious illustration of the Cæsarism of the modern Colossus, who would bestride the world in imitation of the ancient despots of mankind.

About an hour's ride from Milan is the famous Convent of Certosa, shown in the cut below. The Convent was founded in 1396 by the originator of the Cathedral of Milan, Duke Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and was made over in 1398 to the Order of St. Bruno. Careful management of the revenues enabled the monks to adorn their church in its minutest details with the most mag-

THE CERTOSA, PAVIA.

nificent works of art. Some years ago the monastery was dissolved; the buildings were declared national property and placed under the charge of a few monks who were still allowed to remain. Standing so solitary and isolated in the midst of the fields, the church makes a peculiar impression upon us. No longer thronged with worshippers, its walls dead to the echo of the solemn chant, no longer fragrant with the fumes of incense, its altars desolate, the Convent-church of the peaceful, white-robed Carthusian monks has become a quiet Art Museum. The style of architecture is the Italian Gothic. The ceiling is painted blue, glittering with golden stars. Magnificent paintings, statues,

SANT' ELENA.

reliefs, mosaics, inlaid wood-work and embossed metal-work combine to render each chapel a miniature museum of art. In the old sacristy an altar-piece of hippopotamus bone with sixty-six reliefs and ninety-four statuettes attracts universal attention. Around the church are pillared galleries, and above the roof rises the tower-like cupola, consisting of similar galleries placed one above the

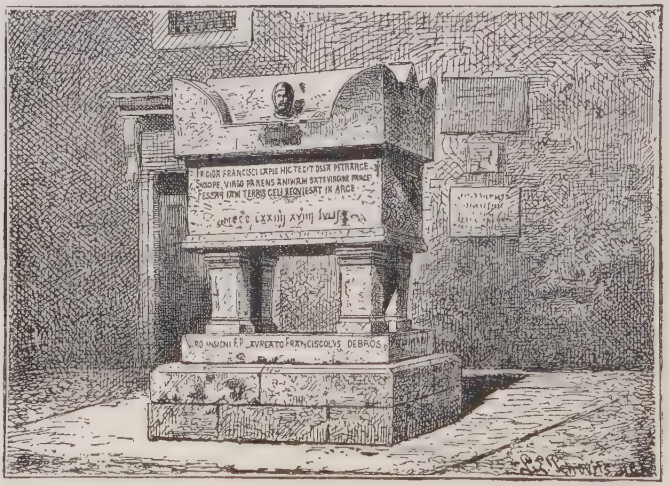
CONVENT OF PRAGLIA.

other. The pleasing effect is augumented by the tasteful alternation of different varieties of coloured marble. The court surrounding the cross-passages is planted with well-kept shrubs and trees, which add to the beauty of the scene. The numerous cactus and prickly pears indicate the sub-tropical character of the climate. Convents and religious houses abound throughout the land. Many of these are now secularized, and the monks are engaged in teaching school, and some in cab-driving and other employments.

From Milan to Venice is a railway ride of one hundred and seventy-five miles. The principal city on the route is Verona, a

decayed and poverty-stricken place, with extensive fortifications, and a population of 60,000. Its chief sights are its vast amphitheatre, which could hold 100,000 persons; the tomb of Scaligers, the house of the Capulets, and tomb of Shakespeare's Juliet. Before we reach Verona, we have a good survey of the Lago de Garda, on whose banks was fought the fierce battle of Solferino, 1859.

The country through which the railroad passes bears the characteristic features of the plains of Lombardy. Flourishing cornfields dotted with mulberry-trees alternate with verdant pastures and rice-fields; everywhere the canals furnish a plenti-



PETRARCH'S TOMB.

ful supply of water for irrigation and the farm-houses are hidden among the luxurious foliage of the trees which surround them.

Within an hour's ride of Venice is the ancient city of Padua, one next to Rome in wealth. Rising above the rich foliage are seen the graceful domes and towers of the Church of St. Anthony, begun six hundred years ago, and larger than even the Church of St. Mark at Venice. Near Padua is the ancient town of Arquà, the home of Francesco Petrarch, the favourite of the Muses and the bard of the Scipios and of Laura. His tomb stands in the court-yard in front of the church, and his bones rest in the sarcophagus of red Veronese marble—complete but for the right arm, stolen one night by one of the poet's over-zealous admirers, who broke away a corner of the stone so that it would admit a boy to secure for him the precious hand of the immortal bard.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VI.

LABUAN AND MADAI, BORNEO.

PANGERAN'S ARRIVAL.

Wednesday, April 6th.—At noon we had run 230 miles under steam, and steered direct for the northern entrance to Victoria Harbour, off Labuan Island, where we dropped anchor at 2 p.m. This is the last British port before our long voyage to Australia. It is quite the funniest, most out-of-the-world place we have ever been in, just as Sarawak is the most wonderful little independent state—well managed, complete in itself, with its small army, still smaller navy, and miniature government.

Dr. and Mrs. Leys came on board in the afternoon, and later on

we landed with them, and reached a grass sward, by the side of which stand the public offices and a few shops. Some of the party walked, while others drove in various little pony-carriages. Baby and I went with Dr. Leys to see a party of Sarawak Dyaks who had just come in from the Barram River with wedges of gutta-percha, which they were offering for sale, as well as some weapons and clothing just captured. We also purchased two small rhinoceros-horns, greatly prized here for their supposed medicinal virtues, and considered to be worth their weight in gold. We succeeded likewise in getting some pairs of splendid pearl-shells, with fine golden lips and incipient pearls adhering to them; but I am obliged to admit that they are frightfully expensive. I rather think, by the way, that the Labuan treasury was at a low ebb when we were there; for I know that the question arose whether it contained enough money to meet some fifty or sixty dollar notes of ours which we had given in exchange for our purchases.

BRUNEI HATS.

Thursday, April 7th.—Weighed anchor at 7 a.m. Mr. Everett and Lieutenant Hamilton came on board, and soon afterwards the mail steamer arrived, with the Bishop on board. We steamed across to the mouth of the Brunei River, admiring the beautiful views on our way, especially at Coal Point, where we transferred

ourselves to the Rajah of Sarawak's steamer *Lorna Doone*, and proceeded up the river, the scenery of which is very picturesque. Brunei River has been called the Rhine of the East, and I think it deserves that name better than the town does its proud title of the Venice of the East, the sole point of resemblance in the latter case being that both cities are built upon piles.

The approach to the town of Brunei is extremely picturesque, but the place itself is not imposing. The wooden houses stand, as I have said, upon piles, and there is no means of communication between them except by boats, varying in size from house or shop boats to tiny canoes almost invisible beneath the wide-spreading hats of their occupants. The flooring of the houses is all open, and all refuse-matter falls or is thrown into the water beneath.

We anchored and sent a messenger to the Sultan to inquire when it would be convenient to him to receive us, for which purpose he appointed two o'clock. In the interval we went for a row, in quite the intensest heat I ever felt, to see something of the town and the market. The women's hats were enormous—from three to four feet in diameter. Anything more curious than the appearance of a boat-load of these ladies can scarcely be imagined. It looked just like a bunch of gigantic mushrooms which had somehow got adrift and was floating down the stream. The marketing is, of course, all done in boats; and it was interesting and amusing to watch the primitive system of changing and barter. All the young women are kept shut up in the houses, and those let out to buy and sell are indeed frightful specimens of the human race.

At two o'clock exactly we landed, or, to be more precise, climbed up a narrow ladder, the rungs of which were *very* far apart, to a wooden staging supported on piles. It was a difficult feat to perform gracefully, and the noise of a salute of nineteen guns, fired almost in our ears, did not tend to facilitate matters or make one feel more comfortable. Then we were led up to a long wooden pier, on which stood some small but beautifully ornamented cannon, of Brunei manufacture, until we came to a large room, at one end of which stood a sort of daïs, like an enlarged bedstead, covered with mats. On this the Sultan—an ugly, smiling, feeble old man—shortly afterwards took his seat. He was attended by retainers bearing betel-boxes, spittoons, weapons, and all sorts of things which his Majesty might want, or fancy that he wanted. He received us affably, shaking hands with us all, and invited us to be seated, after which he ordered large wax candles to be placed in front of Tom and me, Tom's candle, how-

ever, being much the bigger of the two. This was intended as a great compliment, and if times had not been so bad and beeswax so scarce, the candles would, we were informed, have been of even greater size. We were then offered cigarettes and excellent tea, flavoured with herbs, very hot and sweet.

The sides of the room had been left open, for the sake of coolness, but the surrounding space was filled by a dense mass of human beings eager to see what was going on, so that there was

KUDAT.

not much fresh air. Conversation rather languished, for neither of the interpreters was very quick, and we had several misgivings as to the value and correctness of their translation of our pretty little speeches.

At last, after presenting the Sultan with some slight offerings and expressing our warm thanks for the kind reception accorded us, we retired, being escorted to the boat by the First Wazier and another officer of state. Having again admired the cannon, and heard the history of their manufacture, we re-embarked in our boats under a fresh salute of nineteen guns. I fear the poor town

of Brunei must have been put to great expense by the Sultan's desire to do us honour. Just as we were starting, the large candles, hastily blown out, were put into our boat, as a last and very special compliment.

We returned straight on board the *Lorna Doone*, and had scarcely arrrived ere we saw a long, smartly ornamented thirty-paddle canoe emerge from among the houses near the Sultan's palace, and come swiftly towards us. It had a white flag at the stern and a green flag at the bow, and was crowded with people carrying umbrellas of all sorts, sizes, and colours, which served as insignia of the rank of their owners. Among them two very large yellow Chinese umbrellas, surrounded by three little carved galleries, were conspicuous. Two royalties, without their umbrellas, came on board the *Lorna Doone*, and were received by us in the extremely small deck-house, the remainder of the suite having to content themselves with looking through the windows and strolling about the deck. It was very puzzling to be obliged to invent fresh civilities, for we felt that our recent visit had quite exhauted our stock; but I luckily bethought me that there was some connection by marriage between the Sultans of Brunei and Johore; and the discussions of this point, which must have cost the poor interpreters much mental effort, lasted us a long time. In fact, with the exception of a short interval spent in inquiries as to our respective ages, it carried us on until it was time for our visitors to take their departure, which they did with many effusive hand-shakings, and many no doubt charming little farewell speeches.

Brunei looked very pretty as we left it, in the light of the now setting sun. The *Pucknam* had already started on her return journey, and there was not much time to spare if we wanted to save the tide and the light. By five o'clock we had arrived alongside the *Sunbeam*, with quite a cargo of purchases, and soon afterwards, having said farewell to our friends and entrusted to their care a very heavy mail for England, we steamed away.

Friday, April 8th.—At 6 a.m. we opened out Ambong Bay, behind which rose Kina Balu (in English "the Chinese Widow"), 13,700 feet high, looking most beautiful through the morning mist. At 2 p.m. we reached the northernmost point of the island of Borneo, which used to be the favourite place of assembling for the large fleets of pirate prahus, formerly the terror not only of the neighbouring Straits but of much more distant seas and countries.

We landed at the usual rickety Borneo pier, took a few photographs, including one of a house on piles, and another of a long

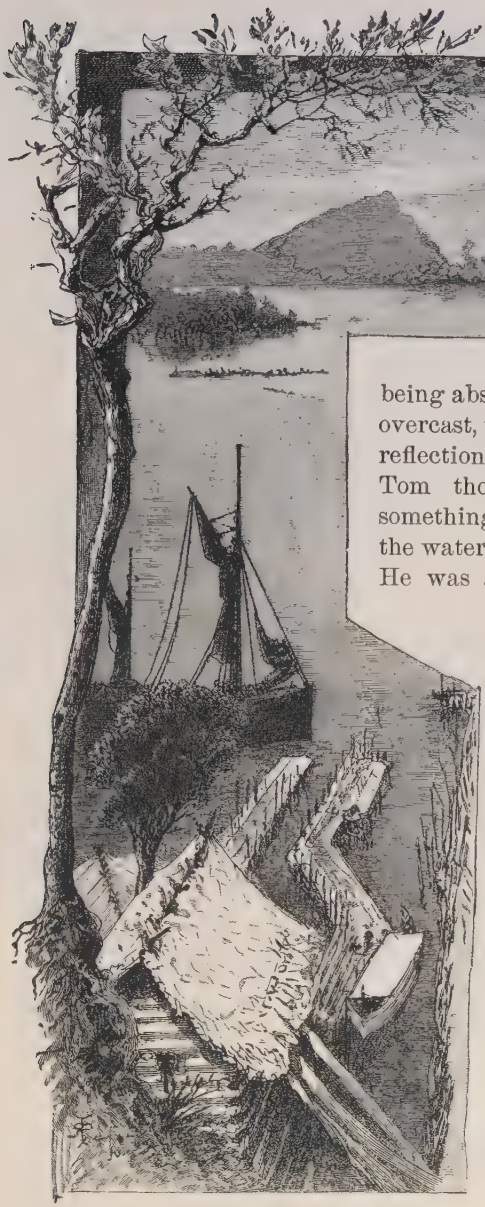
Borneo house, in which many families live under one roof, with separate entrances for each family. Afterwards we strolled slowly on up the hill, towards the Residency. It was a pretty walk, but rather tiring this hot evening. I felt nearly exhausted myself, and was grieved to see how completely done up Tom was by what ought to have been for him very easy work.

Saturday, April 9th—Tom went up on the foreyard at 6.30 a.m., and did not come down until 1.30 p.m., when we had virtually passed the most dangerous part of the coast. We sent

MR. FLINT'S BUNGALOW.

his breakfast up to him in a bucket, for he did not dare leave his post for one moment, the channel being most intricate, and the only guide the difference in colour of the coral patches. He suffered considerably from the heat of the almost vertical sun, which blistered his legs, in spite of extra protection, and made the glasses, which he had constantly to use, so hot that they burnt his hands and eyes, as they did ours when he brought them down on deck.

About 4 p.m. we touched on a coral patch, in two fathoms, not marked on the chart, which rather astonished us, and caused us to go still more slowly and carefully for some time. The sea



KAPUAN TIMBER STATION.

being absolutely smooth, and the sky overcast, there was neither break nor reflection to help the look-out, though Tom thought that he had noticed something peculiar in the colour of the water a few moments previously. He was almost continuously in the foretop again from two o'clock until dark, when he took up his position on the topgallant forecastle.

Easter Sunday, April 10th.—Eleopura looked extremely picturesque in the pale moonlight, with the grand sandstone bluff of the island of Balhalla standing out boldly in the foreground against the starlit sky; but the coast-line seemed still more beautiful in the bright morning sunshine. Mr. Flint, the harbour-master, came on board at six o'clock to offer us the hospitality of his bungalow. We had service at 11.30, and the present Governor, Mr Teacher, and afterwards two other gentlemen, came to lunch. Later on we all landed, some of us going to the little church, where Tom read the service.

There is no resident clergyman at Sandakan, but the Governor supplies his place every Sunday, except when the Bishop happens to pay a visit to the place, as he did last week.

The luxury of getting on shore to large airy rooms, with deep cool verandas, and the feeling of perfect rest and repose, can only be fully appreciated after a long and anxious voyage in a hot climate on board a comparatively small ship. Our good-natured host had turned out bag and baggage, in order to make room for us, and had gone to Government House, leaving his comfortable bungalow entirely at our disposition.

Monday, April 11th.—We were all up early, anxious to make the most of our time in this pleasant spot. Tom went off for a ride with the Governor. I had been very anxious to go to the black bird's-nest caves of Gomanton, but was assured by everybody that the difficulties would be found insurmountable. A shorter expedition has been therefore proposed, and it is arranged that we shall cross the bay and look at the bilian-wood cutting. We glided through a perfect archipelago of small islands, where we saw curious houses, inhabited by Bajaus, or sea-gipsies. These huts are built on piles in the water, and round them dart the natives in their tiny canoes, throwing spears at the numerous shoals of fish. While we were sitting in the deep veranda, a steamer arrived alongside the pier, towing several rafts, which we saw unlashed and pulled to pieces in true primitive fashion, the heavy ironwood of which they are composed being simply cast into the river, as near the shore as possible, to be fished out at low tide.

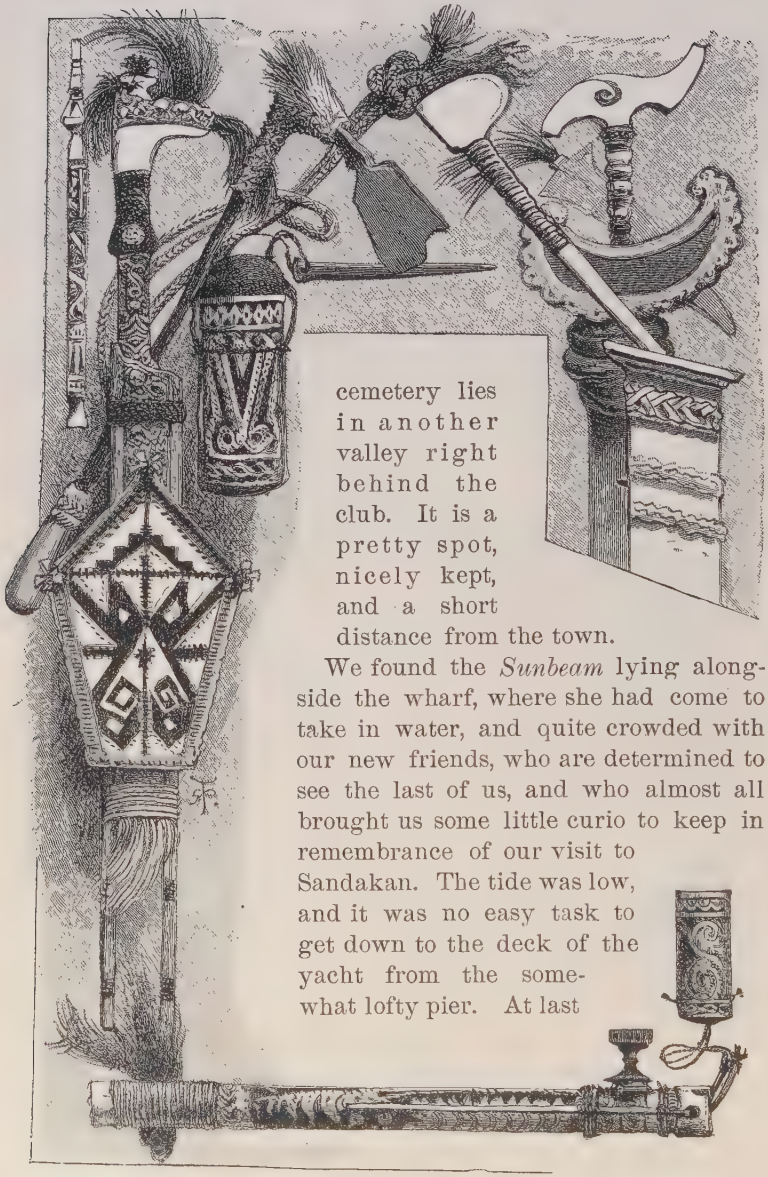
None of our sportsmen turned up to dinner, at Government House, except Mr. Cook. Afterwards various dances were performed by the natives for our entertainment. In some of the war-dances the men displayed much agility and gracefulness, darting from side to side in their war-cloaks of toucan's feathers, which floated out behind them with each movement. They were armed with shields, spears, and kreises. It was really a most picturesque scene, and the large open veranda of Government House, with the background of sea, sky, and distant mountains, seen in the bright moonlight, with the *Sunbeam* peacefully at anchor in the foreground, formed an appropriate setting.

Tuesday, April 12th.—In the course of the morning we visited the town to see the bazaars and have a look at the museum. On the green in front of the Government building stands a handsome Irish cross, raised to the memory of poor Frank Hatton and other explorers who have perished in North Borneo. There was a large party to lunch at Government House, and more came in afterwards to attend my Ambulance meeting, at which the Gov-

ernor took the chair, and Tom explained the work of the society. I also ventured to say a few words, and Mr. Crocker supported the movement very cordially. Dr. Walker took the scheme up warmly. I earnestly hope that it may go on and prosper. There can be no country where it would be more likely to be of use, considering the wild sort of life the people have to lead here. I presented the new centre with a roll of anatomical drawings and a good many books and papers. I trust, therefore, that we may regard the Eleopura branch of the Ambulance Association as fairly started.

DYAK DANCE.

After the meeting, feeling very tired, I went in my chair with Mr. Wilson to the church, which is a pretty little building, and thence, a little higher up the hill, to the hospital. This appears to be an excellently well-managed institution, but is still sadly in want of a European ward, especially in view of the fact that the trade and population of the place are rapidly increasing. Ascending a few steps higher we arrived at the club, with its deep verandas and spacious windows and doors, arranged to catch every breath of air, and to command the finest views. The



cemetery lies in another valley right behind the club. It is a pretty spot, nicely kept, and a short distance from the town.

We found the *Sunbeam* lying alongside the wharf, where she had come to take in water, and quite crowded with our new friends, who are determined to see the last of us, and who almost all brought us some little curio to keep in remembrance of our visit to Sandakan. The tide was low, and it was no easy task to get down to the deck of the yacht from the somewhat lofty pier. At last

BORNEO WEAPONS.

we were safely on board, and slowly steamed away, amid a volley of ringing cheers, which we returned by sending up blue lights and flights of rockets.

The carrying capacity of the yacht was now rather severely

tested, for in addition to our own party we had Messrs. Teacher, Crocker, and Callaghan as passengers, besides some thirty Sikhs, policemen, coolies, and others, whose services would be required for the expedition to the Madai Caves.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Oppressively hot. Darvel Bay, which we reached at 6 p.m., is a most lovely spot, and in the sunset light I thought that I had never seen anything more beautiful in the world. We went ashore as soon as possible, having, however, first to climb with extended though uncertain strides up one of the dreadful wide-rung ladders which confront us at every

ENTERING RIVER MADAI.

pier. It was too dark to see much of the town, which appeared to be clean and tidy, with several well-furnished shops in the principal streets.

Thursday, April 14th.—At 3.30 a.m. I was called, and tried to dispel my drowsiness by the pleasing consciousness that an expedition to which I had long looked forward with such deep interest was about to be undertaken. An hour later we started in a long native canoe, with a crew and escort of thirty coolies, Sulus, Dyaks, and policemen. Our destination was the famous caves of edible birds'-nests at Madai. The steam-launch led the way, having in tow the gig, filled with provisions of all sorts, and

materials for camping out. Then came the long prahu—also in tow—laden almost to the water's edge with her thirty passengers and their gear. The extent and weight of this little flotilla reduced our progress to a speed of about five knots. It was a perfect morning, and the air was quite calm except for the slight breeze which we created for ourselves as we progressed. Soon after seven o'clock the sun became unpleasantly hot, and we were glad to spread our awning. At eight we breakfasted extremely well, the necessary cooking being done over a small spirit-lamp, in the absence of kerosene or any of the mineral oils, the use of which is not allowed on board the *Sunbeam* or any of her satellites.

A little before nine we reached the mouth of the river. In about half an hour we reached a junction of two streams, where the steam launch had to be left behind, the prahu to lead the way, and the cutter to be paddled and punted up after us as far she could go. Birds'-nests, it may be remarked, are a profitable property, yielding a royalty of 15,000 dollars, or over £2,500 a year, to the North Borneo Company.

From the cutter we embarked in the prahu we finally landed in a swamp, where an hour's rest was allowed for the coolies to get their food. At 10.45 a.m. we commenced the real hard work of the expedition. Every-one walked except me, and I had to be carried in a very light chair by two coolies, who were frequently relieved. It was rather serious work for the bearers—to say nothing of my feelings—for they had never carried a chair before. I scarcely know how they managed to make their way at all through the dense jungle which hemmed us in on every side. If one of the bearers suddenly plunged up to his waist in a morass, someone else instantly came forward to pull him out and to raise the chair again. When huge fallen trees obstructed the way, one or two men rushed forward to assist in lifting the chair and me over the barricade. In less than two hours I had been borne over an intricate and fatiguing path, up hill and down dale, with frequent changes but with no stoppages, until at last we fairly faced the limestone cliffs which we had seen from the distance rising straight out of the jungle.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A grand and holy creed.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION TO HERMON.

We started from Nazareth at a more than usually early hour on Monday morning, so as to reach the Sea of Galilee by noon. My friend M—— and I essayed a photograph before sunrise, but were unsuccessful, and our company were already some distance along the road, as we reluctantly put up our cameras and mounted our horses for the start. Passing the Virgin's Well, we found the place full of the village women, as at sunset on the preceding day, coming and going with their huge and graceful pitchers. Turning up over the hill, in a quarter of an hour or so, we reached the highest point of the road and halted to look our last upon the scene of Our Lord's home-life. There it lay just below us in the cup-like hollow, its white houses all gleaming brightly in the newly risen sun—"Nazareth where He was brought up," the spot of all the earth chosen by the Almighty Father as the dwelling-place of His incarnate Son for thirty years of mortal life.

A shepherd was leading his flock along the rocky slopes close by the road, as we travelled on—a sight always interesting in the East from its many sacred associations. In about a half-hour we came to Kefr Kenna, by many supposed to be Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first miracle. There is a fountain by the road-side just outside the village where an ancient sarcophagus does duty as a water-trough, and two or three of the women were filling their pitchers as we rode past. Kefr Kenna is a village of eight hundred inhabitants, and of the usual type of Palestine villages. There is a Latin convent in the place, and of course some of the original water-pots, but we did not stay to visit the one or marvel at the other, but took our way quickly along the now rapidly descending road. There is another village some miles farther north—Kana-el-Jelil, which disputes with Kefr Kenna the honour of being the true scene where

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

but which of the two places is the successor of the ancient Cana is, of course, hard to determine.

Our route now lay along a rugged table-land, with heights rising around on all sides, and then through the broad plain of

El Buttauf. The feet of Our Lord must often have traversed it, in His journeys to and fro between the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth. Here we met a long caravan of pilgrims, Russians, I

RUINS OF A SYNAGOGUE.

think, bound to Jerusalem for the Easter celebration. It was a strange and pathetic sight to see those scores of people of both sexes and all ages, some evidently very old, a few on horseback or on donkeys, but most on foot, travelling wearily, but cheerfully,

along the rough and tiresome road to the great goal of their religious life, and sustained through all their unspeakable hardships by a faith which, however dark and mistaken, was unquestionably sincere and strong.

At length we came in sight of the lake, away down below us in a far-off valley, and soon were descending by many a zig-zag towards its shores; embosomed in hills, and in a depression so deep that its surface is six hundred and fifty feet below that of the Mediterranean. The Sea of Galilee, apart from its sacred associations, has much natural beauty. From the table-land just above the final descent to the valley in which it lies, the traveller has a final and almost completely uninterrupted view of its whole extent; stretching immediately below him, with the town of Tiberias just beneath in the foreground, and the abrupt heights of the farther shore across the bright and sparkling waters. The double peak of the Horns of Hattin, the traditional scenes of Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, rises abruptly a little distance to its left, and its remarkable contour makes it a very striking landmark. From its position it may well have been the scene of that wonderful discourse with which it is traditionally associated, and it is certainly the scene of that disastrous and decisive victory of Saladin over the Crusaders, which in the month of July, 1187, broke their power in the Holy Land, and led to their ultimate expulsion from its shores.

Tiberias itself, with its ancient looking wall, is as one looks down on it a most picturesque and interesting sight, though as one gets nearer and finally enters it, he finds that, as elsewhere, in the East especially, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." It is a tumble-down and dirty place, with a population of over three thousand; two-thirds of whom are Jews. Built in our Lord's life-time by Herod Antipas, it is never mentioned in the New Testament, except as giving its name to the lake. It was essentially a Roman city, and Our Lord's mission was to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and for that reason, perhaps, He never seems to have entered it, while we read of Him as frequenting many of the other towns which then bordered the Sea of Galilee. Besides, at that time, and for years thereafter no Jew would enter it without being defiled, as it had been built on the site of an ancient graveyard; though after the destruction of Jerusalem it became the headquarters of Judaism, the seat of the Sanhedrim and of a great Rabbinical school, whence issued the *Mishna* and the *Misorah*, the principal Jewish traditional works. The Maimonides sleep in its cemetery, and, according to Jewish hope, the Messiah will one day rise from the lake, gather His

people together at Tiberias, and march with them to Safed the "city set on a hill," a few miles away, where He will establish His kingdon and reign forever.

KEFR-KENNA—CANA IN GALILEE.—*From a photograph.*

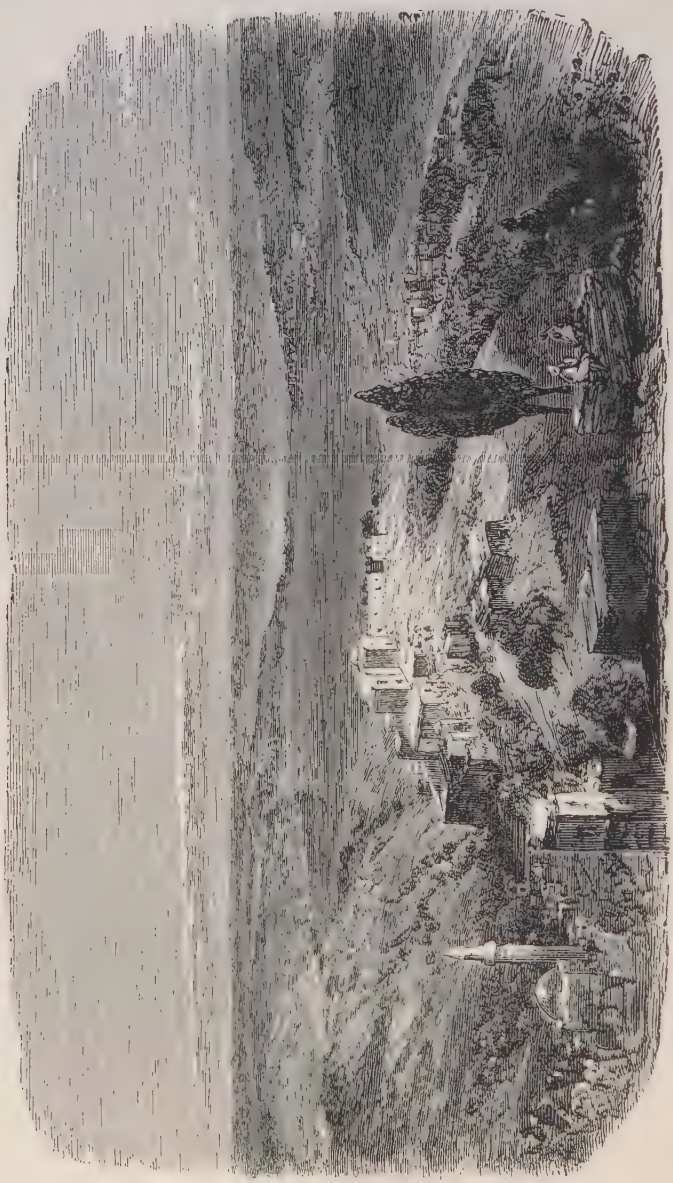
After luncheon at Tiberias, close by the lake side, we got on board the boats for a row up the lake. Clumsy-looking craft they were, truly, tub-like in build, and very heavy. The sail was

useless, for there was not a breath of wind, and the sturdy Arab boatmen, tugging at the heavy oars, propelled the unwieldy craft but slowly through the water. How they worked at all is a mystery to me, for in the dead heat of the low-lying lake, with the glittering water everywhere reflecting the rays of a burning sun, it was all we could do to endure the tremendous heat, indeed, I think that but for our white helmets and light clothing we should have speedily succumbed; but they worked away, with patient and perspiring pertinacity, and we slowly moved up the lake.

What a row it was. Every rod of ground on these shores about us was sacred with memories of the Christ; we were on the very lake, quiet now, and unperturbed by a ripple, whose angry waves once heard His voice, and shrank into smoothness at His sovereign bidding. Somewhere on these surrounding hills was preached the Sermon on the Mount; somewhere upon these circling shores, the risen Lord broke bread with the fisher brothers, and challenged repentant Peter's love ere He renewed his great commission. There to the left is Mej-del—Magdala, and right across the lake, Khersa—the land of the Gergesenes. Still farther to the left, the valley of Gennesaret opens out its once fertile plain. But all is desolate. Of the fleets of boats that skimmed the waters in our Saviour's day, these two poor lumbering craft in which we sat were the only representatives. The lake teems with fish, but there are few to catch them, and the fields that slope down to the shores are unwatered and untilled. Chorazin and Bethsaida, in which His mighty works were done, Capernaum, "His own city," have passed away; their very sites are points of dispute.

We rowed first directly to the northern end of the lake, to visit Tell-Hum, the most probable site of Capernaum. There is nothing to be seen as one approaches the shore, but a small building close to the water, and all around a dreary waste of tall thistles and reeds. Landing and going in shore a little one comes upon the shattered pillars and entablatures of an ancient building, evidently a synagogue, for there is a pot of manna sculptured on some of them. There they lie overthown and overgrown, among the rank weeds. A little farther inland are more ruins—ruins of a town. That is all; nothing standing, nothing above the crowding thistles. Capernaum, "exalted to heaven," has literally been "cast down to hell." If this be really the site of Capernaum, what scenes these shores have witnessed, what gracious words have echoed over these quiet waters. If this be really Capernaum, then this White Synagogue, as it is called, may well have been that

built by the Roman centurion, that in which our Lord spoke those wonderful words of the Bread of Life. How significant and



THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

touching the sculptured pot of manna if this be the case. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. This is

the bread which cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof and not die."

From Tell-Hum our boatmen rowed us about a mile and a half up the lake to where, on the western shore, was a crescent of sandy beach, through which a small stream poured its clear waters into the lake, a little to the south of a low cliff. Here, a few minutes' walk from the beach, on a small grassy meadow our camp was pitched, and right glad we were to leave the boats and seek the shelter and refreshment it afforded. Some indulged in a bath in the waters of the lake, others engaged the Arab boatmen for a half-hour's fishing, while all rejoiced in the delicious quiet and seclusion of our camping-ground, and felt, more or less, the spell of the memories with which its scenes were associated.

TIBERIAS, AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

After dinner most of our party strolled down to the beach, and sat chatting in groups beside its waters. It was a glorious starlight night, and our minds were full of the associations of the place, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. Nazareth yesterday, and Galilee to day; was it wonderful that as we sat beneath the starry skies, with the waters of the lake rippling at our very feet, while its storied hill-sides girdled the horizon, our hearts were full of thrilling memories and our feelings sought expression in sacred song?

While we were camped at Khan Minyeh a rather startling occurrence interrupted the quiet of our camp life. In the middle of the night, one of our muleteers on guard—for our camp was

always guarded, to prevent the depredations of prowling Bedouins, fell asleep over his loaded gun, and lodged the whole charge in his arm. Well for him that the accident happened in the company of Christians, rather than with his own compatriots or co-religionists. The other Arabs would have left him to perish; they would have said: "He is finished," and stoically left him to his fate. But he fared better with us. Our young American doctor soon had him in hand, and all the private stores of medicaments in camp were freely placed at his disposal. But rest and proper dressing he could not have, and did not get until five days after, when we reached Damascus; and all that weary journey, the poor fellow, perched on the back of a donkey, fevered and sore, with thirty-two pellets of shot in his wounded arm, bore with extraordinary endurance of body, and, apparently, with great patience of spirit, the jolting and unrest of that long ride.

A curious incident occurred the morning after our arrival at Khan Minyeh. With another of the party, I was strolling on the beach, when I noticed a fish lying apparently dead, some distance from the water. There was a wound upon its back, as if it had been speared by a fisherman or seized by the talons of some large bird. As there was no sign of human beings about, the latter was probably the case. "Hallo!" said I to my friend, "I've got a fish," and seizing it by the tail, I took it to the edge of the lake. It was alive, and as we put it into the water it swam off, as though nothing were the matter. How long it had been on the shore it is difficult to say. Thus, if I did not catch a fish out of the Sea of Galilee, I certainly put one in.

The road from the lake at Khan Minyeh winds close to the base of the Horns of Hattin, and then climbs through a series of rugged defiles overgrown with rank wild mustard and a wilderness of other weeds. Descending from this hill region, it enters a plain, bounded on the left by a hilly country, and stretching away to the right, swampy and reed-grown, for many miles. In the centre of this plain is Lake Huleh, supposed to be the waters of Merom, mentioned in the Book of Joshua as the scene of that warrior's victory over the hosts of the neighbouring kings. The plain is a vast pasture-ground for herds of buffalo, and the black tents of the Bedouin herdmen dot it at frequent intervals.

Our camp was pitched at Ain Balât, close to a stream, and the neighbourhood of Hermon was shown, not only by the view which we had of it from our tents, but by the rain which fell upon them, the only rain which we encountered in all our camping out. Here, I remember, the sheikh of a neighbouring en-

campment of Bedouins was engaged to guard us—on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief—and he stalked majestically and with a vast sense of importance and authority around our camp.

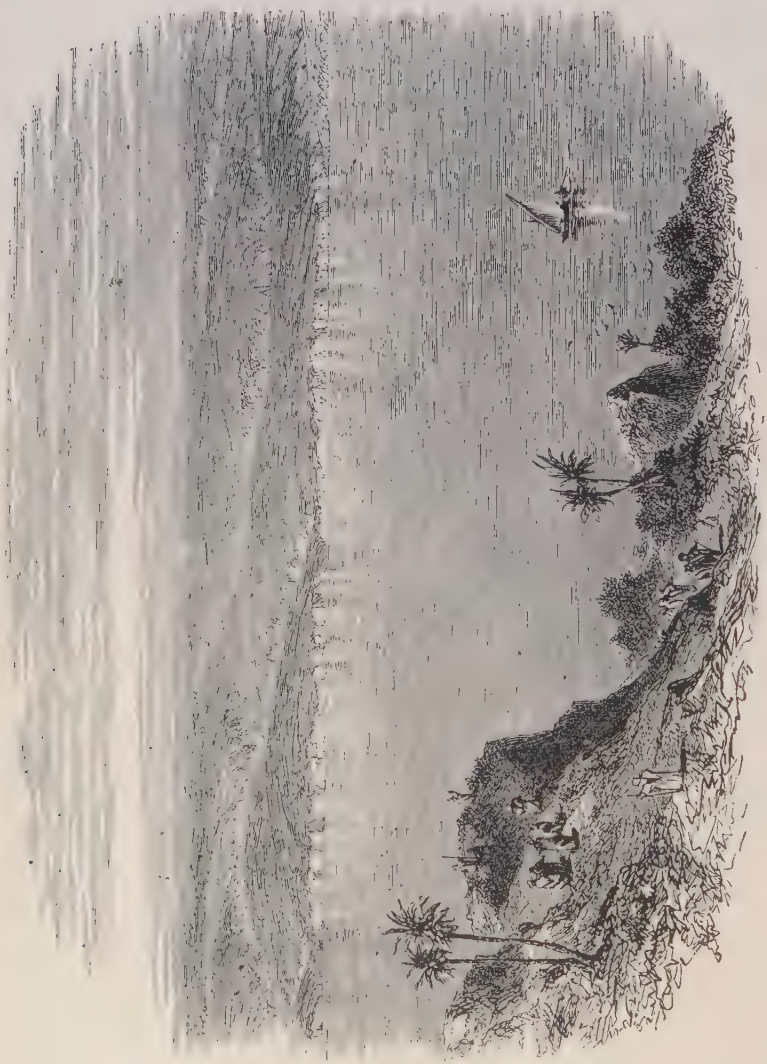
An hour's journey in the morning brought us to the Hasbany, a tributary of the Jordan, which here is spanned by an old Roman bridge, whose pointed arches seem strong enough to last for centuries longer, in another half-hour we reached a mound crowned with a noble terebinth tree and embowered in thick and brilliant foliage, at the base of which a large fountain of splendidly clear water burst out from under the rocks and flowed away over the plain. The Arabs call it Tell-el-Kadi, the Hill of the Judge. It is the Laish of the Phœnicians, the Dan of Scripture, one of the proverbial limits of the land of Canaan—"From Dan to Beersheba." The fountain at its base is one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and here the famous stream gushes bright and pure from its mother earth, to become dark and turbid in its long and tumultuous windings, till it pours its rapid torrent into the sluggish depths of the Dead Sea. The fountain and stream are called by the Arabs *El Leddan*, possibly a corruption of Dan.

The view from the hill out over the fertile plain still bears out well the description given of it by the Danite spies, who made the reconnaissance which led to its capture from its original Phœnician possessors, "We have seen the land and behold it is very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." The old patriarch Jacob, in his dying prophecy said of the descendants of his son Dan, "Dan is a lion's whelp, he shall leap from Bashan;" and, in the capture and colonization of this site, the prophecy was fulfilled. Here are the foot-hills of the heights of Bashan, with its famous oaks still springing from their slopes. The Danites, separated so far from the rest of their brethren, became in time loose and lawless in matters civil and religious. They stole idols from their neighbours and set up an irregular priesthood, at the very beginning of their establishment here, and their later history is on line with that inauspicious beginning.

The short journey from Dan to Banias is through the fairest country I saw in Palestine. We rode over green and springy turf, under the spreading branches of oak and terebinth, through glades of exquisite greenery, a perfectly park-like landscape. The terebinths were in blossom, and the fragrant white flowers almost brushed against our faces as we rode slowly up the hill-slopes of Bashan, to our camping-ground near the upper source

of the Jordan, under the southern shoulder of Hermon, and close to the site of Cæsarea Philippi.

This lovely and romantic spot, almost a Syrian Tivoli, as Dean



SEA OF GALILEE.

Stanley calls it, sheltered by the lofty heights of Hermon, here wooded to their summit, and looking out over the wide landscape of the Plain of Huleh, posseses many points of interest beside that of its exquisite beauty. In the rocky base of Hermon there is a cave, sacred to Baal in the early times of Phœnecian idolatry,

and to Pan in the later days of classic paganism. There are niches cut in the living rock at its entrance with Greek inscriptions in honour of the latter deity, and to keep up the chain of superstition, there stands a *waly* or shrine to El Khudr—the Moslem St. George—on a height near by. The site may, indeed, have been the "Baal-Gad in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon," which formed the northern limit of Joshua's conquests, and, at an earlier date than Dan and Beersheba, gave a reckoning of the length of Canaan—"From Baal-Gad to Mount Hulak that goeth up to Seir." Later still, it took its name from the object of Grecian worship, and became Paneum, till Herod the Great erected here a splendid temple to Cæsar, and Philip the tetrarch gave it the name of Cæsarea Philippi. The Greek name

ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

lingers, while the Roman one has gone, for the village now occupying the site is known by the Arabs as the village of Banias.

Close beneath the mouth of the cave, a fountain bursts out of a mound of earth and apparently of *débris* of buildings, and pours through the valley in a rapid stream, flashing and foaming between banks lined with tall and vividly-green poplars, and fringed with a close thicket of oleanders. This is the highest source of the Jordan, and the stream here formed, after galloping through and gladdening this lovely glen, joins some miles farther down the valley, the stream issuing from the fountain at Dan, and the two united and joined, a little farther on, by the river Hasbany, make up the tortuous and turbid torrent that tears its track through the deep defile which cleaves the land of Canaan into two divisions throughout its entire length.

High over head, on an isolated height, are the vast and ro-

mantic ruins of a mediæval castle—the castle of Banius, *Khulat-es-Inbeibeh*, as the Arabs call it, and, in the midst of the modern village, stands the citadel, ruinous, indeed, but mighty in decay, for its quadrangle is four acres in extent, and on two sides its massive walls are still in places ten to twenty feet high. The village itself is small; there are about forty houses, some of them with bits of fine old buildings built into their rough walls, and all of them with quaint square arbours of branches built upon their flat roofs—the sleeping apartments of their inhabitants during the summer, with its invading and ruthless hosts of scorpions, fleas, and other hominivorous vermin.

THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE JORDAN.

But it is not from associations of ancient or classic character that the place derives its chief interest. Somewhere hereabouts—in "the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi"—it may be close to the rock on which the Temple of Augustus stood, and from under which the Jordan issues—the Saviour asked His disciples, "Who say men that I the Son of Man am?" And then in answer to His further and closer question, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter made his grand confession of faith, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God," and received the glorious answer, embodying at once the spirituality of true faith and the permanence of the Church established upon such a basis. Here also, somewhere, it may well have been on one of these wooded slopes, which form

the southern range of Hermon, was that "high mountain," to which He led His three disciples, Peter and James and John, when He was transfigured before them, and communing with the representatives of the Law and the Prophets—Moses and Elijah—"spake of His decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem;" and then, as the cloud enwrapped the awed onlookers, they heard the attestation of Jehovah to the person and office of their Master: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him."

Here, too, in this farthest limit of His travel and teaching, was the final turning-point of His earthly ministry, and by the same paths which we have trodden He went back to the sublime self-sacrifice of the cross. "And it came to pass, when the time was come that He should be received up, He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

And here, too, my gentle reader, we part company for awhile. We have traversed together in thought and study the paths trodden by the feet of the Incarnate Son of God; we have gone through the Holy Land—the Land of Possession—from its most famous city to its farthest northern bound. We have seen desolation and ruin where once the land laughed with luxuriant harvests, and where lordly cities with teeming inhabitants, occupied sites whose very position, so utterly have they disappeared, is now a matter of debate. The deadly upas-tree of Turkish domination spreads its poisonous shadow over these fair lands. His once favoured people are gone, scattered without national life throughout the world, and the land cursed for their sake groans still beneath the visible displeasure of the Almighty. Yet, who shall say what may be in the future? Let the "sick man of Europe" die; let his wretched travesty of government cease; let the foul oppression, which grinds the faces of the poor, be done away; let life and property become safe, and agriculture and trade be fostered and encouraged; and, once again, this land would flow with milk and honey. With the blight of Moslem rule removed; with the protectorate of a Christian power established; with wise laws equitably administered, and avenues of trade wisely opened up; with the appliances of modern agriculture introduced, and the comforts and cleanlinesses of civilized life made general, a marvellous change would come over this down-trodden country. "The wilderness and the solitary place would be glad for them, and the desert would rejoice and blossom as the rose." And what sympathetic heart is there that does not utter the prayer, God speed the day.

WITH THE WEST CENTRAL MISSION.*

SKETCHES WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

BY H. E. T.

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES PREACHING.

To the Christian worker, Sunday is like the month of August to the agriculturist, the great fruit-bearing time. I will therefore give some Sunday experiences. Hurrying down the new Shaftesbury Avenue one afternoon, a procession of thirty men turned out of a side street, singing: "Jesus is our Captain!" one of them distributing bills *en route*. It made a bit of commotion, especially in Piccadilly Circus; and so I asked a policeman, whom I saw looking after them, who they were. "Church Army, I should say, sir;" and, thanking him, I hurried after the procession. "Can you tell me who those people are?" I asked a watch-

* Abridged from the *Christian Miscellany*.

man at one of the new theatres rising in the street. "Church Army," was his reply. A second policemen informed me: "They belonged to Price Hughes:" and a third said: "They call themselves the Wesleyan Mission of St. James' Hall;" and the fact was proved by their turning sharp out of the road into the Piccadilly entrance, leaving two brethren at the doors giving out invitations. Up the fine marble staircase, with the haze of stained-glass and the soft tread of draperies, we enter the hall, now nearly full of people. As the brass band ceased playing, Mr. Hughes, followed by the sisters, came on the platform, prayed a moment, and then gave out a hymn from the Mission hymn-book, which went splendidly to the stirring accompaniment of the band. But if this was an innovation, the address of the preacher was more startling. He spoke on the subject of wealth; but as I had just been reading Wesley's sermon on the subject, I was quite prepared for him quoting and enforcing its remarkable teachings.

At the close of the meeting I was speaking to a steward who was picking up hymn-books, when he said to me: "Come to tea at Wardour Hall." Of course my modesty forbade my intruding on the company, but I finally started with him. Instead of the select company of a dozen young men workers which I expected to see, I was introduced to a school-room full of people of all sorts and ages, and soon made at home at Mr. Nix's right hand. Now, thought I, I'll test the work of the Mission on my neighbour. He was a small, poor man, and said he was converted in the Hall some months ago. "Well, you see, Sir, I hadn't anything particular to do, and was out for a walk down here on Tuesday, and saw all this going on, and went inside, and Mr. Nix came up and asked me to sign the pledge, which I did. Next Sunday I came in again and got saved that night." "How is it you come such a long way as to have to stay for tea here?" "Well, you see, there isn't anything like this up where I live; they're all so stiff and respectable there, nothing comfortable and easy, and all-at-home-like, like this." "Then you've joined Mr. Nix's class, help in the open-air, and attend the services above?" "Yes, Sir, that's it."

The quick tea over, we assemble in a long double lane for a half-hour prayer-meeting before going outside. How they did crowd the prayers into that short half-hour! No wonder Mr. Nix said, that some people had told him they "couldn't pray at Wardour Hall, for the brethren didn't give them a chance, but started two or three together." At last, in response to the request that any one who had not prayed before would now do so, a young man prayed that he might be kept from falling away the fourth time, and thanked "the dear Father" that he had been recovered three times; and a faltering sister prayed for her sick mother.

My friend again took charge of me, and we joined the procession which Mr. Nix ordered to "fall in four deep;" and, headed by a transparency, and over eighty strong, with a host of followers, we tramped through the Soho slush until, outside a public-house, we "formed ring" at command, and down went the harmonium, up went the large lamp, out came the cornet, and on to the low stool went Mr. Nix, and made a tremendous attack on the public-house and the devil. Then nearly a dozen men and women bore testimony to the power of Christ to save them. One fine man Mr. Nix called attention to, by saying: "There, look at him, isn't he quite smart now?" "But," said the man, as he

MR. NIX CONDUCTING AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE.

mounted the stool, "you all know me, and how I used to go into that pub; the landlord knows me; and when he had made me drunk turned me out. He'll never turn me out again. I've left for good. You all know me; I live in that street, and to-morrow morning I come out round that pub at four o'clock and back again at night. I bless the Lord for a new heart!"

"We must be going now," said my friend the steward. Within the hall he found me a seat right in front. It was, indeed, a wonderful audience, and the large orchestral band seems a credit to the Society and to Mr. Mills, who has worked so splendidly in organizing it. The service it renders in the preliminary music and in leading the hymns is invaluable. The sermon, on the Judgment, was impressive and powerful, as indeed one would expect from a man who feels like Mr. Hughes, and a large num-

ber went into the inquiry-rooms during the after-meeting, to which the band does not stay, the singing being led by a sister who plays the harmonium.

But I wanted to see Mr. Nix's Sunday afternoon class, and so resolved to accept his very kind invitation to dinner, and make a day of it with the Mission some other Sunday. I found a very large audience at Mr. Pearse's eleven o'clock service when I got in, hot and breathless; but I didn't wonder at his popularity with the workers when I heard him there. Said a military-looking

THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

man to me in the afternoon, who rather took me under his charge: "I call Mr. Pearse the preacher, and Mr. Hughes the teacher. When I want my heart warmed and moved I go to the Sunday-morning service; for duty I go to the afternoon; and for history I go to hear Archdeacon Farrar." Behind the beloved man, who, as one of the audience suggested, is probably the most popular preacher in London to-day, sat the choir of thirty little girls dressed in uniform hats and capes of gray, and led by Mr. Mills at the harmonium. At his side sat his wife and some of the sisters, with the Rev. Dr. Lunn, assistant-missioner. We had "a

real good time" as Mr. Pearse talked to us of the cruel devil, and of One who would deliver us from his power. When my host had done shaking hands with the people, I got him to put me in charge of his lieutenant, and off we went to Fitzroy Square. "Allo! Mr. Piper," said the children as we passed, and my companion said he thought every man, woman and child within half a mile knew him.

As we slackened pace I heard the roll of a hymn by men's voices, and recognized: "Now I know what makes me happy!" and was asking: "How do the neighbours like this?" when it occurred to me that there could not be much time for singing as the young men gave all their evenings and Sundays to the work. Four were away missioning at Reading, but the thirteen present were a happy and intelligent company. Mr. and Mrs. Nix presided splendidly, and the Christian merriment kept up all the time was just what one would expect from a lot of young fellows whose hearts were light, and stomachs in good order. One of my host's tales deserves to be recorded: "Listen boys!" He was at a meeting up north when those who were saved were invited to stand up, and as the young man next to him sat still, he asked him how that was, and after a bit of talk promised to write to him. Recently one of the brethren asked him if he knew certain writing he showed him, and behold it was his own, and the cause of the young man's conversion, and his dedication to the Mission, and residence in the house.

After dinner Mr. Nix showed me and two other friends over the house, and told how he acquired it. Rent is so high in Soho, that they we compelled to look farther out, and when they found this house it had been let for years at one hundred and eighty pounds a year. The owner spent one thousand pounds on it, and then Mr. Nix presented himself with an offer of one hundred and thirty pounds. Of course the agent flatly declined; but the Methodist said he must see the landlord, and found him to be one of the richest Jews. Mr. Nix told his tale, and the Jew said: "I like your scheme, but you know I'm a Jew, and that means getting as much for it as I can; but, because I like your idea, I'll take one hundred and thirty-five pounds;" and then he wrote a checque for five pounds towards the Mission; and a few weeks more saw them out of Lincoln House, which was required for other uses, and comfortably ensconced in the new Wiclif House. Two floors are fitted up with twenty-one little cubicals, making small but comfortable bedrooms for as many Methodist young men who are prepared, out of business hours, to devote themselves to the Lord's work. In a little back room, his study, Mr. Nix

showed us his lantern-slides for his Sunday-evening Gospel lectures; and then bade us put on our coats and go with him to his class. I have attended one of the best classes in our Society, and have had a little experience outside; but I never was present or even heard of such a class as this. There were said to be one hundred and fifty present. All stiffness was sweetly absent, but reverence was seen even through the bits of fun. The first man who spoke, a Swede by birth, had lately had it on his heart to do some more work for his Saviour, and so last week had been conducting a Mission. An unbelieving brother said it would be a failure; and when, on the first night, only a little girl gave her heart to the Saviour, he said: "There! didn't I tell you how it would be?" But the next night the child brought her mother, and the mother brought the father, and they had a glorious time. In a moment up rose a tall man in the back, who said that he had had a visit from a "captain" that week. Mr. Nix ejaculated; "And it did the 'captain' good I know." "Yes, and it did me good also!" and he went on to tell us that he was very anxious for the welfare of the young people in his house, and many of them now came to the services, but none to the class at present. What can the "captain" have to do with this? I thought. But the leader now explained that certain members were appointed to visit absent members, and were then called *captains*. "And we should now like to hear 'captain' S——, who had visited this last brother." The 'captain' rose blushing, and explained that he was, by this time, quite used to visiting coachmen, poor lodgers, and such like, but the name of the brother on the card half-staggered him. He now had the joy of seeing him there. He was pleased to be able to do such work, though he did not glory in it, "that the dear Lord knows;" and his voice trembled as he added: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ!" The leader explained again that this brother used to be "quite a swell;" and, as he had said, a few years ago such work was far from his thoughts; yet now he was to be found, the starch taken out of him, in the soup-kitchen with a cook's hat and apron on. Up jumped a brother who used to be a prize-fighter. Four or five more spoke in much the same style; we sang another hymn, and then some went to the hall, others to an open-air service, and some stayed.

Mr. Hughes spoke that afternoon; and then, before the tea in Wardour Hall, he was walking round in a bishoply way, with his quick eye seeing all and every one, when I introduced myself to him. He at once took me up to Mr. Nix, and asked him at the close of tea to send me round to Lincoln House, when he would show me over the building. Before six o'clock I rang loudly, and

again, at the door of the house. So evil, they say, was its character a few years ago, that a modest man dare not hear its dark tales; but what hath God wrought! Now one of the "Sisters of the People" opens the door fearlessly, and takes me up to Mr. Hughes, who, with Mr. Mills, is arranging the hymns to be sung that night. This settled, he takes me over the house from top to cellar; shows me the large room where Mr. Nix has his class, and Mr. Mills his choir and band practices; the little sleeping-rooms for young and friendless women out of situations; the old studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the roof, now a crèche; offices and class-rooms; and a basement containing a girl's club-rooms, the dispensary for the trained nurse, Sister Cecilia; and, as we return, a peep into the night kitchen, where the neat servant looks after the wants of the two sisters in charge. In the hall, Mr. Mills waits to accompany me to St. James', to be in time to conduct his band in the preliminary concert.

But suppose after tea we stay one evening for the service at Wardour Hall. At the open-air service this night the publican does not throw water upon us, but merely turns out his big lamp. On our return march we pass through a little company of Socialists in Broad Street, whose meeting is rather spoilt by us for a minute; and the sleet having driven us in rather early, the "lieutenant" announces that we will sing a few hymns. The place is an old-fashioned square chapel, with galleries, probably seating five hundred or six hundred, and only altered by having chairs instead of pews, and raised orchestra built round the pulpit. This was filled by Mr. Green's choir of little girls and other singers, and the front row was occupied by detachments of the brethren and sisters. The brother told us one or two good tales: one of how he was bill-distributing in a public house, when the landlord advised them, since they were no good to him, to go out; and on his replying that he was not annoying the customers, he proposed to put him out. At this a woman put down her pot, saying: "Well, if that's how yer talk to him, *I'm* going to clear out." She was followed by another woman and her husband, who said they should not soon visit the place after that. "Praise the Lord! that's how He cares for us!"

We had a lively service, there being a small string band as well as the harmonium and choir, and a powerful address on "Jesus, who He was; what He is; and what He will be." At the close we looked into the inquiry-rooms, and found that they had the names of seven men and six women. Amongst them was the servant of the publican who turned his light out, and we learned that his house-keeper was in distress about her soul.

A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

A NEWFOUNDLAND CHARACTER-SKETCH.

BY A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MINE FROM WHICH THE DIAMOND COMES.

In one of the great bays which so deeply indent the surf-beaten coasts of "Old England's oldest colony," a long straight stretch of shore, unbroken by any harbour, presents its front to the Atlantic waves. Standing on the top of one of the cliffs, which in many places rise almost perpendicularly from the sea, you can look away towards the north-east, over miles of heaving billows to where sky and waters seem to blend into one; while, farther south, the blue line of hills on the other side of the bay bounds your vision, as, too oft, the "things of time and sense" come between us and the infinite, the eternal. Stand on those cliffs when you will, there is an ever-varying grandeur in the scene before you; whether it be on the tranquil summer evening, when the myriad wavelets of that vast expanse of sea sparkle beneath the rays of the setting sun, and the far-off cliffs are gorgeous in gold and purple; or, in the fierce autumnal gales, when the great green walls of water, the "waves of the mighty Atlantic," roar, and thunder, and dash themselves upon the rocks. On that wild coast you are pursued by the idea of vastness—immensity, infinitude, eternity—of change and yet unchangeableness of Almighty power.

Along these miles of shore, as I said, harbours there are none; but smaller inlets, known as coves, abound, and around most of them the hardy toilers of the sea have built their houses and enclosed their plots of land. Five of these hamlets, taking in about seven miles of the coast, form the important Methodist circuit of Birchy Head. They are ordinary fishing villages, very irregularly built; consisting principally of low white-washed wooden houses, with numerous porches and "linnies," built, certainly, with more regard to convenience than beauty, and each standing in its own little garden-patch. Scattered among the houses are various stores, stages, and fish-drying "flakes," which give unmistakable evidence of the occupation of the inhabitants to the senses both of sight and smell. Amidst these humble erections the school-house, in most places the only public building,

can plainly be distinguished; and through each hamlet runs a sparkling noisy brook, on its way to join the great sea.

The village of Birchy Head, from which the circuit takes its name, is the most central of the five; and here stands the Methodist church, one of the largest in the island. Near it is the parsonage, easily distinguished from the surrounding dwellings by its greater height, and the general appearance of design in its erection; and within the walls of which, for years back, successive pastors have prayed and studied, and thought and planned. Beside the indispensable school-house, Birchy Head can further boast a Temperance Hall, the scene of many a pleasant gathering, and a post-office, to which comes the tri-weekly mail from the outside world.

A good road connects the five coves, and the inhabitants are bound together by the strong ties of church-fellowship; for nearly all are Methodist in name, if not in reality, and are proud of the Church to which they belong. Their Methodism has been handed down from sire to son since the days of Coughlan and Geary, who walked over these cliffs, and preached in these coves; and it has become as much a part of their inheritance as the land they till, or the houses they inhabit. And if they are proud of their Church, no reason has their Church to be ashamed of them. A rough, rugged race of men are those sons of the sea; exposure to wind and wave has bronzed their faces, and the struggle for daily bread has bent their forms and furrowed their brows; yet under many a fisherman's guernsey beats a heart as true to God and humanity as ever throbbed beneath broadcloth or tweed.

"Diamond in the rough"—ah, yes!—but diamonds of the first water, notwithstanding!

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE DIAMOND FIRST FLASHED ITS RAYS ON THE MINISTER.

A Sabbath morning in July, but no July sunbeams; instead, rain falling in a steady down-pour, leaden sky, and mist-clad hills; the white crests of the waves forming the only relief to the gray gloom of the landscape. There is an unusual stir in the village of Birchy Head and its neighbouring coves; for during the week a new minister has come to the Parsonage, and all are anxious to see and hear the man who is to be their pastor for the next three years. And when the flag on the tall flag-staff beside the church is lowered half-mast, in token that the hour of morning

service is approaching, in spite of the rain, a goodly congregation make their way to the house of God.

The hearts of the minister and his wife are sad, as they wend their way along the road, and up the lane which leads to the church. The past week has been a hard one to them. The uprooting of the old friendships, the severance of the ties that have bound them to the people among whom, for the last three years, they have lived and laboured; the worry and care consequent upon the packing and the unpacking of the "household gods" which, in this country of unfurnished parsonages, every minister has to carry about with him, the fatigue of the journey, and the feeling of being among strangers, all combine to depress their spirits, and the mournful music of the falling rain-drops seems to suit their mood. But once within the sanctuary, after a few moments of the painful consciousness of being the observed of all the observers, the desponding mood changes to one of faith and hope; and they look around upon the faces of those who are now to be their people, with the prayer that their coming among them may indeed be with "the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." The service proceeds, the hymns of praise are sung, the prayers offered, the Word read and expounded, the benediction pronounced, and the people disperse, the good seed sown once more in the hearts by the hands of a new sower.

All do not go at once, however, and when the minister and his wife come down the aisle, after various handshakes and words of welcome, they find a little group waiting for them in the spacious porch. Most of them are men past the prime of life, the veteran Methodists of Birchy Head Circuit, who have done duty as class-leaders, prayer-leaders, and local preachers for many a year, and they, too, press forward to grasp the hand of their pastor, and to bid him welcome to his new sphere of toil. One among them, a tall, stalwart man, with somewhat awkward gait, and the face rugged as the cliffs against which beats yonder sea, with many a line of care on the broad forehead, plainly telling of hard struggle for daily bread, keen, kindly gray eyes looking out from under beetling brows, and hair and beard thickly streaked with silver, draws your attention. His personality impresses you strongly at once; and you are attracted to him in spite of the rusty broadcloth suit, and venerable, much-battered beaver hat which form his Sunday costume. There is power in every line of that rugged face; there is truth in every glance of those keen gray eyes. As he grips the minister's hand, and utters his hearty "Welcome to Birchy Head, sir, and may God bless 'ee," the earnestness and sincerity of the man touch answering chords in the other's heart;

and from that day till the day of his departure from Birchy Head, Uncle Billy, as he was popularly called, was one of the minister's most trusted friends and fellow-labourers.

There are diamonds and diamonds! Some are polished and chiseled by the lapidary till they shine with tenfold lustre; others are left in their native rudeness and shapelessness, but are diamonds still, and the rough exterior cannot conceal their sparkling.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

CHAPTER III.

THE DIAMOND ILLUMINATES THE PRAYER-MEETING.

A few weeks after the coming of the Rev. John Duncan to Birchy Head there was a prayer-meeting after the Sabbath evening service. Not that this was an unusual occurrence, for among Newfoundland Methodists the Sunday night prayer-meeting is as the key-stone to the arch of the religious privileges which they have enjoyed during the day. Then the nails, driven during the other services, are clinched by earnest, personal appeal; half-formed, vague aspirations are turned into firm resolves; and that omnipotent weapon, All-Prayer, is used with wonderful advantage, against the wily hosts of darkness. Many a heart has gained strength for hours of conflict, many a burden has been cast upon the great Burden-Bearer, and many a load of sin removed from guilty consciences, during this most sacred hour of the holy day.

On this particular night, then, there was a prayer-meeting. A lovely night it was, calm and peaceful, with scarcely a sound to break the Sabbath stillness save the splashing of the waves upon the shore. There had been an earnest sermon; the Word had gone home with power to many hearts; and quite a number of the congregation remained to ask God's blessing on the services of the day. A hymn of heartfelt praise was sung, and two of the old patriarchs of the church led in prayer. Another hymn; and again every head was bowed, and a solemn awe rested upon the whole assembly. For a few seconds no one spoke; but presently Uncle Billy's voice broke the silence.

"Blessed Lord," he said, "Thou art here! Yes, praise Thy name, we know Thou art here! We feels Thee in our hearts! Thou art speakin' to us now. We hear Thy voice; oh, may we do Thy will! Thou art drawin' us to Thyself, Lord; Thou dost want

us to come closer an' closer to Thee—right up into Thy arms, Thy everlastin' arms of love! And, Lord, some of us are yieldin' to the drawin'! We are openin' our hearts to let Thee in! Come in, Lord! Come in now, while we are waitin' here! Come in, an' make us all new creeturs in Christ Jesus! Come in, and give us poor weak sinful mortals the power to live new lives! Come in, Lord Jesus, come in!

"Send the power of the Spirit upon us now! Baptize afresh with fire from above. Lord, send it now, *now*, while we waits before Thee, in Thy house, on Thy own day; Lord send it *now!* Thou wilt send it, Lord, we believe it! We are waitin' for it! we know it is comin'! Thou wilt do it, Lord, accordin' to Thy gracious Word! We wait before Thee for the promised gift.

"An' Thou art comin', Thou are here! I feels Thee in my soul! Let all feel Thee now! Touch every heart in this house; set every soul on fire! Save precious souls to-night, Lord. Do it now, Lord! do it now, for Thy name's sake! Amen! Amen!"

Only a fisherman in rusty broadcloth, uttering the desires of his soul in simple and somewhat ungrammatical language. Yes, that was all; but Pentecost repeats itself often; and now, as then, the prayers of "unlearned and ignorant men" find their way to the ear of the Most High. Earnest, humble, believing prayer prevailed; upon minister and people came that night in rich measure the "power from on high;" and as they went home beneath the quiet stars, how many silent covenants were made with God, eternity alone will reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DIAMOND SPARKLES IN THE PARSONAGE.

The brief Newfoundland summer was over, and the keen blasts of autumn were beginning to herald the approach of winter. Many of the people who had been away at the Labrador fisheries during the summer had got safely home; and scarcely a day passed now but some white-winged schooner ran into one of the coves, and discharged her living freight. Among the earliest arrivals had been Uncle Billy's son, Watson, now the mainstay of the family; for advancing years had unfitted his father to endure the hardship and exposure of the Labrador voyage, and the old man had to be content to earn what he could by fishing along the shore. This summer had been a prosperous one to Watson; both codfish and herring had been abundant at the White Bear Islands,

off which he had been fishing; and he had managed to secure a goodly share of the harvest of the sea. As I said, he had reached home rather early in the fall, and on the day on which I write, he had just returned from St. John's, where he had gone to "settle up his account" with the merchant who had supplied him in the spring, and to purchase provisions and other necessaries for the winter.

"Watson, boy," said his father, as they sat at the table on which was spread the bountiful repast with which Watson's mother deemed it necessary to celebrate her son's return home; "Watson, boy, what are you goin' to 'low the parson this fall? 'cause now you're home, an' got settled up, I thought as how I'd go over to-night an' pay 'en his practice. The Lord's debts oughter be paid, so well as anybody else's!"

Watson, who was a broad-shouldered young fellow of about five-and-twenty, rather about the average height, and as unlike his father in face as he could well be, considered for a few minutes before reply; and then said, doubtfully, "Well, considerin' all things, s'pose I gives 'en a dollar and a half this year, as times is pretty fairish!"*

"Well, now, Watson Abbot, I did think yer heart were summat bigger than that," said the father. "Last year ye gave the pastor a dollar, and this year when yer got three times so much fish, ye're only goin' to give 'en a dollar and a half! 'Let every man give accordin' as the Lord hath prospered him,' the Bible says; an' accordin' to that ye oughter to give three dollars. Anyhow, s'pose we says we'll give five dollars atween us; I think's that's the least we can do."

"What do you say, mother?" said Watson, turning toward the third member of the family party, who had hitherto been silent. A little, brisk, bright, cheery woman was this mother of Watson's, not given to many words, but rather to quiet deeds of kindness; and as useful in her way as was her husband in his. She looked up with a smile as her son asked his question, and answered promptly:

"Your father's right, Watson; I thinks he most always is! An' there's one thing sure, ye can't never give too much to the Lord an' His work!"

So the matter was settled; and, when tea was over, Uncle Billy "got himself to rights," as he phrased it, and set out for the parsonage with his five dollars in his pocket. It was a glorious moonlight night; and as he walked briskly along over the road

* The custom in Birchy Head Circuit is for each married man to pay the minister two dollars, and each young man one dollar.

which led from his home to the parsonage, and looked out over the glistening expanse of ocean, the gladness of his heart at times found vent in the words of the good old Doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" It was rather more than a mile and a half from Benson's Cove, where Uncle Billy lived, to the minister's dwelling; but the old man was still strong and active, and in a very short time he stood at the parsonage door.

"Good evenin', my dear," said he to the servant who opened the door in response to his knock, "Is the precious man home?" With a smile at the somewhat unusual appellation by which Uncle Billy had called her master, the damsel replied in the affirmative; and in a moment the old man was ushered into the little parlour where the minister's family were assembled.

Mr. Duncan rose to greet his old friend, and Uncle Billy, grasping the proffered hand between both his own toil-worn ones, held it as if he would never let it go.

"My precious man," he said, "how be 'ee to-day? My heart fair warms to 'ee every time I sees 'ee. It does me good in my soul to ketch a glimps' o' the servant o' the Lord! How be 'ee, too, Mrs. Duncan, ma'am? p'raps ye finds them nor'-easters as we bin a-havin' rather tryin'?" and, as he spoke, he smiled lovingly at the baby-girl who was laughing and cooing in her mother's arms; and, diving into his capacious pockets, brought out a pack of peppermint lozenges, which he put into the tiny dimpled hands. Then with sundry nods to the other children, he took the chair which the minister had offered him, and introduced his errand.

"I come over to pay ye yer practice, sir," said he. "Watson, he come home to-day from St. John's in the *Thomas Martin*, and as he was settled up with his merchant, I 'lowed I'd come and settle up with the Lord right to once. There's twenty-five shillings fur 'ee, sir—fifteen shillings fur myself, and ten fur Watson. The Lord give 'en a good viyage this summer, so we considered it no more than our bounden duty to give a little more to Him than us did last year."

"Thank you, Uncle William," said the minister, as the old man handed him the money, and he took out his pocket-book to make a note of the names and amounts.

"'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' you know."

"Bless yer, my dear one, I bin a-thinkin' o' that to-night comin' over; an' I bin a thinkin', too, of all He's given me, an' o' the little I gives Him. Why, my precions man, the hymn says:

> "Were the whole realm o' nature mine,
> That were a present far too small,"

An' 'tis hard ef I couldn't give a few shillin's without grumblin'."

There was a pause, broken presently by the minister's wife, who asked, "How is your wife, Uncle William?"

"My 'Lizabeth, ma'am? Oh, sh'm smart, thank 'ee! She bin kind o' busy lately fixin' up Watson's clothes after the summer. Would ye let me see that paper, sir?"—this last to Mr. Duncan. "Is this what they calls the *Wesleyan?*"

"Yes. Don't you see the name there, Uncle William."

"My precious man, I can't read!"

"Can't read!" said the minister. "Why, you have a hymn-book in church, and I see you singing."

"Yes, sir, so ye does. I can read some o' the hymns I knows, but that's all. When I was a boy, I was like manys more; I liked playin' better than learnin'; an' 'stead o' goin' to school when my mother sent me, I'd mooch, an' go down under the flakes pitchin' buttons, or jiggin' tomcods over the rocks. Sorry enough I'd be fur it to-day, but I was a shockin' bad boy in them times. An' when I growed up to be a young man, my dear man, there couldn't be no wickeder. Not a hand among all the chaps in the cove could beat me at cursin' an' swearin' an' drinkin' an' fightin'."

"And what changed you, Uncle William?" asked Mr. Duncan. "You've been a Christian a good many years now."

"Yes, my precious man, it'll be thirty-five year ago come the 25th o' next March that I were converted. 'T warn't in a prayer-meeting, sir, nor any place o' that sort, but floatin' about on the ocean, clingin' on to a spar. Would ye like to hear the story, sir? 'Tain't a long one.

"I went to the ice that spring in the *Mary*, as fine a brig as ever sailed out o' Harbour Grace. Captain Whelan were skipper o' her, and he was a great man fur soiles (seals). We come across a big spot o' young harps off Bonavest' Bay; an' killed our load, an' got 'em on board in a mighty short time. We had to wait some days afore we could get clear o' the jam; but on the 25th, the ice slacked, an' we bore up for home in great sperits. When night come on, a good rattlin' breeze sprung up from the nor'-west, an' we was a-comin' along afore it pretty smart. 'Twas a terrible dark night, awful thick an' foggy; but we got a good ways out from land, an' we didn't dream o' no danger. All of a sudden there comes an awful crash, an' out o' the fog a great white mass looms up afore us. We had run on an island-o'-ice! Before we had time to think, she swung clear with an awful lurch, an' we heard the water rushin' into her hold like mad. We was so heavy loaded that we knowed she couldn't float many minutes. Every man was on deck in no time, an' the boats was

lowered fur dear life But, my dear man, they couldn't take all, an' I was one that was left behind. I knowed ef I stayed on board, I'd go down with the swirl when she sunk, so I jumped into the water, an' the other fellers after me. In two or three minutes down she went; an' here we were, sir, swimmin' about in the water on that dark night, miles away from land. A spar floated past me, an' I clutched it, an' there, sir, I floated fur two mortial hours. Talk about hell, sir! that was hell to me. Every oath I ever swore, every lie I ever told, every bad thing I ever did, seemed to dance afore me eyes, an' ring in my ears. I thought sure I was goin' to be drowned; an' I knowed, if I were, that all them sins o' mine 'ud sink me deeper into hell than that load o' soiles sunk the *Mary* to the bottom o' the sea. But I minded a text my mother teached me when I was a youngster, 'bout 'him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out'; an' out there, clingin' on to that spar, my dear man, I come to the Saviour, an' He washed my sins away. I promised Him that whether I lived or died, I'd be His; an' I've strove to keep that promise ever since."

"And how were you saved, Uncle William?" said Mr. Duncan.

"Just at dawnin', my dear man, another Harbour Grace vessel, the *Diana*, who got a load o' soiles 'longside o' we, come along. She picked up the two boats with our men in 'em, and was keepin' a good look out fur any more that might have escaped, so they seen me. There was one more man picked up, a Harbour Grace chap; but all the rest was gone."

"And so you've been a Christian ever since, Uncle William?"

"Yes, my dear man, praise the Lord; an' I means to foller on till I dies. But my 'Lizabeth, she'll be wonderin' what's got me. Good-night, my dear man, good-night, missus, good-night, my little maid!" And Uncle Billy was gone.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WE SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE DIAMOND.

July again—bright, sunny, beautiful July! It is early morning still, though the sun has been for some time kissing the wavelets of yonder bay, and making the drew-drops on the grass-blades reflect his radiance. On a big stone near the road sits a man, whose massive form and peculiar physiognomy we at once recognize—it is Uncle Billy himself. But what can he be doing

there at this hour of the morning, while other fishermen are reaping the harvest of the sea out yonder in the bay?

As we question thus, we hear the sound of wheels in the distance, and presently a carriage comes in sight. The old man starts up from his stony seat, and stands by the road-side waiting. As the vehicle comes nearer, the well-known features of Mr. Duncan may be recognized, and the other occupants of the carriage are seen to be his wife and children. The three years' pastorate is over, the moving-day—so well known to all Methodist ministers—has come; and the minister and his family have bidden farewell to their Birchy Head friends, and are on their way to a new field of labour.

Mr. Duncan stops his horse when he sees the old man, and Uncle Billy, baring his head, comes forward to the carriage. "An' so ye be goin' from us, my dear man! God bless 'ee! God bless 'ee! Praise the Lord as ever ye come to Birchy Head! We'll never forget 'ee, sir. God bless 'ee all! Good-bye! Good-bye!" And with hearty hand-shakes all round, the old man stepped back from the carriage, and the party drove on.

Still the diamond flashes and shines and sparkles; but its rays are for other eyes to look upon, for other hearts to be cheered by. By-and-by, when the Great Lapidary shall have carved and polished it into perfect form and lustre, we believe it will sparkle more brightly than ever in the diadem of the King of kings.

TO DIE IS GAIN—A SONNET.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

"To DIE is gain," he said, whose lips with fire
Of truth and God were touched, and still we hear
Through all life's toil and conflict ringing clear,
As though in mockery of what men acquire,
The petty compensations that so fire
The head and heart in winning them, howe'er
Worthless they be—listen, who hath an ear!—
Like words, "Death, death shall crown the heart's desire."

Sole good we find not: gain is marred with loss:
Hope cannot keep back fear: joy stays not pain:
How much that claims our labour turns to dross!
What blessing does earth know without its bane?
He who passed by the Garden and the Cross
Unto His crown, doth teach, "To die is gain."

BENTON, N.B.

SAM HOBART.*

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

THERE is no need to glorify the heroism of physical courage. That has been abundantly done. The hero of the battle-field has scarcely ever failed to evoke the praises of the poet and the plaudits of the world. But there are other heroes, less conspicuous, but of a nobler type—the moral heroes of mankind. The names and deeds of many of these are in the unwritten history of the race. Like some of earth's richest flowers, they bloom in deep obscurity, and need diligent seeking out and close inspection to reveal all that they really are. Such a character was Sam Hobart.

A few years ago an engine-driver might have been seen in Boston at the depot of the Boston and Gloucester Railway. He was a man of large physique. The bronzed face, the flowing beard, the manly tread, the masterly grip, the commanding mien, could scarcely have escaped the notice of the most transient observer. It was Sam Hobart. He was every inch a man, and every inch a locomotive engineer. His engine was his pride. He loved it as if it had been a thing of life. He delighted in his work. The glitter of his burnished locomotive, the bustle of the depôt, the gentle start, the panting heart-throb of his ponderous machine, the arrowy rush over the rails, the instant response to his slightest touch, the majestic pull into the station—all were to him inspiring—grand. "I am an engine-driver," he would say, "I want no higher post."

Few locomotive engineers on the continent knew their engines so well as he. He had studied it through and through. So thorough had he become and such excellent judgment had he concerning everything pertaining to an engine, that, for years, the company submitted most of the latest improvements for his inspection and opinion before their adoption. Sam touched the levers of his locomotive with the grace of a woman's hand, but he had the eye of an eagle and the heart of a lion. He was a splendid specimen of a class of men who, much more than many others, possesses a quick eye, a deft hand and a bold and brave heart—railway men.

As a boy, Sam started life as a cattle-driver. In Brighton, the cattle-market of Boston, where he was born in 1828, his early days were spent. Resolute, self-willed, daring and hard to manage, it was

* "Sam Hobart." By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

well said of him while still very young, "that boy will take care of himself." He did, and much more. He took care of whatever was given him to do. He was the hardest-working and trustiest boy the drovers had. He could fight his way, and sometimes swear fearfully. He had very little education. He loved his mother, and he learned from her one lesson never forgotten—to believe in honest work and hate lying and meanness. He had every element of a strong and fine manhood had it been brought under the blessed dominion of true religion. As it was he had no Christian friend to take any special interest in him. What thousands of magnificent men and women have thus been lost to the world! Thank God we live in better times in these respects, but there is still room for immensely more Christian work among the young.

Sam's first serious thoughts of religion came when his wife was pining in consumption. He loved her dearly, and for several years his tender and unremitting devotion to her excited the warm admiration of his many friends. The visits of godly ministers to his afflicted home impressed him deeply. He began to realize the need of God in the dark and troubled waters that were rolling over his soul. Henry Ward Beecher became acquainted with him and sometimes rode with him on his engine, talked with him, and lent him religious books. Through Beecher, another distinguished minister, who afterwards was Sam's pastor, became much interested in him. The latter while riding with him on his engine one day, said, "Sam, why don't you let the Lord Jesus run you as you run this engine?" Sam replied, "You don't know me. I am a very profane and wicked man." "Yes, but He wants you, and died for you, and God says, 'As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.'" "Where is that promise?" "In John, first chapter eleventh verse." "Can *I* pray?" "Jesus commands you to try, He says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'" "But I am terribly profane." "Yes, but if you give Christ welcome to your heart, He will take that all out of you. Try it." He promised that he would bend his knees that day before God. The next night he came back, and said, "The profanity is gone, but I am in hell." "Not if you will confess Christ with your lips and believe on Him in your heart," was the earnest answer. He replied, "I am ready for this." "Then let us pray." Down he dropped on his knees, confessed Christ as his Saviour, and gave himself to God. He arose a new man. He had been a lion for Satan, he was henceforth to be a lion for Christ.

Prayer became his delight. He had a little room in his home of which he made a Bethel. Every morning he retired to it, and the tones of his voice could be heard in earnest pleadings with his God, and from this room he often came forth with eyes suffused with tears, while his countenance glowed with joy. His love for the Bible grew upon him daily. He got one placed on his engine, and for years it was his constant companion. He left his dying testimony that his Bible had enabled him to run his train in the name and fear of God; and that he never went round a curve on the road, without asking the guidance of God, he never pulled the throttle-valve of his engine without feeling a responsibility for the immortal souls under his care.

Sam soon got to work for God. One day he brought about sixty railway men to church. His pastor describes the scene. "I heard their soldier-like tramp outside. Soon the face of Sam Hobart was seen at the door. I was in the midst of a sermon. I stopped and said, 'Come on, Mr. Hobart!' He said to the men, 'Come on!' I asked that the front seats be cleared of people and given up to the railway men. In they came, some with their hats on, some with them off. I said, 'Well, Mr. Hobart, what do you desire?' 'That you should pray with these men.' 'Kneel down then.' 'Kneel,' said Sam. Down they went like soldiers. Some of them had still their hats on. Sam shouted, 'Take off your hats, don't you know enough to take off your hats before God?' Off came the hats. All bent their heads in prayer. 'Pray, Brother Hobart,' was my request. He prayed, and what a prayer! He was at home at last. Sam pleaded like a mother for a child. Tears ran down his cheeks. He told of the men, of their struggles, of what religion had done for him, and what it could do for all. When he arose, we had testimonies, and some wonderful conversions followed.

Fortunately Sam had never been a drinking man. After his conversion he became a great worker in the temperance cause. His visits to the homes of the drunkard, which he often made, needed much tact, but, like Guthrie, he knew how to get at the better side of human nature. A drayman of his acquaintance, who had once been owner of several carts and waggons, had lost nearly all through drink. Sam called at his home, helped the family, but his kindness only provoked the wrath of the drayman. He threatened if he met Sam Hobart, he would give him a "hammering." Early one morning the engineer saw his man coming towards him. "Good morning," said Sam, and he stretched out his hand. The drayman, cross and nervous, said, "You were in my house." "I was," replied Sam, "and a sorry home I found it.

Come, stop drink and build up. You have poured horses and carts enough down your throat. By sobriety and industry, get them back again, and rebuild your home." The poor fellow's heart was touched. He asked Sam to forgive him. He told him of his brothers, and wet the side-walk with his tears. Sam encouraged him, got him reinstated as a drayman, watched over him, and had afterwards the pleasure of seeing him thrifty and prosperous once more.

One day Sam came to his pastor and said, "I want you to go with me and see an official of one of our railroads. He is drinking fearfully. He is on my heart. We are praying for him. I want some one with me for this job." They went together to his office. The man, in a gruff voice said, "Well Sam, what is wanted?" "Just a moment of your time," said Sam, with a face full of suppressed emotion. The man came out from behind his desk and said, "Well." "Permit me to introduce you to my pastor, we have come to see you on a very important matter." Turning to the minister, he said, "Well, sir, what is wanted?" He replied, "Sir, my friend, Mr. Hobart, has been greatly troubled because of your intemperance. He feels that you stand on the verge of ruin, soul and body. He has tried to speak to you and failed, and he asked me to come and say a word to you in the name of our common Master." The man looked dumbfounded for a moment, and turning to Sam, said, "Good friend, I am obliged to you. If ever a man needed prayer it is I. Appetite has me in its grasp, and I seem unable to master it." "You can't hope to do it in your own strength," said Sam, "and so we have been praying that you might turn to the great helper, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." "What do you want me to do?" he asked. "Sign this pledge and rest in God for help." "I will do it." He signed the pledge and had help from God and won the victory. It was the beginning of the temperance movement among the other officials and many of the men.

Sam had been a slave to tobacco. He gave it up. He believed it was "a self-inflicted curse," and led to drinking and profanity. Many an earnest tussle he had with the men about this. His vigorous and well-timed arguments were not without avail. It grieved him sore to see ministers indulge in this habit. On one occasion, attending a temperance meeting in Vermont—he often spoke at these meetings—he was welcomed by a minister whose mouth was full of tobacco. "Glad to see you, Mr. Hobart; there is great need of a movement in favour of temperance here." Sam eyed him, saw him expectorating tobacco-juice, and in a polite and quiet way, walked on. At night the house was crowded.

The minister presided. Sam said, "My pastor gave up tobacco to save a son of a deacon from making him an excuse for intemperance. He has fought tobacco as relentlessly as he fights rum because by striking tobacco, he hits the idol of vast numbers in the church." The minister, who was by his side began to move uneasily. His mouth was full of tobacco. Sam went on to relate how a man who was given to drink was remonstrated with, by a neighbour, who used tobacco. "Neighbour," said he, "I have come to you. We are greatly worried about you." "Why?" "Because you are drinking up health, property and happiness," "I am no worse than you." "Than I? What do you mean?" "Simply this, you use tobacco, and I use rum. Your wife knows that you befoul your house more than I do mine. And when they ask you to give up tobacco, you say it is necessary to you. That is what I say about rum." The man went home convicted. He called to his wife, "Have you been telling of my filthy habit?" "Certainly," she replied; "I was telling the wife of our neighbour who drinks, not to think she had all the trials; that I had mine. That I thought the use of tobacco was worse for the house than drinking, but not so bad for the man. You don't get crazy from the use of the weed, but go without it and you act like a fool or madman, and it must be bad." "Wife!" said he, "you are right. Bring me my box and pipes." He threw them into the fire. Next morning he went back to his neighbour, and told him that he had given up tobacco, and asked him to give up drink. "Agreed," said he, and he signed the pledge and kept it. The minister in the desk with Sam, said, "Hold up, Mr. Hobart, I am converted. Henceforth, I too will be free." He gave up tobacco, and it was the beginning of a great revival of temperance and religion in that region.

Sam was a working-man, but he had his own ideas of the best methods for the elevation of the working-man. His views were broad and deep. Much of the clap-trap that passes for philanthropy among working-men, he saw through, and would have none of. He bent his whole strength to lead his fellow-workmen to Christ. He believed that a true Christian manhood was the only basis broad enough and firm enough to sustain a substantial and many-sided prosperity.

Nor did he labour in vain. "There was a time," he remarked to a minister, "when there was not a man on this road that I knew confessed Christ, but now we have fifty who are professing Christians—men who do not drink, who love God, and are followers of our Lord Jesus Christ." In fact, all the spare time he could get he filled with earnest Christian work. He gave liberally

to the poor. His interest in the young was strong. The Young Men's Christian Association, Temperance, the Church, all found him ready to every good work. He became widely known and greatly respected.

In Sam Hobart a really new type of railway man had arisen. His change was marked, so morally grand, and so conspicuously beneficent to multitudes, that it set Christian men thinking and then planning and working. There can be little doubt that Sam was one of the most influential pioneers of modern organized Christian work among the railway men that work has grown to vast dimensions, and its range to-day is as wide as the continent.

In March, 1874, Sam took his last ride. He came into Boston wet through. He went home and lay down to die. The men of the yard went up in a body to tender him their sympathy and offer their services. He was too sick to see them. Two of their number were appointed to go in and ask him, "If the religion of Christ was all to him he thought it would be." This roused the dying hero. He turned and said, "Tell the boys I have tried every link in the chain and she holds. The cable and the anchor are all right, and I am safe." The men had hardly left when the change came. He cried, "Open the door." Before there could be an earthly response, Jesus Himself had spoken; "I know thy works, behold I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it, for thou hast a little strength and hast kept My Word and hast not denied My name," "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

I come into Thy presence, Lord,
And lift my heart and bend my knee,
And thank Thee for Thy graciousness,
And what Thou art, my God, to me.

Thou knowest best wherein is praise,
Who bore the burden for my peace,
If words may speak Thy faithfulness,
Or praise be more if these shall cease.

I cannot know how great Thy name,
I cannot see Thee as Thou art;
I only stretch my human hands,
And lift to Thee my human heart.

– *Edith A. Grant.*

THE FIRST METHODIST SOCIETY

BY ANNIE MARIA BARNES.

On an autumn afternoon, in the year 1729, two young men might have been seen walking slowly across the grounds of Oxford University, England. Their heads were bent nearly together, their shoulders inclined slightly forward, and as they thus walked it was fully apparent that they were in deep and earnest conversation.

The elder of the two seemed about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. The other was some five years younger. Neither was above medium height, but both rather below it. There was, however, a kind of vigorous erectness plainly visible in the carriage of each, a clearly-defined grace of bearing that gave them the appearance of being many inches taller than they really were. The faces of both were guiltless of beard of any description, but this did not in the least detract from the manliness of their appearance. Each had clear-cut, prominently-defined features, a skin that glowed with the rich hue of health and exercise, scrupulously-kept hair that fell in rolling locks about their shoulders, and fine, expressive blue eyes.

These two young men were John and Charles Wesley, the sons of the Rev. Samuel and Susannah Wesley of Epworth, a rural village lying amid the sunny and level fields of Lincolnshire.

At six years of age John Wesley had been almost miraculously saved from the burning parsonage, and had henceforth seemed to his truly noble and consecrated mother as destined for some unknown, yet high and peculiar calling. Other events of his childhood combined to give the rich and encouraging promise that this hope would be eventually fulfilled. His school life had been passed in safety and with credit. The many weaknesses and temptations that assail young men of a less Spartan cast had passed him by harmlessly. Now, at the age of five-and-twenty, he was filling the duties of curate to his father, preparatory to finishing his course at the University, a young man mentally, if not physically, head and shoulders above his mates, and honoured and respected by all.

Charles Wesley, younger by only five years and a half than his brother John, seemed fully twice that much, for the guilelessness of youth was still fresh upon his face, whereas upon his brother's it had been swallowed up long ago in the graver and sterner lines that appeared now a very part of every feature. Throughout all

his youth Charles had been noted for an exceedingly sprightly and active temperament, for a mind the inclinations of which to boyish pranks kept full pace with its tendencies to more sober study. Although on this particular afternoon, when I have chosen to present him to my readers, his face bore an expression fully as grave and thoughtful as that of his brother, yet his eyes, especially as he raised them occasionally to a field near at hand, where a group of his mates were making merry over some boyish sport, had a gleam as cheery and ardent as any of theirs.

Charles Wesley had now been three years at the University, while John, after serving the same number of years as his father's curate, had returned a short while previous for his finishing term.

The subject of conversation between these brothers, as they walked so thoughtfully across the college campus this afternoon, in the late autumn of 1729 (November), was in full accord with the grave, nay, almost solemn expression of their countenances. Their talk was of a society which the younger brother, during the elder brother's absence, had formed, and which, although it was at this time in its infancy and numbered but three members, yet bade fair to strengthen and tower far above the ridicule of its enemies.

In the very midst of his fun-loving pursuits a spirit of deeper seriousness than any he had yet experienced had taken possession of Charles Wesley. Not that he had been previous to that time careless or unbelieving where his soul's good was concerned. The example of an honest and sturdy father, of a truly pious mother, the influence of a home-training unsurpassed the world over, were like steadying pulses beneath all lighter and frivolous tendencies. It was that Charles Wesley, for the first time, was beginning to feel a thrill of that consciousness which the true Christian must sooner or later experience—the desire to worship God in spirit as well as in the outward form.

He was greatly rejoiced, when, on broaching something of his feelings to a few of his more intimate companions, he found two of them ready to be impressed and willing to unite with him in any plan that had a tendency to their spiritual good. These two were Robert Kirkham and William Morgan, the latter a warm-hearted, impulsive, but sincerely zealous young Irishman. On first forming themselves into a club, or "society," as it was afterwards known, these young men had no definite purpose in view beyond a sincere desire to lead a better and purer life, and the steadfast determination to live bravely up to their duty to God and their fellow-men.

They now began to attend regularly upon the weekly sacra-

ment and the other services of the Church. Such a course in a college, filled with wild and dissolute young men, and what was worse, many of them partaking of the unbelieving and sceptical tendencies of the day, could not be pursued without calling down upon the heads of those engaged in it a perfect storm of ridicule and opposition. That they fearlessly withstood it, showed the mettle of which they were made. Thinking to mortify and irritate them, their tormentors now began to dub them "Methodists," not only because of the strict methods of their daily course, but also because the term had at that time, through certain connections, grown into ridicule. Ah, if they could have foreseen the power that name was to represent!

John Wesley returned from his father's parish to the University at Oxford in just the mood for Charles' communication in regard to the new society to fall upon fertile soil. Although he had been ordained both a deacon and a priest in the Church, and although for the past three years he had been carrying out both his religious and official duties with a rigid exactness characteristic of a man of his temperament, he had, nevertheless, missed the very key-note of duty itself, he had missed being a Christian.

But as the Voice which sooner or later speaks to us all, whether we heed it or not, had aroused the slumbering conscience of Charles Wesley, so had it also become a disturbing element within the soul of John. He was conscious of a vague unrest, of a mere automatic interest in all that he did. So far this arousing had shown him nothing beyond a desire to change his present course. There was nothing satisfactory. All was doubt and perplexity. At first he determined to retire from the world and lead a life devoid of all earthly cheer and comfort, hoping to please God the more by a rigid crucifying of the flesh. But this was not God's plan for John Wesley. He was not to stand idle, morbid and alone, but to serve bravely and cheerfully among thousands. A serious man, whom he at this time went many miles to see, said to him: "The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion; you cannot go to heaven alone, you must therefore find companions or make them."

A word it was most fittingly spoken, and at the season ripest to receive it. To change the figure, it was as though a powerful hand had placed itself upon every chord within John Wesley's breast and set them all aquivering. "Religion was companionship—brotherhood, love!" How truly emblematical of the great religious sect his fearlessness and his faith afterwards founded!

Considering, then, the state of his mind on this autumn afternoon in November of the year 1729, we cannot wonder that he

listened with the deepest interest to his brother's account of the society so newly formed and so bravely determined to carry out the spirit of its organization. It needed no pressing on the part of Charles to induce his older and graver brother to become a member. Here was that very companionship, brotherly help and love the "serious man" had counselled.

Week by week the little band of fearless and devoted "Methodists" slowly, but surely, increased, despite the ridicule of thoughtless tormentors and the more serious opposition of those maliciously inclined. From that November day, 1729, they began, in addition to their regular attendance upon all church services, to hold a systematic course of exercises among themselves, such as morning and evening prayer, the study of sacred subjects, and the discussion of the same.

In 1730 the warm-hearted and zealous Morgan, overflowing with that love toward the less fortunate of his fellow-men that so characterized him through life, began to lead the little band out on missions of love and mercy to the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, and to those in prison. Thus at the beginning of a religious revolution, the mighty power of which has been felt in every habitable quarter of the globe, did its founders strike the very key-note of that grand, harmonious chord, that throughout a century and a half has been the governing principle of the spiritual life of the great sect known as "Methodists"—the chords of *fellowship, brotherhood, love.*

The times in which the star of Methodism rose, as a clear and beautiful light amid the darkness, were most sadly in need of such an uprising. The spirit of sectional bigotry and of strife was abroad in the land, and, like a great black-winged bird, blinding the eyes of all not already overshadowed by their prejudices.

"The history of religion in England," says Dr. Hyde, in his admirable Story of Methodism, "since Augustine with his company entered Canterbury, twelve hundred years before, shouting, 'Lord, save this guilty city!' had been, like the history of English politics, a tale of strife. Especially had the last two centuries, since Henry VIII. had broken from Rome, been a period of constant struggle. Protestant and Romanist, Prelatist and Independent had fiercely fought for existence and mastery. The fair fields of England had been stained with English blood shed by English hands; the fresh air had been tainted with the smell of human sacrifices in fires of English kindling."

That this war of passions was fatal to the steady and healthful growth of any pure religion, we may well believe. Not that

there were wanting at this time single instances of genuine personal piety, since those were the days that gave us Baxter, Owen, Howe and Barrow; but that the honest and manly efforts of even these sincere and sturdy spirits offered but weak resistance to the rushing tide of rank infidelity, of wrangling scepticism presented by court and people.

Even from the churches, from those that professed to be steadfastly grounded in the one living faith, no help seemed at hand, for the very churches themselves had been invaded and tainted by the corrupting influences then settling down like a blight over all the land. What was worse, they were "in a strange decay, worn with controversy, and smitten with the broad and baneful blight of half-heartedness."

Never in the days of Martin Luther had there been such actual and general darkness, such wide-spread barbarism. And as the Protestant Reformation was said to have been genuinely begun with the forceful efforts of the earnest and fearless monk who shook the world, so may we, without obscuring the light of any, in all honesty assert that with the uprising of the "morning star" of Methodism was inaugurated the day-dawn of that pure and truly Christian religion which throughout all sects owning Christ as their head has given to the world its noblest and grandest impetus.

At the very time that the chill and gloom of scepticism had settled down as a murky pall over all England, when Voltaire and his "school" had succeeded in their unholy designs of poisoning the whole religious and social atmosphere of France, and Frederick of Prussia with the Rationalist had made "a desolate waste of the faith in the very home of Luther," God was maturing His plans through a mere handful of brave and zealous young spirits, called in derision "Methodists." Thus the night had deepened, but the dawn was at hand. Truly might we search the world over for a more eloquent illustration of how man's direst extremity was God's richest opportunity.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little, day by day.

MASTER OF HIS FATE

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XI.—EDITH WINS TWO VICTORIES.

Edith left the presence of her father-in-law with a sense of great satisfaction. She had heard that he was rude and cross, and she had feared that he would reproach her. On the contrary he had been unusually kind and considerate. She felt able to face the world, able to endure her husband's absence, with such a father-in-law at her side. In reality Amos had never had any ill-will toward Edith. He had thought well of her in the beginning, for choosing Joe for her husband. During the first year of their marriage, he had watched events very closely, and had felt personally flattered by the young couple's "carryings on," their visitings at great houses, and their entertainment of great people. So that altogether he was well inclined to Edith.

"My word!" he said to himself, "Joe hed a lot o' spunk to mak' up to a woman like that. I would hev thought of Queen Victoria just as soon. And she called me 'fayther' too, as natural as iver was. And I'm going to eat a bit o' dinner with her to-morrow. It caps me! I do wonder what owd Luke would say if he knew his daughter called me 'fayther,' and came to me for advice and protection; and that I was going to put my foot under t' grand mahogany table he bought for himsen! Life is a fair whirligig, and nobody can mak' heads or tails of it."

But the whirligig pleased him, and he was so unusually smiling and bland in his manner that the hands snickered to each over his infatuation, the general opinion being that after all "it took an owd fool to make a big fool."

Edith also was quite aware of the triumph of her first move. But she felt considerably more doubt and hesitation concerning her next one. In the afternoon she dressed herself much more plainly. She was going to Leeds to see Martha Thrale, and she had a very certain opinion that Martha would not be won by either beauty of person or splendour of apparel, even though in the latter respect she should outdo Solomon in all his glory. But the modest elegance of her own black suit was fully compensated for by the baby's magnificence. All that lace and satin and fine embroidery could do to enhance the plump, pink loveliness of the little lad was done. For it was upon baby that Edith relied for her afternoon conquest.

The sudden pulling-up of the handsome carriage before the door startled Martha a little. She saw Edith descend from it, and her first thought was, "Joe is varry ill, no doubt, and she hes come for me to nurse him. There'll be summat for Aunt Martha to do, as nobody else likes to do, or Edith Braithwaite would niver hev come my way," etc., etc.

She was putting on a clean white apron and her best cap to such thoughts, when a little servant girl said, "Please, ma'am, there's a varry grand lady in t' parlour, and she's wanting to speak to thee."

"What of that?" answered Martha, fretfully. "Go on wi' thy own work, and I'll attend to t' grand lady, when I get ready for her."

And she entered the parlour so stiffly that Edith found it impossible to say Aunt Martha as at the mill she had said father. But Martha put out her hand and advanced to meet her, saying,

"Keep your sitting, ma'am. I hope you haven't come wi' any bad news?"

"I have come to tell you something, Miss Thrale, and to ask you to be my friend."

"There's a deal will depend on what you hev come to tell me, ma'am; and as for my friendship, it isn't worth a half-penny more to-day than it iver was."

"To me it is worth a great deal more. I want you to stand by me while Joe is away. There is no woman living but you that I have any right to ask this favour of. And I want you to teach me how to be a better wife to Joe when he comes back."

"Joe away! What iver does ta mean!"

"I have not been very kind to Joe."

"I sudn't wonder! Well, ta needn't cry. Crying niver helps anybody but babies."

"Joe has gone to his godfather in Manchester."

"To Samuel Yorke? Does ta mean that?"

"Yes. He has gone to him for two years."

"For two years! I am fair taken aback."

"He has gone to learn calico weaving and printing."

"But what has he done a thing like that for?"

"He does not want to use my money—I know it is all my fault. Oh, Aunt Martha, please let me call you Aunt Martha—forgive me! I know it is all my fault."

"I hevn't a doubt but that it is thy fault. I tell thee, it needs a bigger heart to tak' money than to give money. Joe allus took what I could spare him in such a way as made it a favour and a pleasure to hev him take it. Whativer hes ta been doing to Joe to drive him off to hard work?"

"It began with Perkins."

"There! I said so. I knew it would. I told Joe, t' first morning Perkins took his place in thy business that trouble had begun."

"I can see now that I treated him badly about the management of Bradley Manor; but I did it for the best."

"I think thou treated him shamefully. I won't mince matters, nor pick and choose my words about it. Thou treated Joe shamefully! Thou threw a doubt and a slur on him before ivery one. Let me tell how people talked of it: 'She may be varry fond o' him, but she's too clever a lass to trust a penny o' her money through his hands. She wants a handsome lad to husband her, but she knew owd Perkins was t' best husband for land and t'

gold. Joe Braithwaite is nobbut a figure-head in Bradley. T' varry servants call him t' missis's husband.'"

"Aunt Martha, please stop. I deserve it all, I deserve it all: but I cannot bear to hear such things."

"How does ta think I liked to hear 'em? Joe is all t' same to me as if he was my own son. I mothered him from t' varry hour he was born."

"Then you should have come and told me how people were talking. Indeed, I think you should! It was your duty to have done so."

"I don't want thee to tell me my duty. Not I. I did my duty to Joe—ivery way—until he was thy husband. And ask thysen if I hed come and told thee, say a month ago, or a week ago, what answer thou would hev given me. I'll tell thee; it would hev been: 'That meddlesome old maid, that bothering, vulgar old woman;' and thou would hev looked at me as if thy eyes were pistols. Varry likely thou would hev told me in so many plain words to mind my own business and leave thine alone."

"Oh, I don't think I would."

"Yes, ta would. I hevn't a doubt of it. There wasn't anybody in this world that could hev made thee see thy faults but Joe. And I am right glad he hes hed t' gumption at last to tak' his manhood's rights from under thy feet. I am that! I think better o' Joe than iver I did before. And if he wants my help I'll work my owd fingers to t' bone for him; and glad to do it. Poor Joe! Poor, dear Joe!"

"Now you are crying, Aunt Martha."

"I'm not crying for mysen—I'm crying for Joe."

"Don't do it. You make my punishment greater than I can bear. Dear Aunt—"

"Nay, nay, I'm none dear to thee."

"You shall be—you are. Any one Joe loves is dear to me. Let me help you to help Joe. I know he won't take money from me, but let me send some through you. Let us help him together."

"Does ta think I would play Joe a trick like that? Niver! And I wouldn't deserve to be forgiven. He's gone away to show that he can do without thee. Does ta really think I'd help thee to spoil his plan? Samuel Yorke will pay him all he earns, I'll be bound; and if it is a bit scrimping, all the better, mebbe, for t' poor, dear lad."

By this time, Martha had in a measure lost control of herself; she was softly crying, with her face hidden behind her apron. Edith sat down by her side and touching her hand said, "Aunt Martha, are you not going to stand by Joe's wife while he is away? I am sure Joe would like you to do so."

"I don't know. I must hev a bit o' time to think things over. I hevn't liked thee, and thou hes niver given me any cause to like thee."

"My father-in-law forgave me at once, and he is coming to Bradley to morrow, to consider what is to be done while Joe is away. Are you going to be harder than he?"

"Amos Braithwaite allus gave up to a pretty face; it tak's more than face beauty to get on my kind side."

"Wait a minute, Aunt Martha." Then, to the old lady's amazement, she left the room in a great hurry, returning in a moment or two with baby in her arms. Before Martha could speak, the child was on her knee.

"Joe's baby, Aunt Martha. Will not baby's innocent beauty find your kind side for me?"

The temptation was an irresistible one. She could not help lifting it in her arms. She could not but hold it to her breast, and gaze down into its pretty face. And as she did so it suddenly opened its two great blue eyes and smiled at her. She kissed it, she cried over it, she called it her bonny little Joe; she broke into smiles herself, and, looking up, met Edith's smiles and tears, the very complement of her own. She surrendered completely and at once.

"Tak' off your bonnet, Edith, and we'll hev a good cup o' tea together. I can't let t' little lad go just yet! My word! But he is like his father! I remember when Joe was just such another baby. How many teeth has he got, Edith? And he has curly hair, too! But let us have a' this satin and lace off t' little lad. Eh! but these are bonny socks he hes on his feet! I hev his father's first leather shoes, red morocco, ankle-tights, they are—and I'd like to give him them."

So the two women, with the child between them, sat and drank tea together, and Martha listened to such confessions as Edith chose to make, with more tolerance than might have been expected.

And Edith had determined, while Joe was absent from her, only to know Joe's friends. If she needed defence of any kind, they were the most proper people to defend her. Besides, she knew they would write to Joe. She wanted them to write of her, and to write kindly of her. Martha had taken the baby to her heart, and she had taken the mother on probation. And Edith felt that it would be worth while winning the heart of the stubborn but true old lady. She knew that it was something of a triumph to have obtained from her a promise to come to Bradley once a week, even though the concession had been only won by representing to her that, in order to prevent people speaking evil of Joe's wife, Joe's relations must visit her.

The next day, just at noon, the engine in Bevin Mill ceased its panting and groaning, the wheels and pulleys their revolving, and the little streets and lanes around were almost impassable for half an hour with workers loitering homeward. Generally Amos enjoyed his quiet mill on a Saturday afternoon. He liked to wander through to privately inspect all the wheels and bands and looms. But this day he had other thoughts and plans. That morning he had received a letter from Samuel Yorke, and in it Sam had dealt as faithfully with Amos as he had personally done with Joe. "But Sam allus lectured me above a bit when we were boys

together," he said to himself. "He were allus too good by half." And these thoughts passed through his mind he spread Sam's letter open on his desk and read it again, preparatory to answering it.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I should think, Amos Braithwaite, thou would feel a bit ashamed of me having to take thy son in hand, and to teach him how to make a living at this time of day. Joe has come to me for two years, and I am going to do all I can for him. I should ask any one but thee a big apprentice fee, but if I asked thee for one I don't think thou would feel it thy duty to pay it. Joe is a fine lad, and he would have been a deal finer if thou had brought him up in the way he ought to go. Late as it is, I am going to let him find out what earning his bread by the sweat of his brow means on every week day, and what going to the chapel means every Sunday. But thou knows I will be as good as I can to him. I shall remember the time when we were hard-working lads together, and I shall remember my own dear lads, and thou need never have one worry about thy Joe. He'll do pretty middling yet, no doubt. Deary me, Amos! How life does go on! It is fifty years ago this morning since me and thee stood on Windhill brow together, and I said good-bye to thee, Amos, and turned my face Manchester way, and thou said "Good-bye, Sam," and turned thy face to Bradley Mill. We were lads then, and there were something uncommon like tears in our eyes. Thou hast made a big lot of money since, but don't thee forget what a big fool thou will be if thou does not make out thy title clear to a place in the kingdom of heaven. And if thou hast not yet done so, make haste about it, Amos; thou hasn't any time to lose. God bless thee. Joe sends his love and respects to thee.

Thy friend,

SAMUEL YORKE.

This letter touched and pleased Amos. He was used to Sam's plain talking, and had generally felt all its truth and kindness. And he took comfort from the fact of Joe being with this man "too good by half," and had far more respect for his son, and far more hope for his future, than when he believed him to be under the counsels of one able to teach him "how to steal by line and level." His heart, too, was softened by Sam's allusion to the past and to the future. And he thought, as he had frequently done before, that Sam was right enough about its being time to look after the next world a bit, and that if he could possibly manage it he would begin going to church the next Sunday morning. Then he dipped his pen into the ink and wrote—

DEAR OLD SAM,—If thou hast got my Joe to train up in the way he should go, thou has got something worth the training; and rather more work on thy hands than thou thinks for. But if thou can only make him mind thee, as well as thou used to make me mind thee, as thou may happen turn out as steady a going man as thyself. As to 'prentice fees, I'm glad thou doesn't expect me to pay thee one, for I should have to disappoint thee. When Joe is doing good work, get one from him: he can afford it, I'm sure, and he will get to see into the value of thy teaching better if he has to pay for it. I hope Joe will be more of a comfort to thee than he seems to have been to any one else yet. His wife called to see me yesterday. She is a woman that any man might be proud of; how Joe can bide to leave her and stay away with thee for two years is one of them things as would cap anybody in their senses.

Thine, dear Sam,

AMOS BRAITHWAITE.

Having read over the letter and found it to his satisfaction, he sealed and posted it, and then went home and dressed himself for his visit to Bradley Court. All the way there he was in a state of suppressed exaltation, the beautiful park and gardens, the fine house, the silver and servants and general grandeur, affected him very strangely.

He told Edith that he had had a letter from Samuel Yorke, but he did not show it to her; he only told what pleasant promises Yorke had made about Joe, and how certain he was that Joe's queer notion would turn out to be the wisest notion he had.

Edith's first consultation with her father-in-law was in respect to the prevention of any general public discussion of their family affairs. "Joe has left me, father," she said, feelingly, "and there is nobody but you to take care of my good name."

"It will be a bad move for any one that says a wrong word o' thee," he answered. "I'll give them it that well that they won't know where to hide themselves."

"What shall we say about Joe's long absence?"

Say? Say the truth, my lass; truth may be blamed, but it never can be shamed. Say that Joe was disgusted with t' law, and weary to death o' doing nothing. Say that he wanted to learn some straightforward, interesting trade, that he could mak' a bit o' money by, and thet he hes gone to his godfather to learn it. Surely to goodness, there's naught wrong in that! I'd like to see t' man as thinks there is, that's all! He'd come to a varry different opinion in a minute or two, I think."

"People will say, why did he not go to his father?"

"Tell them his fayther wouldn't hev him; and if they want to know any more of thy business send 'em to me, for t' information. I sall enjoy giving it to them, varry much."

"And as long as Joe is away I am under your protection, father?"

"I sud say thou art. And I'll tak' good care o' thee; see if I don't."

"Every week I shall ride over to Bevin Hall to see you; and every Saturday you will come to Bradley to see me."

Amos fidgetted and looked uneasy at the proposal.

"Why, ta sees, there is no woman body at Bevin; Martha Thrale went into a tantrum wi' me about Joe, and when Joe took himsen off she went wi' him. I hevn't bothered mysen about women since, nor about t' house either. If I keep Bevin Mill spick and span it suits me well enough, and I don't bother mysen about t' house. I sud rather think it is in a bad state; t' mice and t' moths hev been heving it to themselves, and there isn't a room in it fit for a lady like thee."

"Poor Martha! I am afraid I made it almost impossible for Joe to show her the least affection or remembrance."

"He shouldn't hev let thee hinder him; I woudn't. Martha was good to Joe. It was a bit mean of thee to come between them."

Every hour reveals some new thing in which I wasn't fair or kind to Joe."

"I sudn't wonder. If a woman iver does get her eyes opened to her awn faults, she's varry likely to see into things that will keep her on t' stool of repentance a long time. I don't say that Joe is without faults; he behaved varry badly to me. But still, I hev no doubt thou aggravated him into doing lots of things it wasn't Joe Braithwaite's nature to do."

"But I will be kind and gentle now, father."

"I hev no doubt. Thou wouldn't find it easy to be cross wi' me, Mrs. Braithwaite. Joe was too good-natured. He just led thee into temptation. No woman can resist the pleasure o' ruling her husband, when he puts t' reins and whip in her hand. And what comes o' the women ruling? Sin and sorrow, Mrs. B., sin and sorrow, allus."

XII.—AT BRADLEY.

Moral energy is never a failure; but when Joe came to realize his position he was a little amazed at the result of his godfather's prompt acceptance of his regret for an unsatisfactory past and his resolutions for a better future. He had really no idea of such heroic treatment of his dissatisfaction. He had coquetted with the idea of going to his godfather for some months, and when the visit to Manchester was proposed he had determined to take the preliminary steps to a wiser and more independent life. But so rapid a settlement of the affair had never occurred to him as possible.

He had expected to make some arrangement with Yorke, and then secure his wife's sanction to his plan. He was a little angry at himself, for submitting to that peculiar, forceful something in his godfather's manner which had gone at once to the solution of his difficulty and taken him with it.

"I should have returned home again, at least for a month," he thought. "There are things Edith will need some advice about. And I ought to see and talk with her on my plan, and I did not bring my wardrobe and books with me, and certainly I do not like the idea of being always under the eye of that old man. He is too masterful. I must have some different arrangement with him. The whole affair has been settled in too great a hurry."

But when the old man called at five o'clock and said, "Now then, Joe, pick up thy valise, my lad. If we don't be sharp we'll keep dinner waiting," Joe had no power to enter the protest he was thinking of. And though he felt worried, and even a little cross, it was impossible to show his temper to one so genuinely kind, so placidly unconscious of having caused worry or annoyance.

They stopped at a large brick house in the suburbs of the great city. It stood in a small, shady garden, and the garden was surrounded by a brick wall. Great solid gates admitted them to its seclusion, and before they could ring the bell the door was

opened by a young girl, who said, as Yorke removed his hat, "Dinner is ready to serve, sir."

"Then tell Polly to hev it served. Come, Joe, a bit o' dinner will mak' a new man o' thee."

He led him into a large, comfortable dining-room, handsomely furnished with the solid woods and heavy moreen that were fashionable forty years ago, and the table, though small, was laid with the utmost nicety and care. Joe's cover appeared as if by magic. If he had not been observant, he would have supposed that he had been expected.

"Sit tha down at t' table; thou won't hev to wait;" and with the words the door opened, and a most pleasant-looking woman, about fifty years old, entered. She wore a black stuff dress, and a snow-white cap and apron; her round, rosy face was beaming with smiles, and in her hands she carried a platter with a cut of fresh salmon on it; it was boiled to perfection.

"There, now, Master Yorke! I do hope as you and the young gentleman hev brought good appetites with you.

"We'll be varry apt to do our duty, Polly; hes all gone well to-day?"

"As well as could be expected, sir, with giddy young girls in t' house, and a pottering owd man in t' yard and t' garden.

"They do middling well—with thee—Polly."

"Thank you, sir." The words were accompanied by a little curtesy, and Polly withdrew.

The whole dinner was excellent, and Yorke was pleased to see that Joe enjoyed it "A man who doesn't care for a good dinner, Joe, doesn't care about lots of other good things. I hevn't much opinion o' him," said Yorke, as he rose with a face full of content from the table.

"I like a bit o' quiet after dinner, Joe; and I thought we hed best begin as we would be apt to carry on. But now thou can talk. I heard thou was a year among t' foreigners. Tell us summat about thy travels."

This was the subject Joe liked to talk about. He took his godfather from city to city, and the time went by unheeded. The old man was charmed. He had seen nothing of life beyond Bradford and Manchester; he listened as a child listens to a fairy story. Joe had been talking about Rome, and the great church of St. Peter.

"And did ta really go into a popish church, Joe! why, howiver did ta feel about it?"

"I will tell you. One night I went to the Sistine Chapel. It was after midnight, just before the dawning of Easter Sunday. They were singing what they call the "Miserere." At each verse a light was put out, and as the darkness grew deeper the music became sadder and sadder, until I could scarcely endure the sorrowful wail. But when every light had been put out, when thick darkness had fallen upon the kneeling congregation, then a voice began to sing; such a voice, godfather; alone, clear, triumphant; it sang the power of the God of Resurrection; and then

the lights suddenly blazed forth, and the whole people rose to their feet, and I could not think of any thing to say, but 'Glory, glory be to God!'"

The tears were in Joe's eyes, and Yorke's face was shining with the rapture of his own anticipations. "My word, Joe," he said in a low, soft voice, "I would like to hear a hymn like that; I'd go go to Rome to hear it, I would that."

They were silent for a few minutes, and then a maid brought in lights, and a tray with tea, and Yorke said: "Phœbe, thou tell Polly to hev t' room above this one got ready for Mr. Braithwaite." Then turning to Joe—"We are early birds here, my lad. I sall hev thee called on t' stroke of seven. That is a working-man's hour. I hope tha isn't afraid o' work."

"Why should I? I'm not any better than you, or my father."

"And depend upon it, Joe, labour is the varry salt of life. I won't hear tell o' it being a curse. Before iver Adam sinned, when he was first put i' Paradise, he was commanded to dress and keep it. The Lord works for us all. T' angels run to and fro, doing His will continually. Ivery man ought to be wisely busy; and I'll tell what, any father that works hard, in order that his children may hev nothing to do, is working hard to mak' them as miserable as they can be."

"I believe it all, sir, but—"

"Now, Joe, don't thee get weak-hearted."

"I was thinking of my wife and child."

"To be sure; thou is right to think o' them, but they can't help thee in what ta wants to do, and they would be varry sure to hinder thee. For two years thou must stick to thy work. I'll hev naught to do wi' thee, if ta is going to run between Bradley and Manchester. It must be one thing or t' other. Thou wilt hev to fill posts where ta can't be absent."

"You mean that I am not to go to Bradley for two years."

"That is about what I mean. Thou can't serve two masters; is it to be thy wife or Samuel Yorke?"

"Men generally manage to do their duty to both wife and business."

"Thine is a particular case, Joe. Because most rivers slope gently to t' sea, that doesn't prevent Niagara taking a leap of a hundred and fifty feet. Come, Joe, I'm doing t' right thing for thee, ivery way. Tak' my way for two years, and then thou can tak' thy way for all t' rest o' thy life; if ta doesn't tak' my way, thou art going to mak' a mess of t' whole affair, and I'll hev naught to do with it.

There was something irresistible about the man. After a moment's pause, Joe said: "I will do as you think best."

They were walking upstairs together as Joe came to this decision. Yorke was much pleased with it. He went with Joe into the room prepared for him, and said, with a sigh,

"It was William Henry's room; tha' sees I hevn't moved a thing. And I'm glad I hevn't; he was a good, kind lad, and I think he'd like to know thou wert comfortable in it. Good-night, Joe. We sall hev some happy hours together, I can see that."

Certainly Joe was not very happy at that hour. He had to tell Edith, and it was only after many efforts he succeeded in writing her the few lines she received the night she was so lovingly expecting him home. But when this letter was written and posted the difficulty of Joe's new life was over. For to the strong the irrevocable brings strength. Come what might he would now stand to the position he had taken.

And for the first few weeks his business-life was not altogether a pleasant one. The weather was damp and oppressive, and after his country-life the dense crowds in Dean's Gate, profligate and miserable, sickened him But soon he became interested in his work, and so weary with it that he found, as Yorke had predicted, no inclination to go beyond the limits of his daily needs and duties.

But these results could hardly be foreseen in Bradley and Market Bevin, and both Edith and Amos Braithwaite had many anxious hours the following week. After the father-in-law's visit Edith answered Joe's letter. And the answer did the very best side of her nature credit. She frankly confessed her faults; she assured Joe of her unalterable affection. She praised the spirit which had dared to face his mistakes and disappointments, and declared, "By so doing, dear Joe, you have put your feet upon your ill-fortune and made yourself master of your fate. I have never before been so proud of you, never before loved you half so well."

Then she told him of her visit to Aunt Martha and to his father, and of the latter's promise to take dinner with her the following day. "And I hope you will be glad that baby's name is settled," she said, "for when Aunt Martha saw him she instinctively called him little Joe, and I am sure he can have no better name than your own."

That first week Edith did not go over to Bevin Hall; she had perceived that it would be inconvenient to Amos, and she did not wish to associate herself with anything troublesome to his daily life. But about Thursday she rode over to Leeds again, and induced Martha Thrale to come back with her to Bradley for a week. Martha was very glad to go. Her arms had been aching to hold the child once more. She had begun to wish she knew Edith better, for she desired to love her as Joe's wife ought to be loved by her.

On Saturday morning Edith thought it best to tell her that Amos was coming to dinner. She was aware that they had not spoken to each other for nearly eight years. She understood the stubborn temper of both, and she did not suppose Martha would wish to meet her brother-in-law. "But if not, Aunt Martha," she said, "do not leave your rooms; I would not for the world have you suffer any annoyance in my house."

"That's all right, Edith," she replied; "but I can tell you one thing. I niver yet run away from either man or woman body, and I'm partic'larly sure that I won't run from Amos Braithwaite.

If he doesn't like to be in t' same room wi' me he can just tak' himsen further off, as soon as iver he chooses."

"I dare say that he will be very glad to meet you again, Aunt Martha. He ought to be."

"Ay, he ought. I did him a deal o' good for many a year. He hes mebbe found it out by this time. And he hes nothing to feel hard at me for, except that one night I told him t' truth about himsen, and if he didn't like it it was nobody's fault but his awn. He had no one to blame but Amos Braithwaite, if t' truth wasn't varry flattering."

So on Saturday the proud old lady sat steadily in the parlour with her knitting, her broad, placid, handsome face showing not a trace of anything but sincerity and content. Amos came bustling into the room in his usual pompous fashion, and his eyes instantly fell upon Martha, as she sat by the open window, busy with a sock of pink wool for little Joe. It was like a vision from his old life. In a moment he remembered all the years in which she had kept Bevin Hall a little palace of sweet cleanliness and exquisite comfort. His heart went out to her, but he only said,

"Well, I'm sure; is that thee, Martha?"

"Ay, it's me, Amos, wi' a difference o' eight years fash and worry and ageing. I'm glad to see thee looking so well and so like thysen."

"Is ta really? Martha Thrale, when is ta coming home? Thou ought to be ashamed o' thysen, leaving an old man like me to fettle for himsen a' these years."

"I hevn't done a thing or said a word that I'm shamed for, niver in my whole life, Amos Braithwaite."

"I sud think that t' Resurrection Day was here, if I heard thee say different. It's natural to hear thee talking like that. It would be a strange thing to hear thee say as thou could be in the wrong. It would that. But I'll tell thee summat: t' rats, and t' mice, and ivery other kind o' vermin that thou hates, are heving a good time over at Bevin, among t' velvet chairs and t' hangings and t' varry best carpets. And that owd Tabby Askweth hes broke t' last bit o' thy sister Ann's best china, and I don't believe there is an ell o' ta fine table damask left."

"Amos Braithwaite! Such carryings on! It's enough to make anybody cry; Tabby Askweth ought to be in Bevin lock-up, that she ought."

"And I hevn't t' ways, nor t' means, to ask my awn daughter-in-law to come and drink a cup o' tea wi' me. It's a shame, I say."

"It is thy awn fault."

"And I'd like to see my awn grandson, sometimes, in my awn house. Thou ought to think o' these things. Come home, my woman; I wouldn't be so stubborn and ill to move for anything. Look at me; see how forgiving I hev been. Why, aw was too soft even tell Joe's wife a bit o' my mind. Thou'rt worse than I am, Martha."

"Does ta want me to come back to Bevin? Is that what ta means?"

"Ay, I want thee to come home."

"Then I'll come, on one condition. Thou must ask Joe back. I left when Joe left, and I'm none coming back till ta asks Joe back wi' me."

"I'll do naught o' t' sort. He can come if he likes. Edith is coming once a week, and if a man can't follow his wife, I count nothing of him; he's too big a fool to ask. When will ta come home, Martha?"

"As soon as I hev put my furniture in safe keeping."

"Sell it."

"Not I. Thee and me might get to differing again, and I'm not goin' to put mysen out of a home. I'd be too much i' thy power, if I sold my furniture."

"Thou art cat up wi' pride, but I'll set thee an example, Martha. I'll show thee how to be generous and forgiving. I'll settle £200 a year on thee for life; whether ta stays wi' me, or leaves me, thou shalt hev £200 a year. What does ta say to that, now?"

"I niver asked thee for a penny-piece, Amos Braithwaite, and I don't know as thou hest any right to give me £200 a-year."

"Keep thysen cool, Martha; I'm not offering thee any charity. Thou earned all I offer thee, ay, over and over. I'm nobbut paying a just debt."

"If thou thinks of it that way, pay it. But I'm not the woman to take any mean advantage over thee. I'm more likely to stay wi' thee, when I hev t' power to leave thee, than I would be if I hadn't a penny."

"When will ta come home home?"

"Next Saturday thou wilt find me there, I'll warrant, when ta comes from t' mill."

Then Edith came in, and as the trio stood together admiring little Joe, the door opened, and Perkins entered. He was quite taken down by the presence of Amos and Martha, and could scarcely manage to explain that he was passing, and had called to see if there was anything for him to attend to, etc.

Amos watched his confusion with cynical pleasure. "Why, whativer is t' matter wi' thee, Perkins? Thou isn't thysen at all. Thou art blushing like a hobbledehoy! Doesn't t' company here suit thee? For my part, I'm varry glad to see thee. I have summat to say to thee after dinner.

"Dinner is served, madam," said a servant.

"Then come thou wi' me, Edith. I can trust Joshua Perkins with Martha Thrale. He'll hev to mind his P's and Q's if he is thinking o' cross-questioning her. I'm glad Martha is here. I like to eat my dinner without racking my brain to keep upsides wi' a clever owd lawyer.

"Oh, Mr. Braithwaite! Mr. Braithwaite! You must hev your joke, we all know that." And Perkins tried to hide his astonishment and annoyance in a forced laugh, and in civil attentions to Miss Thrale, who, however, received them in an unusually silent and haughty manner.

"EAST END STORIES."*

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

FAIRY ARMSTRONG.

II.

To find in the inhabitants of some very humble homes the follower of some very poorly paid employment, a thoughtful, well-educated person who had "known better days," was a common enough experience with me; still I felt surprised at finding what manner of man Fairy Armstrong's father was, and had been, and I listened to him with a sensation of wonder as well as of interest. For the moment I scarcely knew how to reply, and so merely observed—

"But your daughter is very young."

"She is, sir," he assented; but, whether for good or ill, I believe you'll find that she is a twig that has received its bent. There is one thing, I think, I am entitled to say," he went on, opening the door of the inner room, and beckoning me forward as he spoke, "and that is, that she is neither uncomfortable nor neglected. This is her nest."

Following the sweep of his hand, I glanced around the little inner room, which was upon the whole, bright, cheery and cosey —such a room as but few children, indeed of the poorer working classes, could have had to themselves. The little bed had a snow-white coverlet and hangings, and scattered about were pieces of cheap childish finery, picture-books, and even toys; while from the open window came a welcome perfume from a number of carefully tended pot-flowers standing on the window-sill, and enclosed by a neatly-painted lath-railing.

"That is her own room," Armstrong went on, when I had finished my survey; as yet she has never known what it is to want a meal, and very rarely known what it is to hear a cross word from me; and so far as I can I look to her moral and religious training, and shield her from all evil influences."

"Well, I was pleased to see that the child was so well cared for," I said, "and I did not doubt his affection for her, but—but ——" and here I broke down.

"Don't think I would stand in the way of my child, sir," he said earnestly. "I am only anxious for her happiness—and I'll leave it to her. I give you my word that she shall have no hint from me of the object of your call here, and I will trust to your honour as a gentleman not to use any undue persuasion with her,

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor.* By the Riverside Visitor. London: C. Kelley, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

and with that understood, you can try her on the subject the first time you see her. If you find her willing to leave her present mode of life, if you find her even not unwilling, I will do anything I can to help you."

This arrangement was the only one to which I could come in the end. Such as it was, and I proceeded to carry it out at the earliest opportunity: but the alarmed manner and scared look exhibited by Fairy on my merely hinting at the possibility of her being separated from her father, were sufficient to cause me to desist in my attempt.

"I knew that it would be so," said the father, speaking to me a day or two later on meeting me in the street. "You see it would make her as well as me unhappy to part us. Not, mark you, sir, that I say she wouldn't give up her present way of life, if that was all; it's our companionship that is the pull. When I am gone, the case will be different; and I will go all the happier now, for knowing that there is at least one person in the world who takes an interest in her. She'll still be young enough to train for something else; for I'm not long for this world."

He spoke with a coolness that was astonishing, considering the nature of his remarks; but making no comment upon that point, I merely observed—

"How long we may be for this world is a thing that none of us can know."

"I mean nothing irreverent, sir," he answered; "that, of course, is only my impression, but I have grounds for it. I have felt for years past that whatever stamina I may have had has been diminishing. My chest has failed me so that for a year past I have had to give up wind instruments altogether, and now I habitually feel sick and shaky as I go about in the daytime, and exhausted when I get home at night. I am pretty near worn out, and as I am not in a position to lie by or nurse myself, I must die in the harness."

I scarcely knew what to answer to this, and while I was hesitating he resumed—

"If my fear, or feelings, or whatever it is, should prove true, would you still be willing to befriend my child?"

"More willing then than even I am now," I replied.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed fervently, by way of answer; and as he spoke he grasped my hand, and then hastily walked away, though not before I had caught a glimpse of the tears that he sought to hide.

Looking at his bowed and wasted figure as he passed down the street, I could not help acknowledging to myself that there was in all likelihood a good deal of truth in what he had said about his being a worn-out man. But as this thought passed through my mind little did I think that for him the end was so near as in the event it proved to be. Three months later he was dead. The "outing" season was drawing to a close, and he had been working very hard as a member of bands accompanying or hanging on to excursion parties. On one of these excursions he had got wet, and

going about in his damp clothes for many hours afterward, had caught a severe cold. He had been strongly advised to nurse it, but saying that he must make a little money for "wintering" on, he persevered in going out day after day, and the result was fatal in the end. One night in the midst of a paroxysm of coughing, he fell from his chair, and the people in the lower part of the house rushing up, on hearing Fairy's screams, found him insensible, and blood gushing from the mouth. He had ruptured important blood vessels; and the next day Fairy was an orphan.

I heard of the death within a few hours of its taking place, and immediately hastened to the house, where the first discovery I made was that Mother Dreadful had already "come down like a wolf on the fold." I need scarcely say that I was greatly chagrined; but feeling that I must accept the situation, I did so with the best grace I could muster.

"Where is the child?" I asked, civilly.

"In her own room, pore little dear, a sobbin' her 'art out a'most," she drawled out in a whining tone that was palpably "put on." "It's so sudden, yer see, but I dessay she'll be better presently; I've been a cheerin' of her up all I can."

"Don't you think it would be well for me to take her away for a while?" I said; "I know a lady that would take charge of her till something could be arranged for her."

"Well, thanking you kindly, sir, I think I'd rayther take care of her myself," she answered, a covert sneer underlying her lachrymose tone. "I think her own grandmother is the fittest person to have charge of her."

I saw that any attempt at persuasion would be useless, and so assuming a sterner tone, I said—

"Now, look here, Mrs.——, this is neither a time nor place for wrangling, but I must be plain. I don't think you are the fittest person to have charge of this child; but, remember this, if you do persist in keeping her with you, you shall be well watched."

"I can stand being watched," she replied, now sneering undisguisedly; "I know what my rights are, and what yours aren't, and I don't care that for you or any of yer sort, snapping her fingers contemptuously.

I did see that she was watched in respect to her conduct toward Fairy, but I could hear of no attempt on her part to deal harshly with her. Finding, however, that at the end of three weeks she did not return to Sunday-school, I determined upon bearding the lion in her den, and accordingly proceeded to Mother Dreadful's residence.

"And what might you want?" was the greeting with which she met him on the doorstep.

"I wanted to know why Annie Armstrong did not attend Sunday-school now."

"Just because I ain't goin' to let her attend a school where her mind 'll be poisoned agen me—that's why," she retorted defiantly.

"That's nonsense," I said impatiently.

"It's what I'm going to stick to, any way," she answered, in the same tone. "As I told you before, I knows my rights, and I intend to stand by 'em. I wouldn't spoil her, like her fool of a father, but I'm doing what's right by her; you can speak to her, if you like."

"By herself?" I questioned.

"Oh yes," she answered; "I'll take a turn up the street while you see her; "I know you can't stand to take her away."

Accepting this offer, I entered the house, where I found Fairy looking very thin and grief-stricken, and still mourning with heart-breaking intensity for her lost "dad," but while the sorrowful expression of her young face was pitiful to see, she was comfortably clad in mourning, and had no complaint to make of hard living or ill-usage, but spoke of "grandmother" being very good to her.

I could point to nothing substantial to justify suspicion, and my work at this time taking me into another part of my district, and giving me many other people and things to think about, Fairy Armstrong was comparatively forgotten.

But, as events proved, she was destined to be but too soon brought under my notice again. Some three months after my last-mentioned interview with her, on a sloppy, foggy, miserable Saturday night in December, I was surprised by a visit from my van-driver friend. He looked strongly excited and mysterious withal, and his greeting was in keeping with the expression of his face.

"Look here, sir," he broke out, "come with me, and ast no questions; the thing that I shall take you to see will explain itself."

"Can't you tell me what it is?" I asked.

"Well, of course I could," he answered, "but I'd rather not. An hour's telling wouldn't bring it home to you half as strong as a minute's seeing. You may take my word for it, sir, that when you have seen it, you'll say that seeing it first, without hearing about it, was out-and-out the best way."

I could see that he had set in his heart on having his own way in the matter; and so, waiving the point, set out with him. He kept a little ahead, with a view, as I took it, of avoiding questions on my part; and, after about ten minutes' walk, stopped in front of a large corner public-house known as the "Help-me-through-the-World."

"Are we going in here?" I asked.

"Yes, up into the sing-song room," he answered, and entering the house as he spoke, left nothing for me but to follow.

A description of a London sing-song would not be without a certain grim interest, but there is neither space nor necessity to give the description here. Suffice it to say that the large room was crowded with a rough, noisy, more or less drunken audience, and reeked with the fumes of rankly strong tobacco and cheap cigars. I entered at a favourable moment; for the audience being engaged in roaring a chorus, I was able to take a seat unobserved.

It was a last verse they were chorusing, and the retiring singer was succeeded by a father bringing on two tiny children, whom he put through a number of violent contortions. Then ensued a pause and buzz of expectation, until the chairman rose announced that Fairy Armstrong, of the Theatre Royal, would now make her first appearance as a juvenile character singer and dancer.

This announcement was received with enthusiastic approbation, which found vent in the hammering of pewter pots upon tables. Under cover of this, my companion whispered—

"There, now, the murder's out! That's Mother Dreadful's doings. It was to bring her to this that she pretended to be so kind to her. Look here, sir, I'd sooner see a little girl of mine laid in the grave than brought on to that stage. I say nothing agen the poor things as gets their liven in such places, God help 'em, they're most likely been drove to it, or never known anything better; but you see for yourself what sort come here."

"But what do you want me to do?" I whispered.

"Do!" he exclaimed, in the same low but energetic tone. "Why, if you really care for her, as I think you do, save her from this. Though her poor old father let her go with other children on the theatre stage, he'd have rather seen her dead at his feet than brought here to perform—he knew what it meant.

At this point the hammering and shouting suddenly ceased, and Fairy, clad in ballet costume, skipped lightly on to the stage, and gracefully acknowledged the round of applause with which she was received. Then she raised her head, gave a quick glance round the room and at the upturned faces, and instantly—as, watching her intently, I could see—turned pale and faltered.

My companion also noticed this, for, clutching my arm, he whispered—

"There, do you see that? the light has broke in on her; you may depend she didn't know the sort of place she was being brought to."

Before I could make any reply, all was uproar and confusion, for Fairy, after standing stock-still for a minute, gave a hysterical scream, and, covering her face with her hands, rushed from the stage. Amid all the noise in front of the stage, I could hear angry voices behind it; and, without a moment's further hesitation, I pushed my way up, and boldly opening a side door, found myself in the little apartment which served the performers as waiting room. Fairy was in the centre of an excited group, consisting of performers, waiters, the landlord, and Mother Dreadful. The last-named personage was grasping Fairy tightly by the shoulder, and trying to induce her to sip some brandy which she held in a glass. Fairy's face being towards the door, she was the first to recognize me, and shaking herself free from her grandmother's grasp, she sprang to my side, and seizing my hand, exclaimed—

"Oh, teacher, take me away; take me away from here, please." For, though I was not her teacher, she had always addressed me by that title since the day on which I had got her the "treat" ticket.

Before I could make any answer beyond what was conveyed by a pressure of the hand, the grandmother, her face all aflame with passion, broke out—

"So it's you as has put her up to this, is it?" It's a plant, eh?"

"Look here, Mrs. ——," I returned, "if I had known of this sooner, I would have interfered to prevent the child's being here at all, as now I shall interfere to prevent her being brought here again."

"And how will you prevent it?" she asked, with a sneer.

"Not by any appeal to you, certainly," was my answer, "but I warn the landlord that if he persists in being a party to the dragging of this child here against her will, I will do all that I can to get his license taken from him."

The landlord protested that he would have nothing further to do with the affair; that he had been misled by Mother Dreadful, and "done out" of three pounds, which he had let her have in advance.

Hearing the landlord speak in this way, Mother Dreadful, shrugging her shoulders, and glancing significantly at me, observed—

"Ah, well, if she won't work at this sort of thing, she must at something else. I can't keep her in idleness."

"You needn't keep her at all," I said; "I am willing to take her off your hands."

"But I'm not quite willing to let you."

"Then you had better take care how you treat her," I said.

"That is just what I will do," she answered. "I know my book."

As there was nothing more to be done under the circumstances, I left the house, but with a mind full of forebodings for poor Fairy.

On the life of the child for the space of three months following, I will not dwell. It would profit nothing, to speak of her termagant grandmother's cunning cruelty to her, or my feelings at finding myself impotent to prevent it. She "knew her book," as she phrased it. She did not thrash Fairy, or starve her, nor did she make her do anything that was not done by scores of other children in the neighbourhood; and yet it is not too much to say that she was killing her by inches. In the cold, wet winter weather, poor little Fairy, her spirit utterly broken, was sent out step-cleaning, the result being that she caught severe colds, that her hands were chapped, her feet chilblained, and herself altogether miserable—and I could do very little to alleviate her sufferings, for the law, as she managed to keep within the letter of it, was upon the side of Mother Dreadful.

Such was the position of affairs when one dark and bitterly cold night in March, returning from the opposite side of the river in a small boat, I landed at the waterman's stairs of my district.

"A black night," I observed, in passing, to the man in charge of the stairs.

"It is," he replied; "I wish it wasn't, for I'm trying to keep a bright look-out."

"Expecting anything particular up the river, then?" I questioned.

"No; it's on shore here I want to keep my eye," he answered. "There's some poor girl dodging about here in sad trouble; and young as she is, I do believe she means to make a plunge of it. I've heard her sobbing and moaning; but when I try to go near her she scuds away and hides, and I don't like to go far in case she should give me the slip and get down the steps. Whist!" he went on, suddenly dropping his voice, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, "there she comes, you'll see her in a half a minute; she'll come into the light of that lamp."

I turned my gaze towards the spot he indicated, and presently made out coming slowly forward, and peering anxiously about her—Fairy Armstrong.

In my surprise I blurted out her name, whereupon the man at my side, slapping his thigh, exclaimed—

"Bless me, so it is! To think as I shouldn't a known her. Here I dessay I've been putting myself in a sweat for nothink; it's most likely as she's just been a-looking out for you. Were you expecting of her?"

"No," I replied; "but if she had been inquiring for me she would be told I was over the water. Without waiting to say more, I hastened up the stairs, and the instant I came into the light Fairy rushed up to me, and, throwing herself sobbing into my arms, exclaimed—

"O teacher, teacher! take me with you; I daren't go back to grandmother again!"

Then, as well as her grief would let her, she told her story. her hands were so sore that she could not clean steps, and she had gone home on the previous day without having earned anything. But the grandmother had sent her out again this morning, telling her that, if she returned again without money, she would "lick her within an inch of her life." Fairy had attempted to clean one set of steps, but the pain of her hands was so great that she had been compelled to desist, and, being again without money, feared to venture home, believing that her grandmother would do as she said.

As in half-broken accents she poured out her tale, I resolved that I would defy Mother Dreadful, and chance her carrying out her oft-repeated threat of "lawing" me. Having found her a comfortable shelter for the night, on the following day I arranged with a benevolent lady that Fairy should be taken into her house; should be nursed there till she was strong again, and then brought in to be an assistant-nursemaid—always supposing that we succeeded in keeping Mother Dreadful at bay, as, happily, we were able to do, for though she came storming to the house and renewed her threats of "lawing," she took no action in the matter, probably seeing that she had as much to fear as we had from any appeal to law.

But alas for poor Fairy! Though she was lovingly nursed, she was destined never to be "strong again." The hardship she had gone through had been too much for her delicate constitution. The doctor called in to attend her could not say that she was suffering from any specific complaint. She simply faded away. She, as well as those around her, knew for weeks before she died that she was dying. And in a simple child-like but still confident and happy way, she was prepared to go. She spoke calmly, and with all the unquestioning faith of a child, of meeting her "dear Saviour," of being with the angels, and seeing "dad" again. She had a natural love of music, and her greatest delight toward the last was when the lady of the house would play over the air, while she (Fairy) murmured a verse or two of a favourite hymn of our Sunday-school scholars—

"I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

"Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll wake the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night."

When the end came it was peace. Painlessly, and with a smile on her lips, she passed away. By the kindness of friends who had become interested in her, she was laid in the same grave as her father; so that of the poor broken-down busker and his child it might, with very little stretch of poetical license, be said that they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

BETTER THINGS.

Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favour proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better be fed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."

Better to sit at the Master's feet than thrill a listening State;
Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.

AN IMPARTIAL VIEW OF FEDERATION.

The Editor of this Magazine thinks that from the relation he has sustained to both Victoria and Toronto Universities, he has peculiar advantages for forming an impartial judgment on the subject of university federation. He attended each institution for three years, and is a graduate in Arts of both. He has hitherto refrained from references of this sort, from a reluctance to obtrude his own personality into the discussion, and from an apprehension that his motives and methods might be misunderstood and misrepresented. But being persuaded that what is most urgently needed by all candid inquirers, is all the light that can be thrown on the subject from any quarter, he frankly takes his readers into his confidence and recites some of the reasons which, operating through many years have led him to the firm and unfaltering conviction that the policy of university federation is by far the best policy for the Methodist Church, for Victoria University, for the young men and women of Methodism in this Province and for the cause of higher education in this land. There are those who knowing *only* Victoria University think the writer's intimate acquaintance with both institutions a *dis*qualification for forming a calm and even-minded judgment, but candid readers will discount that objection. He will, therefore, dispense with the editorial "we," and speak plainly on the first person.

Three of the happiest years of my life were spent at Victoria College, two of them in the pre-matriculation department. The intellectual quickening, the moral and religious influences and the mental training there enjoyed have laid me under life-long obligation. To have formed the personal acquaintance of such men as President Nelles, Dr. Rice, Dr. Whitlock, Dr. Wilson. Professors Kingston, Campbell, Kerr, the Rev. John Ryerson and others, especially at a time when heart and mind were receiving their earliest and strongest impressions, was an inspiration and a benediction for which I can never cease to be thankful.

Scarcely less helpful in the developing of character was the forming of life-long friendships with a noble band of fellow students, many of whom now occupy prominent positions in society, and many of whom are fellow-labourers in the Christian ministry. Thank God for those college friendships, more strong and tender and true than any others formed in life.

After three years spent at Cobourg, it was found more convenient and less expensive to live at home in Toronto, and to attend Toronto University. I was, therefore, transferred to an *ad eundem* standing at Toronto, and introduced to the genial president, Dr. McCaul, by a very kind letter from Principal Nelles. Here I remained three years, and came into contact with a number of able professors, whom to know was in its way a sort of liberal education : Dr. McCaul, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Professors Chapman, Cherriman, Crofts, Bevan, Forneri, Hirschfelder and Hincks. It was found to be no disadvantage, but very much the reverse, to make the intimate acquaintance of a large number of young men of other churches ; especially was it of much advantage to form a classroom intimacy with earnest-souled young Christians studying for the ministry, several of whom afterwards won distinction.

It will be admitted, I think, that these intimate relations with both institutions give an opportunity superior to that of most persons for forming an impartial judgment of the advantages of federation with the Provincial University. One of the first things that struck me was the fact that the able and hard working professors at Cobourg were handicapped in their endeavours to do

justice to the very full *curriculum* by the necessity which imposed an undue amount of work on one man. One distinguished professor, for instance at Cobourg, had charge of four distinct departments, which at Toronto were distributed among four professors. It is no discredit to any man, no matter how gifted, that he is not able to do as much work as four men.

Another advantage was the free access to a large and well classified library. Every one who knows anything about university work, knows that a well equipped library is an essential part of the apparatus for high-class instruction. "The true university of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books," especially now that knowledge has become so specialized that no man can do more than push its boundaries a little in any one direction. A professor's chief work is to point to the records of latest discovery and exploration, to the original fountains of knowledge, and bid the student to draw and drink for himself. The most recent scientific books and journals, on account of their comparatively limited sale, are always expensive, and so rapid is the progress of science that any but the latest are soon out of date. When reorganizing the library of the Edinburgh University, Prof. Simpson ordered all the books in certain departments over ten years old to be removed as entirely useless.

But much of the best teaching nowadays is not merely from books, but from real things—by coming into contact at first hand with nature. For this, natural history collections, museums, technological models and apparatus are necessary, and these are still more expensive than books.*

Both Victoria and Toronto Universities have very greatly increased their facilities for doing high-class work since the date of which I write. They have both largely increased their professoriate, enlarged their libraries and chemical and physical apparatus. Professors Bain, Reynar, Wallace, Badgley, Workman, Bell, Horning, and Petch, are additions to the staff, of whom any university might be proud. So also are Professors Loudon, Baker, Ramsay Wright, Pike, Hutton, McCurdy, Ashley, Baldwin, Hume, Alexander, Dale, and others of Toronto University, and so pre-eminently was the late Dr. Young. But neither institution has at all the equipment required for the growing needs of the country and of the age. If, however, they would unite their resources, in doing the high-class educational work of the country, we may expect to have in the near future a university not unworthy of the Province, and of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we now stand. It is not to the credit of this large and rich Province of Ontario, with a population of nearly two millions, with six or seven chartered universities, that it should have to depend upon the private munificence of a citizen of the little State of Maryland for the advantages of such a real university as Johns Hopkins, for Canadian youth. Many cannot afford either the time or money to go to a foreign city to obtain in a post-graduate course the special training which their native province is well able to supply.

If the very *élite* of ambitious youth are compelled to go to a foreign country for the facilities for higher training that their own country should give them, they will be likely to drift away from their native allegiance and enrich that land which has furnished them the facilities they sought in vain at home. Our own rich resources of field, lakes, forest and mine, will remain undeveloped or be developed chiefly by the skill and for the benefit of foreigners; and we shall be, as we deserve to be, if we do not assert our manhood, the very Helots of the

*The scientific apparatus and contents of the museum at Toronto, imperfect as they were, were yet appraised at $50,000. About half of this was saved. By purchase and gifts from the great museums of the world the defect is being rapidly removed. The University has already $102,000 in cash, and nearly 10,000 volumes of books for its new library.

continent, and occupy a position as distinctly secondary, as some of us are content that our universities shall occupy to the universities of the neighbouring Republic—which country, to say the least, develops no better brains, or bodies, or morals, than our own.

A great deal is made by our anti-federation friends of the impropriety of accepting government aid for higher education. But those who now make that outcry contended very strongly and very justly for many years that Victoria was entitled to substantial aid for the educational work she was doing; they accepted it as long as they could, and complained very justly when that help was withdrawn. Now, by adopting the large and wise and patriotic course decided upon by the late General Conference, Victoria may obtain an amount of aid in the higher and more costly departments of education far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of her friends in days gone by. And this help will be obtained, not by antagonizing the national university, not by seeking to dismember it or to lessen its endowment, but by helping to build up a grand national institution of which we may all be proud. Surely the united action in the Senate of the great religious denominations of the country can save their common university from being given over a prey to Agnostics and Infidels as some timorous souls profess to fear. If there were any such danger, it is at least our duty to try to prevent such a disaster, and we would be recreant to our obligations as patriots if we failed to make the attempt.

Let us exhibit in the "Wesley Hall" of the confederated Victoria such a robust and manly type of piety as shall revive the traditions of the Holy Club at Oxford, as shall make it the rallying place for the very *élite* of the young Methodists of the Dominion, including the six score who now flock to University College, as well as to the thousands more who through the coming years shall seek to combine the highest culture and the deepest devotion. Thus shall the young life and young blood of Canadian Methodism come into wholesome and helpful contact with the other religious forces which are moulding the future of the country. It shall receive a mental broadening, and a spiritual sympathy with other branches of the Christian Church. Thus shall it exert an influence upon the religious life of the country that it can never hope to exert by pursuing a policy of alienation and aloofness from the throbbing intellectual and religious life of the times.

It is said that Queen's University is too wise to come into such a federation as is proposed. The condition of Queen's University is very different. It has recently erected splendid buildings and has a large and able professorial staff—22 professors and lecturers. It is situated midway between Toronto and Montreal, with a large region from which to draw patronage. And it is demanding from the Government, in the establishment of a School of Science at Kingston, very much the kind of aid it would receive at Toronto.

With its very large endowment—nearly $1,000,000—McMaster University, whose example we are advised to follow, reports a Faculty in Arts, and apparently also in Theology, of only six professors. Is she anything like as strong an educational force as if she were affiliated with the national university? Or is Trinity likely to be as attractive an educational centre if she continue her policy of isolation, as if she were to unite her forces with the Provincal University? Can Victoria, even if her friends were unanimous for independence, reasonably hope to surpass the educational status and equipment of the national institution, with the rich province of Ontario at its back? or can she be anything like as strong as she would be if in alliance with that university, instead of in rivalry to it? Will the young Methodists of Ontario be satisfied with anything less than the best that the country can give them? or have we a right to ask them to be satisfied with anything less? Have we the right to ask the Methodist people of this province—who from their num-

bers own one-third of Toronto University, and must pay their full quota for its amplest endowment—who are giving more for missionary and evangelistic work than any other Church, to also create a rival institution, at a cost of not less than $1,000,000, when for $110,000 more than they have already secured for federation they may have a much better Arts course than they could possibly hope for otherwise, and a Theological Faculty which shall prepare the ministry of the future, as it has never been prepared in the past, for the high calling whereto it is called? At the same time we may have the patriotic satisfaction of forming an integral part of the very crown and copestone of the educational system of the country, and of greatly increasing its strength and completeness.

The very disaster which seemed to overwhelm Toronto University has been a blessing in disguise. It has kindled the enthusiasm of its alumni as nothing else could do. It has shown how strong are its resources, how vital are its energies. It has caused an outburst of sympathy throughout the whole republic of letters. Almost every land in Christendom is bringing its tribute. Almost every great university is extending a helping hand. Almost every learned society is giving books for the library. Almost every great museum is sending gifts. It will rise from its ashes, stronger, fairer, more richly dowered with the gifts and love and fealty, not of a single Church, but of all classes and all creeds of the community.

Shall we join hands with this truly national institution? Shall we seek to build it up and strengthen it? Shall we claim our share in its privileges? Shall we assert our right to aid in moulding its future? Or shall we, by a policy of isolation, cut ourselves off and deprive our sons and daughters of their birthright as loyal Canadians?

The national university will receive from the nation all the aid it requires for its amplest development. It will grow with the growth of the country, an object of patriotic pride, whether we be its partners or its rivals. As Methodists we shall pay a larger quota than any other Church to this development as our numbers are larger than any others. We are confident that a broad minded patriotism—a true Christian fraternity, a sense of responsibility to God for the wise stewardship of the resources of the Church, will re-enact the wise decision of the last General Conference with still greater emphasis than before.

We have come to a place where two ways meet. If we accept federation, with all the wide possibilities which it unfolds, we may take our place with honour in the noble task of aiding the Christian Churches of this realm in establishing our highest educational institution on a broad national, patriotic, Christian and catholic basis. If we reject it, we shall largely cut ourselves off from the intellectual life of the nation. We shall sacrifice all hope of obtaining that material aid in the educational work of the country, which we have long claimed was our right. We shall be forever estopped from protest against the most generous endowment of the Peoples University. If we attempt to prevent such endowment, we shall raise up enemies embittered and incensed against us. We shall incur the accusation, whether justly or not, of arraying ourselves against the intellectual progress of the commonwealth. We shall lose the golden opportunity of uniting the Christian forces of the community for purposes of highest public good, and broadest Christian culture. May the Source of all light and wisdom give us grace and understanding to rise to the height of our privilege and obligation, and to act for the best interests of our Church, our country, our children, and our children's children for all time.

MINISTERS' INSTITUTES.

In the January number of the *Methodist Review* Bishop Vincent has a striking article on what he calls "The Itinerants' Club." It contains matter of much interest to every minister in Canada, especially to every young minister. We purpose to quote from Bishop Vincent an account of some of those clubs, as existing in American Methodism, and to make a suggestion as to the adoption of similar institutions in this country.

One of these clubs was held at Lexington, Ky., last April, when about eighty ministers attended for ten days. Dr. Arthur Edwards, of the *Northwestern Advocate*, who was present, says: "The main body of those who attended are undergraduates in the Conference. . . The programme might easily be imagined by those who should hear that for good and sufficient reasons the course in a theological seminary must be pressed into eight days. . . . The enthusiasm rose almost to the shouting point from the first. Never have we seen a convention, class, club, or Conference more a success from the first prayer to the benediction. The club aims to magnify the Conference studies of Conference graduates."

"Another 'club' of the same character was held a month later at Mt. Union College, Alliance, O. It was well attended, and in a series of spirited conversations the following topics were discussed: 'The Conference Course of Study—How Use; How Improve; How Employ by Colleges and Seminaries, by Assemblies and Itinerants' Clubs;' 'Post-graduate Reading Courses;' 'Church Music;' 'The Minister as a Man of Church Business—Keeping Church Records, Making Church Reports, Superintending Church Repairs, Buildings,' etc.; 'Social Meetings of Believers, Class-meetings, Religious Conversations, Cottage Prayer-meetings,' etc."

It resulted in a permanent organization, the object of which was: "(1) To promote the more thorough prosecution of the Conference course of study; (2) to encourage the more critical study (professional and devotional) of the English Bible; (3) to promote among ministers the more careful and scientific study of the people of all classes—their opinions, habits, perils, needs, how to approach them, how win them to Christ, etc.; (4) to bring the undergraduates of the Conference, and of neighbouring Conferences, together as frequently and for as long a time as possible during the Conference year."

"An Itinerants' Club was advertised to be held in St. Joseph, Mo., December 16-20, 1889. The announcement says:

"'This is to be a school in which all are students. The course in Biblical Introduction and Systematic Theology will be limited to the course for the first and second years for probationers in the Annual Conference. Lessons are announced to be given in Biblical Introduction, in Systematic Theology, in Church History, in Homiletics, in Rhetoric, Logic, etc., with "Conversations" on "How to Study," the "Pastoral Work," "Pulpit Manners," Woman's Work in the Church," "How to conduct Prayer and other Social Meetings," "Our Benevolences," etc.'

"A general interest has thus been awakened on the subject of Conference study. The young men clamour for such direction as the Itinerants' Club provides.

"Dr. Fry, of the *Central Christian Advocate*, says, in reporting some of these movements:

"'During the first four years of their ministry, at the very time when, on account of inexperience in ministerial and pastoral work, the greatest demands are made upon them, they must give attention to the Conference studies. The result is, that hardly one of ten has really mastered the Conference course of study, and the greater part fail to

derive the benefits which would come from a thorough study of the course.'

"The Conference examinations are often conducted in a careless way. They are often inexact and superficial. They are at best testings on the 'contents of a book,' or 'the views of the author,' rather than a call for definitions by the student of doctrines which he accepts, his own statements concerning their historic development, their basis in Scripture and reason, the formidable oppositions which they have encountered, from what sources and with what results in theological thought and ecclesiastical usage. For, if I rightly understand the object of the Conference course, candidates who pursue it should find it a real school of theology, opening to its members the world of knowledge belonging to their office and profession.

"The time usually spent in Conference examinations is short, the burden of it coming at the closing up of the year's pastoral work. The making out of reports, the packing, the 'good-byes,' and the nervousness and anxiety of the candidate, put him then at great disadvantage. However, he learns to hope that the examining brethren will be 'easy' and 'sympathetic.' And he has the assurance from men who 'got through' without much trouble last year, or the year before, that they are likely to be both 'sympathetic' and 'easy'; and it happens, to the shame of the men who as examiners allow it, or who as ruling *presbyters*, whether over 'districts' or over 'the whole connexion,' wink at it, that men creep into our ministry through examinations that should make a grammar-school boy blush.

"The preacher must be a student. He must know how to study, how to think, how persistently and with concentration to apply his mind and heart to a subject until he can hold it firmly, turn it over, penetrate it, discover its anatomy and relations, and put it into shape for effective application to his hearers.

"The minister of God should know about the dangers to which our homes, our parents, our youth are exposed, from false science, from lax theology, from bad ethics widely circulated in these days through current literature, the rostrum, the lyceum and the drama. By vigilance, by reading, by conversation, he should be ready to give a wise man's answer to a fool's folly. He should, in a general way, be abreast of the times in matters of literary taste and general culture. It does not require much time, when one has wise direction, to catch the current of popular thought; to take a wise view of the topics which are everywhere exciting popular discussion. The minister must understand the literary elements which quietly antagonize his gospel, and with taste and ability so deal with them that his matter and manner will command the respect of the most cultivated in his community.

"Above all, the minister should be familiar with the English Bible: how it has come to us in the English, the English people through whom it came, and the English in which it comes. This is the minister's one text-book. It contains the word of God, whose witness he is, whose law he is to declare, whose Gospel he is to proclaim, whose promises he is to announce. It is a book of books; THE BOOK of books; full of history, biography, philosophy, ethics, poetry, prophecy; and in its English form it has been given to us illuminated by the advance of archæological and of philological science, and by the illustration of its principles in the history of that wonderful race, a part of which we are. The preacher of the word should be a master of the English Bible. But the minister should study the English of the Bible — pure, simple, and full of vigour; forming in the critical and loving disciple a clear style, full of classic grace; a style both strong and keen, like a sharp sword which the Lord Himself hath made for the man who would do well the work to which the Lord hath called him."

Bishop Vincent closes his practical paper with the following eloquent paragraphs:

"There was once a great school of theology — of Christian theology —

with a Teacher who 'spake as never man spake.' Its pupils were divinely chosen. They were companions, fellow-travellers, friends, brethren, for three years, and their Teacher was Companion, Fellow-traveller, Friend and Brother. Theirs was a peripatetic school, and a school of practice. It abounded in demonstrations. Its Head Master was in Himself a perfect proof of the words He taught. He proved His doctrines by His deeds, and made both deeds and doctrines radiant and vigorous by the spirit that pervaded them all. He vitalized old and familiar truths till, like dull carbon points, they shone with dazzling light.

"Wonderful Teacher! Favoured disciples! Famous school, that built no marble halls, collected no great library, but turned the whole of every-day life into opportunity, making houses and streets, mountain and sea-side, places of discipline, and recitation, and delight! Once this great Teacher walked to Emmaus with two of His pupils. He opened the Word, and He opened their eyes and they saw—Him! So, blessed Lord, open the eyes of this great multitude of disciples in Thy Church that they may see—Thee!"

Two years ago an earnest endeavour was made in this country—at the Niagara Assembly—popularly known as the Canadian Chautauqua—to inaugurate an institution of similar character—a Ministers' Institute, conducted by Dr. Alfred A. Wright, Dean of the Theological Faculty of the Chautauqua University, assisted by an able corps of lecturers. The only time when Dean Wright's services could be obtained was very inopportune, as some of the Conferences were in session, and the announcement was necessarily very brief. It is contemplated during the coming season to carry on a very vigorous and well-equipped Ministers' Institute, at a time when a large attendance may be expected. There are in the five Conferences of Central Ontario over a thousand Methodist Ministers, about one hundred and twenty-five of whom are pursuing the Conference course of study. There are in the same territory at least as many more of other denominations. Most of these are within 100 miles of the Niagara Assembly grounds. It is anticipated that from these numbers, from the young men who contemplate entering the ministry; and from local preachers and thoughtful laymen, ample material will be forthcoming to form a very successful Ministers' Institute. It is designed to have free and conversational discussions of almost every topic which can affect ministerial usefulness, such as those enumerated in the programmes of the above-named Itinerants' Clubs, together with the following: The Relations of the Minister to Secular Subjects—as the Temperance Reform, the Capital and Labour Question, Social Christianity, Labour Reform, the White Cross Movement, Anti-Poverty Principles, the Ethics of Politics, etc.; the Sabbath Question, the Sabbath-school, Epworth League, and other methods of retaining and influencing the young, How to Reach the Masses, etc.; Talks on Ministerial Difficulties and how to overcome them, Hints on Study, especially the Probationers' Four Years' Course; Talks on Sermon Making, Principles of Biblical Exegesis, Social Meetings, the Prayer-meeting, Revivals and how to promote them, Reading Courses and Post-graduate Studies, Church Music, Class-meetings, Mission Services, "Concerning the Collection"; Talks on Preaching, What the Pew has to say on the subject, Rented Pews *vs.* Free Seats, Church Finance, Quarterly Meetings; Amusements, how to Guide the Reading, especially of the Young; how to meet the Perils that Menace our Modern Civilization; Administration of Charity—Public and Private; Biblical Theology, its immutable principles, yet changing phases; Christian Archæology, Light from the Catacombs on early Christian Life, and Character, and Doctrine; Relations of Art and Symbolism to Christianity, and Reactions of Doctrine on Art, Growth of Error as traced in Art, etc. An important feature will be the Question Drawer and Confession Cards; What

Books have most Helped, what Things have most Hindered? etc. The discussions will be opened by brief papers, and it is expected that a large number of leading ministers and laymen of the Methodist and other Churches will take part in these discussions.

It is proposed to hold this Institute from the 18th to the 28th of August, in the large auditorium of Niagara Assembly, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, as the closing series of a number of Sunday-school, Chautauquan and Teachers' Conventions, Missionary and other important educational and religious gatherings. Among those who have kindly agreed to take part are Chancellor Sims, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Principal Grant, Rev. Chancellor McVicar, Rev. Principal Caven, Rev. Prof. Clark, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Prof. McCurdy, Prof. S. H. Clark, Chaplain Searles, Principal W. M. McIntyre, Ph.D., Rev. Dr. Stafford, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, M.A., 27 years Missionary in India, Principal Burns, Rev. Dr. Potts, and many others. Every facility will be given to make travel and entertainment as inexpensive and comfortable as possible. For full information apply to the Editor of this MAGAZINE.

FORT MISSISSAUGA.

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.

FORT MISSISSAUGA, NIAGARA.

DESERTED, drear, and mouldering to decay,
A square low tower stands grim and gray and lone.
From Newark's ruins built its walls, storm-blown
When sword and flame alternate seized their prey.
Ontario's waves in rage or idle play
Sap palisade and fort with ceaseless moan.
Shall we historic relics see o'erthrown
And not a voice be raised to answer nay?
Four races here for empire sternly fought,
And brightly gleamed the red man's council fire,
The beacon lights the dancing wave and lea,
Where brave La Salle both fame and fortune sought;
In fratricidal strife fell son and sire,
Where friends stretch hands across a narrow sea.

NIAGARA, 1890. —*The Week.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

According to recent returns, the net increase of members for the closing year is 2,719 with ninety-one, candidates recommended by the quarterly meetings for the ministry.

The *Recorder* admits that the Forward Movement saved English Methodists from a disastrous decline. Remarkable success has attended the mission services which have been held since last October in the Shetland Islands.

Fifty years ago there was not an inhabitant of the Fiji Islands who was not a heathen, now there is not an avowed heathen there, and careful observers testify that nine-tenths of the people are in the habit of attending churches regularly on Sunday.

The last Education Report contains 230 octavo pages. The number of day-schools now established is 847, and of scholars 179,578. The expenditure of the schools amounted to $1,247,485. In 1889 there was expended on day and Sunday-school buildings $320,860. There are in Great Britain 6,908 Wesleyan Sunday-schools, with 129,472 teachers and 928,506 scholars.

The students of Handsworth, Birmingham, have sent a neat card with the words, "Please remember the children," illuminated in silver text on an olive-green ground. They are sending a sufficient supply to every superintendent minister to allow one card to be placed in every pulpit to remind the preacher of his duty to the lambs of the flock, who too often "look up and are not fed."

The Wesleyans have fifty-one chapels and other preaching places in Italy and eighteen in Spain and Portugal.

At the March quarterly meeting of the West London Mission, the Superintendent was able to report 827 full members with 251 on trial, an increase of 344 on the year.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

A serious riot took place in Nan-Kang-fu in November last, where the China Inland and Methodist Episcopal missionaries have been at work. The chapels of the missions were destroyed.

The Lucknow Methodist Publishing House prints 50,000 copies of Bishop Thoburn's sermons every week.

On April 3rd the corner-stone of the Methodist University was laid at Denver by Bishop Warren, who immediately took the train for his mission work in Europe. A new thing in corner-stone boxes was a phonograph on which a part of the Bishop's speech was imprinted.

Bishop Taylor is making a short visit to the United States, not to rest but to work. He is gratified with the progress in Africa. There are also thirty-five stations opened on the self-supporting basis, seven churches have been organized from the raw heathen, numbering from six to 175 members each.

The Book Concern has an invested capital of about three million dollars and a business of two million was transacted during the past year. The dividend to the Conferences is $110,000.

The deficiencies in the ministers' salaries between 1833 to 1872 in thirty-five Conferences amount to $5,450,000. For nearly forty years these Christian people failed to pay their debts at the rate of about $140,000 a year The *Christian-at-Work* says "these figures are simply shocking."

The Methodist Church.

Rev. E. Crumny who went to Japan on "the self-supporting" plan, writes, "We are having a capital time down here, the best of health, and are spending every moment out of school at the language. I think I will pass the first three years' course by the time I am in the country three years."

The report of the energetic Book Steward, Rev. Dr. Briggs, submitted to the Book Committee at its meeting, May 14th, was very encouraging. The volume of business during the year has been larger than during any previous year. Out of the profits the Committee voted $6,300 to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, and presented a resolution of thanks to Dr. Briggs and the Editors, Drs. Dewart and Withrow, for their services.

Rev. E. Robson writes from Vancouver, "I baptized three more Chinese last Sunday after careful examination." The work never looked so hopeful as now. The Rev. L. Hooker baptized two in Toronto—fruit of the Sunday-school.

Dr. Green says over one-half of the membership of the Christian churches in Japan is made up of Samuria, the old soldier-class, now the literary class of Japan. Thirty students in the Imperial University are acknowledged Christians. In one of the Congregational churches there are a judge of the Supreme Court, a professor in the Imperial University, three government secretaries, and members of ten noble families.

Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter are holding evangelistic services at Oshawa, where they are meeting with great success. Hundreds are reported as being converted. After a few weeks' rest they intend to go to Manitoba and British Columbia.

Two new boats are being built for the use of the missionaries at Christian Island and Parry Island.

It is very gratifying to report revivals everywhere, but it is more especially so when they occur in the centres of population which necessarily exert a great influence on the whole country. Bowmanville has been graciously visited, a grand prelude to the unification of the two churches, which are now worshipping in one building until the new church edifice is completed. A new preaching place has also been opened in the south ward.

At a recent monthly sacramental and reception service at the Euclid Avenue Church, Toronto, fifty members were received. Rev. George Webber is pastor.

The Wesleyan Theological College has had a prosperous year. The number of students attending last year was forty-two including four in the preliminary course, ten undergraduates in the McGill University, twenty in the course in Theology and eight in the course of B.D. These eight are graduates respectively of McGill, Bishop's, Queen's and Victoria Universities. Degrees were as follows:—S.T.L., H. Caldwell, J. Kennedy, and W. M. Patton; B.D., W. Howitt, B.A., J. H. Stevenson, B.A.; D.D., Rev. Joseph Wood, MA., Principal of the Primitive Methodist College, England, Rev. T. G. Williams, Montreal. These brethren will accept our congratulations. Dr. Potts delivered a characteristic address at the close of the exercises.

Recent Deaths.

The cruel murder of the Rev. T. A. Large is a severe blow to Japan, but who knows but that even this calamity may be over-ruled for the further extension of the work. Mrs. Large will return to Canada in July. She received some severe physical injuries at the murder.

The following is the vivid account of the tragic event given by Mr. Hiraiwa:

"About eleven o'clock on Friday night when the night watchman was here, two men, masked and armed, came in. They seized the watchman, told him the least noise meant death, tied his hands behind his back, and asked him where the money was. He led to the safe. 'Where is the key?' 'In the principal's room.' 'Take us to it!' When upstairs they fastened the watchman to the wall and gagged him, and then entered Mr. Large's

room. Mrs. Large opened her eyes and saw, by the dim light from the hall lamp, two men standing over her bed, and holding in their hands what, to her, looked like bamboo sticks, but which were unsheathed, keen-edged swords.

"'*Non diska?*' (what is it?) she said. '*Yo ga aru,*' (we have business) one of them answered. No other words were spoken. Mr. Large, awaking, jumped instantly out of bed and attacked them. They ran into the hall and he pursued them, and there the encounter took place. Mrs. Large hastened to his help, and she says that he fought desperately, and at one time getting one of the men nearly over the railing, but what could any one expect to do against such odds.

"As the days pass, I admire more and more the manly bravery of Large. When the six hundred went into the valley of death, they had the enthusiasm of numbers, but he *alone* threw himself against these men with no possible hope of success. It was the true man that would rather die than surrender a trust; the protector, who held his own life cheaply, if by any possibility he might save his wife and child. He was a noble fellow, worthy of his country, worthy of the Christian name. He, poor fellow, fought the battle for us all.

"When, in a few moments, the men had silently disappeared, there are eleven gashes and stabs in the poor body that lay in a pool of its blood; three on the head, one of them having cleft the skull, and others through the body; all the work of skilled swordsmen. Mrs. Large had the two first fingers and thumb of the right hand cut, and received a gash on the side of the face downwards, which doubtless, was given with intent to kill."

Rev. Paul Robins, who was the oldest minister in our Church in Canada, died at Bowmanville, April 29th. He was eighty-six years of age, and for sixty-seven years had been engaged in the work of the ministry. For several years he resided at Bowmanville, and was highly esteemed as a devoted Christian. His active ministry was confined to the Bible Christian denomination. Since his superannuation he only accepted one-half of his annuity. He was the first Book Steward of the Bible Christian denomination, and managed the business with great prudence. His allowance was always, small and yet by his industry and the careful management of his wife he accumulated considerable wealth and devoted thousands of dollars to church purposes. He was a fine example to junior ministers.

The Rev. W. Willoughby another Methodist veteran, died at Brantford, Sabbath, April 13th. He entered the ministry in 1836, and for more than forty years was a diligent, plodding, faithful servant of the Church. He was successful in winning many souls to Christ. During the last few years he sustained a superannuated relation, but continued to take great interest in the work of the Church.

Rev. Andrew Armstrong, finished his course at Meaford, April 18. He commenced his ministerial career in 1854, and spent some years in Quebec and Eastern Ontario. He was a member of Toronto Conference, but had been superannuated five years. He was a good man, and had laboured hard to build up the Church.

The Baptist Church has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Principal McGregor who was only forty-two years of age. He was three years professor in the McMaster College, and was then elected Principal. He was a man of rare ability.

The Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., President of the North-Western University, Evanston, near Chicago, is dead. He was a native of Maine. After spending some years as pastor of important churches in New England, he became President of Genesee College and Middleton University. In 1881 he was elected President at Evanston, where he remained until he died.

Book Notices.

The Unknown God: or, Inspiration Among Pre-Christian Races. By C. Loring Brace. 8v, pp. xii–336. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Many of our readers will remember with much pleasure Mr. Brace's former admirable volume "Gesta Christi, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity"—a volume whose distinguished merits have carried it into a fifth edition. The present work is a worthy successor to that book. It is marked by the same wide reading, the same devout spirit, the same literary style. We cannot better express the purpose of this book than by a short extract from its preface, it is designed by the comparative study of the ethnic or heathen religions "to see how the man of other races and times regarded the problems of the universe. What was his conception of the Primeval Cause, what he considered his relation to that strange power; and how far that relation affected his daily life and practical morals. . . How he regarded the great darkness beyond life . . what moral ideals and conceptions he transferred to another existence, and how far he succeeded in lifting the great veil which hangs before it." In this study Mr. Brace finds "footprints of the Divine Being on the shifting sands of remote history." In the mythologies and superstitions of ancient lands and peoples he finds evidences of the inspiration of the Divine Spirit; proofs that those ancient religions reflected "broken lights" of the true revelation of God; that in every age the more thoughtful souls of men have been stretching out blind hands of faith and prayer "feeling after God if haply they may find him;" or, as Longfellow beautifully expresses it:

"The feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in the darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

Our author begins with the early Hamitic civilization of Egypt, and finds in the symbolism and religion of the old land of Nile strong foregleams of the clearer light of later times. The traditions of Ra and Thoth, of Orus and Osiris, and the solemn liturgies of the Book of the Dead, all give evidence of a profound belief in one God, the Creator of heaven and earth, the rewarder of good and of evil.

Then we have in the "Penitential Psalms" of the old Akkadian race the proofs of a deeply religious spirit, akin to that of another Semitic race, the Hebrews, whom God made the especial depositaries of His revealed will.

Especially in the literatures and religions of the Aryan races is it apparent that God has not left Himself without a witness in the hearts of men. In the Greek mysteries; in their symbolical worship; in the ancient hymns to Zeus and Apollo, in the avenging deities of the Greek dramatists, Æschylus and Sophocles; in the high philosophy of Socrates and Plato and the Stoics; in the pure morality of Seneca and Epictetus and Marcus Aurelus—these glimpses and glances of the Divine are seen.

Our author then turns to the venerable religions of the Orient, the mystic teachings of Zoroaster, the ancient Vedic hymns of the Hindus, the sacred writings of the Buddhists and the blameless life of Gautama for additional reflections and refractions of the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

This noble volume is but an expansion of the argument of St. Paul with the Athenian worshippers of the "Unknown God." The Divine

illumination, says our author, seen in all lands and all time lights up the dark past with gleams of radiance from on high. Under this heavenly glow have sprung up the unknown virtues, the purer aspirations, the heroic deeds, the sweet affections, the humble prayers, the unseen patience under suffering, the faithfulness which no dangers could shake, and the love which the waters of death could not quench—all that is best in human life and which no historian or poet has recorded. All these have been stimulated among the non-Christian races by faith in an unknown God and by union with Him.

The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, the Prince of Pulpit Orators, the Secret of his Success and Specimens of his Sermons. By the Rev. A. S. Billings. 8vo, pp. 437. Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

A few years ago the present writer made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Rev. George Whitefield in the Presbyterian Church in the town of Newburyport, Mass. A large marble cenotaph, with an inscription commemorates the labours of the great evangelist, his 18,000 sermons, his thirteen voyages across the Atlantic, his frequent journeyings—from New Hampshire to Georgia. The monument is crowned with a flaming heart—a fitting symbol of the quenchless zeal of the earnest-souled preacher. Going into a vestibule behind the pulpit, the sexton raised a trap-door and descended by a short stairway into a small brick vault. As he lighted a gas jet three wooden coffins became visible; two on the brick floor, the third lay across the others. The topmost one was that of George Whitefield. The upper part of the cover of each coffin was hinged, and could be turned back revealing the dessicated skeleton within. That of Whitefield was in an excellent state of preservation, considering that for more than a century it has slumbered in that narrow vault. By a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the visitor is permitted to take the skull in his hand and moralize—Hamlet-wise, if he like—upon this memento of mortality. As one stands by that open coffin and gazes on the mouldering remains of the mightiest of modern preachers, thoughts of the greatness and littleness of man fill the soul. Of him who once flamed like a seraph through two hemispheres, and swayed the thousands who hung upon his speech as the wind the waving grass, naught earthly remains save this handful of dust. But this we felt was not Whitefield. This was the mere tabernacle of the holy and consecrated soul, which, having proclaimed like an angel the everlasting Gospel on earth, now "adores and burns before the throne."

A little box lying on the coffin has a curious history. Some relic-monger by stealth abstracted a bone of the fore-arm and conveyed it to England. Twenty years after, stung by compunction, on his death-bed, he gave direction that it should be restored. So the sexton explains that, while Whitefield crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, his arm crossed it fifteen times.

George Whitefield was the flame of fire sent to light the minds and warm the hearts of Christian millions at a time when the Church was dead to its earthly mission. The Whitefield flame burst like a glory from the sky upon a startled world. His life was so eventful as to read like a romance. Its activities were startling, its conquests miraculous. Never before nor since has one man been able to make acres of people hear his preaching and feel as if the lips of the Lord were open. He walked earth like a conquering king and vast audiences bowed before him, paying the homage of their tears. Whole cities were moved by his eloquence. States and countries awoke from spiritual lethargy at sound of his mighty voice and thrilling exhortations.

In preparing the life of this "Prince of Pulpit Orators," the author has made an extremely readable and fascinating book. It traces the boy from infancy to that meteoric

outburst which astonished the Christian world. It gives detailed accounts of his six voyages to America and of the awakenings which followed his preaching in rural districts, towns and cities. It follows him through England, Ireland and Scotland, and makes the reader see those vivid pictures of conquest which illustrated his triumphal career. It shows him as a hero in the midst of opposition, persecution and threatened assassination. The secret of his mighty power is revealed by careful analysis of his work and character. The styles of his sermons are given by copious extracts and truthful synopses. It is an ably written book, relieved throughout by those anecdotal touches which give piquancy to narrative, and by those adventures of the great man with the hosts of sin, which are as thrilling as border tales.

New Zealand After Fifty Years. By Edward Wakefield. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

This beautiful, curious and productive country was merely a group of savage islands inhabited by ferocious cannibals, pirates and outlaws, when Edward Gibbon Wakefield, formed the New Zealand Company in 1839 and sent his brother Colonel William Wakefield, to take possession of the territory and found a colony there. Young Edward Wakefield having spent his early years in the practical work of the pioneer was sent to England and educated expressly for the colonial service, and at the age of twenty he found himself in a post under the New Zealand Government, in which he enjoyed unique opportunities of studying the country. After serving as confidential secretary under successive governments, he was elected to the legislature and took an active part in some of the most important episodes in the political history of the colony, and also rendered active service against the Maoris at the most critical period of the wars which lasted twenty years. He became Colonial Secretary, and in this volume has given an exact and deeply interesting account of the discovery and settlement of the country; its natural features, its fauna and flora, its trade and commerce, and its present political, social and industrial condition. The work is brought up to date, and is mercifully free from statistics or dry matter of any sort. The illustrations are numerous and original. "New Zealand after Fifty Years" is a welcome addition to geographical and historical literature, and gives a very attractive account of our antipodiaen kinsfolk.

Leaders Upward and Onward. Brief Biographies of Noble Workers. Edited by Henry C. Ewart, with 80 illustrations. Pp. 366. New York: Thomas Whittaker; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.50.

It is a noble group of leaders in the upward and onward march of humanity to whom we are introduced. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. It is impossible to read the record of these heroic lives without catching the glow of their moral heroism and being by their example lifted up and strengthened. The eleven selected brief biographies are those of some of the most noteworthy recent actors in English religious life and work. Only two of them, that of the robust and manly Frederick Denison Maurice and of the great and good Dr. Arnold, are by Mr. Ewart. The others are by writers having special advantages for knowing the persons whose lives they record. That of Charles Kingsley is by Dr. Japp, Dean Stanley's is by Prof. Story, Archbishop Tait's by the Bishop of Dover, Bishop Fraser's by Mary Harrison, Edward Irving's and John Curwin's are by Norman J. Ross, Norman Macleod's by Dr. W. C. Smith, Thomas Guthrie's by Prof. Blackie and Principal Tulloch's by Donald Macleod. The eminence of the subjects and of the writers of these biographies gives this book a unique value. The numerous portraits and other illustrations add greatly to its interest. We would like to see it largely used in our

Sunday-school libraries, instead of much of the foolish fiction with which they abound.

Articles on Romanism. By the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, S.T.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

This book contains two very vigorous articles by Dr. Hopkins, controverting the claims of Monsignor Capel as to the superiority of the Church of Rome, and a defence of Dr. Littledale's "Petrine Claims" against the animadversions of Father Ryder. A good deal of spicy correspondence between the learned polemics is also given. We think that Dr. Hopkins has much the best of the argument, but we also think he exhibits a needless warmth in the controversy, and, as is the wont with polemics, uses the *argumentum ad hominem* with needless frequency and severity.

Bay Leaves: Translations from the Latin Poets. By G. S. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

The accomplished scholar and critic whose identity is but thinly veiled under the initials here given, generously issues for private circulation the dainty *fasciculus* of translations from his favourite Latin poets. And a pretty wide range of favourites it is: Martial, Lucan, Claudian, Seneca, Catullus, Horace, Propertius, Ovid, Tibullus and Lucretius. Of course such a master of both languages will give very happy translations from the stately Latin into musical and adequate English. They give a strange insight into that old Roman life, so removed in point of time, but so like our own, as the author remarks, in intellectual sympathy. An admirable feature of the book is its charming introduction, in which the learned author briefly characterizes Latin poetry in general, and in particular the selected authors whose genius he illustrates by translation.

The World Energy and Its Self-Conservation. By William Bryant. Pp. 304. Chicago: S. C. Griggs. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of the series of works on higher philosophy issued by its enterprising publishers. It deals with some of the profoundest problems of the universe. It discusses that strange border-land between physics and metaphysics, which has such a fascination to philosophical minds. Among the subjects treated are matter and its properties, qualitative and quantitative; the nature and the laws of motion, both molar and molecular; the correlation of forces and conservation of energy; the doctrine of cause; the evolution of life-forms; and the culmination of the life process in a living unit which is characterized by reflective consciousness. The conclusion of the whole matter is summed up: "The World-Energy is God. Its self-conservation is the eternal process of creation. 'Evolution' is the temporal aspect of this progress. The self-unfolding of God culminates in man. For man is the son of God."

Literary Note.

The Humboldt Library is published semi-monthly at 15 cents per number, or $3 a year, by The Humboldt Publishing Company, New York. The following are recent issues: "Electric Light and the Storing of Electrical Energy," illustrated, by Gerald Malloy, D.D., D.Sc.; "The Modern Theory of Heat and the Sun as a Storehouse of Energy," illustrated, by the same author; "Utilitarianism," by John Stuart Mill; and part I. of "Upon the Origin of Alpine and Italian Lakes, and upon Glacial Erosion," by Sir A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S., etc., Sir John Ball, M.P.I.A., F.L.S., Sir Roderick I. Murchison, F.R.S., D.C.L., etc., Prof. B. Sluder, of Berne, Prof. A Favre, of Geneva, Edward Whymper, Prof. J. W. Spencer, Ph.D., F.G.S., with an introduction and notes upon the American Lakes, by Prof. Spencer.

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